

Accessions

149.797

Shelf No.

G. 3965.1

Barton Library. Vol. 4



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



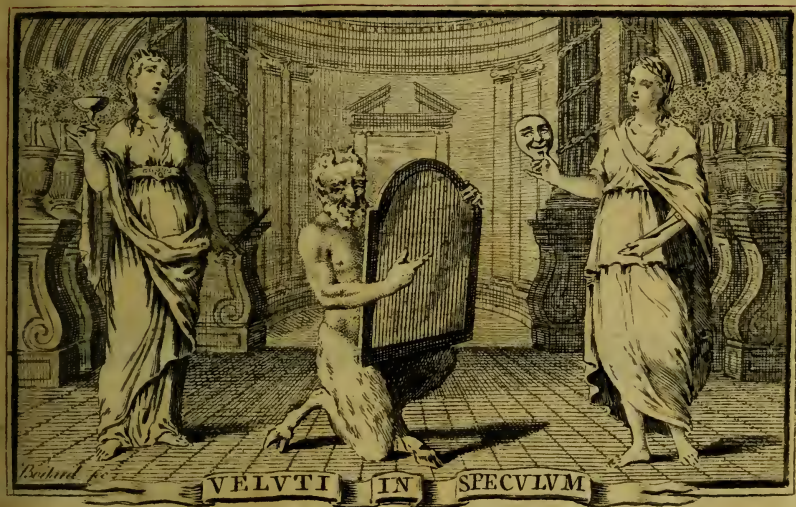


307



A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.XLIV.

G 3965

ALBERT

v.4

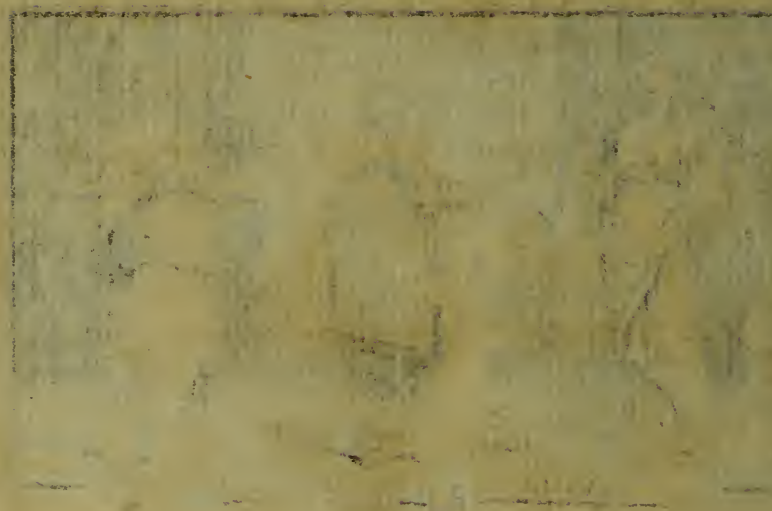
COLLECTION

149,797

May, 1878

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH



Printed for R. D. ...
 LONDON:
 ...



THE
MALCONTENT.
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.
BY
JOHN MARSTON.





JOHAN MARSTON liv'd in the Reign of James the First. He was an Author of some Repute for Wit and Satire ; but his Manner is generally too rough and uncouth. He wrote a Satire in three parts, call'd The Scourge of Villainy ; which, Langbain says, render'd him more eminent than his Dramatick Poetry. The Plan of this Play was laid by Webster ; but it was finish'd by our Author, who dedicates it to Ben Johnson in the following Manner.

BENJAMINI JOHNSONIO poetæ elegantissimo, gravissimo, amico suo candido & cordato, JOHANNES MARSTON musarum alumnus asperam hanc suam Thæliam D. D.

Notwithstanding this, he had afterwards a Wipe at Ben in his Preface to Sophonisba. “ Know (says he) that I have not labour'd in this Poem to relate any thing as an Historian, but to enlarge every thing as a Poet. To transcribe Authors, quote Authorities, and translate Latin prose Orations into English blank Verse, hath in this Subject been the least Aim of my Studies.”

Every body that has read Ben Johnson, will perceive, that this is levell'd at his Sejanus and Cataline. He wrote beside this, seven other Plays, viz. Antonio and Melida, Antonio's Revenge, Infatiate Countess, and Sophonisba, Tragedies ; Dutch Courtezan, What you will, and Paritastar, or the Fawn, Comedies. On account of his satirical

Satirical Vein, I find him represented in the Return from Parnassus, under the following ridiculous Image :

“ *What, Monsieur Kinfyder, lifting up your Leg, and
“ pissing against the World? put up, Man, put up, for
“ Shame.*”

In the same Piece he is also characteriz'd thus ;

“ *Methinks he is a Ruffian in his Stile,
Withouten Bands, or Garters Ornament.*

He quaffs a Cup of Frenchman's Helicon,

Then roister doister in his oily Terms,

Cuts, thrusts, and foynes at whomso'er he meets,

And strows about Ram-Alley Meditations.

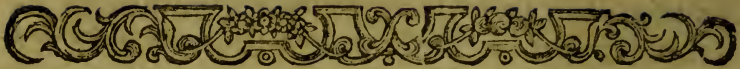
Tut, what cares he for modest, close-couch'd Terms,

Cleanly to gird our looser Libertines?

Give him plain naked Words, strip'd from their Shirts,

That might bescem plain-dealing Aretine.





Dramatis Personæ.

Giovanni *Altofronto*, disguised *Malevole*, sometime duke of Genoa.

Pietro Jacomo, duke of Genoa.

Mendoza, A minion to the dutchefs of *Pietro Jacomo*.

Celso, a friend to *Altofronto*.

Biliofo, an old cholerick marshal.

Prepasso, a gentleman-usher.

Ferneze, a young courtier, and inamoured of the dutchefs.

Ferrardo, a minion to duke *Pietro Jacomo*.

Equato, } two courtiers.

Guerrino, }

Aurelia, dutchefs to duke *Pietro Jacomo*.

Maria, dutchefs to duke *Altofronto*.

Emilia, } two ladies attending the dutchefs.

Beancha, }

Maquerelle, an old panderefs.

Passarello, fool to *Biliofo*.





THE
 INDUCTION
 TO THE
 MALCONTENT;

AND

The ADDITIONS acted by the King's
 Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Enter W. Sly; a Tire-man following him with a stool.

Tire-man.

SIR, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.
Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou do'st not take me for a country gentleman, do'st? do'st think I fear hissing? I'll hold my life thou took'st me for one of the players.

Tire-man. No, fir.

Sly. By god's-slid, if you had I would have given you but six-pence for your stool. Let them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hifs at me! He that will be laugh'd out of a tavern, or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. Where's Harry Cundale, D. Burbidge, and W. Sly? Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man. An't please you to go in, fir, you may.

Sly. I tell you no; I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelligence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book.

Enter Sinklow.

Sink. Save you, cuz.

Sly. O! cousin, come, you shall sit between my legs here.

Sink. No indeed, cousin; the audience then will take me for a viol de gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, cuz.

Sink. We staid for you at supper last night at my cousin Honeymoon's, the woollen-drapeer's. After supper we drew cutts for a score of apricots; the longest cutt still to draw an apricot: by this light, 'twas mrs. Franck Honey-moon's fortune still to have the longest cutt. I did measure for the women. What be these, cuz?

Enter D. Burbidge, H. Cundale, J. Lewin.

Sly. The players. God save you.

Bur. You are very welcome.

Sly. I pray you know this gentleman, my cousin; 'tis mr. Doomſday's ſon the uſurer.

Cund. I beſeech you, fir, be cover'd.

Sly. No, in good faith, for mine eaſe; look you, my hat's the handle to this fan: god's ſo, what a beaſt was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you.

[Puts his feather in his pocket.]

Bur. Why do you conceal your feather, fir?

Sly.

Sly. Why! do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play to be laugh'd at? This play hath beaten all young gallants out of the feathers. Black-friars hath almost spoil'd Black-friars for feathers.

Sink. God's so, I thought 'twas for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsel'd me to wear my feather to the play; yet I am loath to spoil it.

Sly. Why, cuz?

Sink. Because I got it in the tilt-yard: There was a herald broke my pate for taking it up. But I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it.

Sly. Do you hear, fir, this play is a bitter play.

Cund. Why, fir, 'tis neither satire nor moral, but the meer passage of an history: yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious appliment: but should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to their tail and eat it.

Sly. I will not go far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room: and I say again, the play is bitter.

Bur. Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against any thing that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the antient freedom of poesy? Shall we protest to the ladies, that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant, that his expence in the brothel shall gain him reputation? No, fir, such vices as stand not accountable to law, should be cur'd as men heal tetter, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in any thing else, fir?

Sly. Ay marry would I.

I would know how you came by this play?

Cund. Faith, fir, the book was lost, and because 'twas pity so good a play should be lost, we found it and play it.

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Cund. Why not Malevole in folio with us, as well as Ieronimo in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play, we call it, *One for another.*

Sly. What are your additions?

Bur. Sooth, not greatly needful; only as your faller to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-receiv'd custom of musick in our theatre. I must leave you, fir. [Exit Burbidge.]

Sink. Doth he play the Malcontent?

Cund. Yes, fir.

Sink. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

Cund. O! no, fir, nothing, *Ad Parminonis suem.*

Lew. Have you lost your ears, fir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sink. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lew. Marry, fir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind you might venture four of your elbows: yet God defend your coat should have so many.

Sink. Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have been one of the college of criticks once. My cousin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, fir.

Sly. Who, I? I'll tell you a strange thing of myself; and I can tell you, for one that never studied the art of memory, 'tis very strange too.

Cund. What's that, fir?

Sly. Why, I'll lay an hundred pound, I'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's-row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lew. 'Tis very strange.

Sly. They begin as the world did, with Adam and Eve.

There's in all just five and fifty.

I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too.

What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

Cund. I know not, fir.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If some fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse-belly had eaten garlick, do you not think the Trojans might have sinelt out their knavery?

Cand. Very likely.

Sly. By God, I wou'd they had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sink. O but cuz, cuz!

Great Alexander when he came to the tomb of Achilles, Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice-blessed and happy.

Sly. Alexander was an afs to speak so well of a filthy cullion.

Lew. Good fir, will you leave the stage? I'll help you to a private room.

Sly. Come, cuz, let's take some tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lew. Not any, fir.

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore. Come to them, and fencing of a congey with arms and legs,
Be round with them.

“ Gentlemen, I could wish for the women's sakes you had all soft cushions; and, gentlewomen, I could wish that for the men's sakes you had all more easy stand-ings.” What would they wish more but the play now? And that they shall have instantly,





THE
MALCONTENT.

Act. I. Scen. I.

The vilest out-of-tune musick being heard.

Enter Biliofo and Prepaffo.

Biliofo.



HY, how now? are ye mad, or drunk,
or both, or all?

Prep. Are ye building Babylon, there?

Bil. Here's a noise in court! you think
you are in a tavern, do you not?

Perp. You think you are in a brothel-
house, do you not? This room is ill-scented.

[Enter one with a perfume.

So, perfume, perfume; some upon me, I pray thee:
the duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

Act.

ACT. I. Scen. 2.

Enter the duke Pietro, Ferrardo, count Equato, count Celso before, and Guerrino.

Pie. WHERE breathes that musick ?

Bil. The discord rather than the musick is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Ferr. Malevole !

Mal. out of his chamber. Yaugh, god-a-man, what do'st thou there ? duke's Ganymede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what would'st, weefel ? thou lamb a court, what do'st bleat for ? ah, you smooth-chinn'd catamite !

Pie. Come down, thou ragged cur, and snarl here ; I give thy dogged fullness free liberty : trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

Mal. I'll come among you, you goatish blooded toderers, as gum into taffata, to fret, to fret : I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again. I'll go to church and come to you.

Pie. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever convers'd with nature. A man, or rather a monster ; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is unfeatable as the grave ; as far from any content as from heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven ; for 'tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented, is a slave and damn'd ; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected. Th' elements struggle with him ; his own soul is at variance within herself : his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith ; he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which other's flattery palliates. Hark ! they sing.

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Malevole, after the song.

Pie. SEE, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air: he blows over every man; and—— Sir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the publick place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pie. What did'st there?

Mal. Talk with a usurer; take up at interest.

Pie. I wonder what religion thou art of.

Mal. Of a soldier's religion.

Pie. And what do'st think makes most infidels now?

Mal. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming Piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her petticoat.

Pie. O! a religious policy.

Mal. But, damnation on a politick religion. I am weary; would I were one of the duke's hounds now.

Pie. But what's the common news abroad, Malevole? thou dog'st rumour still.

Mal. Common news? why, common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, flattery and couzenage: common things, women and cuckolds. And how does my little Ferrardo? Ah ye lecherous animal! my little ferret! he goes fucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weefel. And to what do'st thou addict thy time now, more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, flattery, pride, and venery?

Ferr. I study languages. Who do'st think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil; let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travell'd greatly in the world, and is every where.

Ferr.

Ferr. Save i'th' court.

Mal. Ay, fave i'th' court. And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? thou half a man, half a goat, all a beast; how does thy young wife, old huddle? [To *Biliofo*.

Bil. Out! you improvident rascal.

Mal. Do, kick, thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good mr. make-peace.

Pie. How do'st thou live now-a-days, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight St. Patrick Penlolians, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey.

Pie. How do'st spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Mal. O no; but dream the most fantastical: O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pie. Dream! what dream'st?

Mal. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his foot-cloth; that metreza her plate: this madam takes physick, that t'other monsieur may minister to her: here is a pander jewel'd; there is a fellow in shift of faddin this day, that could not shift a shirt t'other night: here a Paris supports that Helen; there's a lady Guinever bears up that sir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fanfies, chimera's, imaginations, tricks, conceits. [To *Prepasso*. Sir Triftram Trimtram, come aloft Jack-a-napes with a whim-wham; here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in Christendom; ride at the ring, till the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin, and run the wild-goose chace even with Pompey the huge.

Piet. You run!

Mal. To the devil. Now, signior Guerchino, that thou from a most pitied prisoner should grow a most loathed flatterer: Alas! poor Celso, thy star's oppress'd, thou art an honest lord; 'tis pity.

Equa. Is't pity?

Mal. Ay, marry is't, philosophical Equato; and 'tis pity that thou being so excellent a scholar by art, should'st

be

be so ridiculous a fool by nature. I have a thing to tell you, duke, bid 'em avant, bid 'em avant.

Piet. Leave us, leave us ; now, fir, what is't ?

[*Ex. all, saving Pietro and Malevole.*]

Mal. Duke, thou art a beco, a cornuto.

Piet. How ?

Mal. Thou art a cuckold.

Piet. Speak ; unshell him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimbleness.

Piet. Who ? by whom ? I burst with desire.

Mal. Mendozo is the man makes thee a horn'd beast. Duke, 'tis Mendozo cornutes thee.

Piet. What conformance ? relate ; short, short.

Mal. As a lawyer's beard,

There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me.

Bliert, a rime ; bliert, a rime ; Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain ; thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold ; farewell, duke.

Piet. Stay, stay.

Mal. Dull, dull, duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge ? O God ! for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never made !

Piet. What did God never make ?

Mal. A cuckold. To be made a thing that's hood-wink'd with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows ; to have a coxcomb with egregious horns pinn'd to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it ; pistols and poniards ! pistols and poniards !

Piet. Death and damnation !

Mal. Light'ning and thunder !

Piet. Vengeance and torture !

Mal. Catzo !

Piet. O revenge !

Mal. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs,
A lady far inferior to the most,
In fair proportion both of limb and soul :
To take her from austerer check of parents,
To make her his by most devoutful rites,

Make her commandress of a better essence,
 Than is the gorgeous world even of a man.
 To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
 As usurers do their delv'd up treasury,
 (Thinking none tells it but his private self,
 To meet her spirit in a nimble kiss,
 Distilling panting ardour to her heart.
 True to her sheets, nay diets strong his blood,
 To give her height of hymeneal sweets.

Piet. O God!

Mal. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court
 quelquechose,
 Made only to provoke, not satiate :
 And yet even then, the thaw of her delight
 Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,
 Only from strange imagination's rankness,
 That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul,
 And makes her think she clips the foul knave's loins.

Piet. Affliction to my blood's root!

Mal. Nay think, but think what may proceed of this,
 Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Piet. Incest!

Mal. Yes, incest : mark ; Mendozo of his wife be-
 gets perchance a daughter ; Mendozo dies ; his son mar-
 ries this daughter. Say you ? Nay 'tis frequent, not on-
 ly probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance,
 fearless ignorance, clasps his own feed.

Piet. Hideous imagination!

Mal. Adultery ? why next to the sin of simony, 'tis
 the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation.

Piet. Next to simony!

Mal. Ay, next to simony, in which our men in next
 age shall not sin.

Piet. Not sin ? why ?

Mal. Because (thanks to some church-men) our age
 will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery ! O
 dulness ! shew such exemplary punishment, that intempe-
 rate bloods may freeze, but to think it. I would damn
 him and all his generation ! my own hands should do it ;
 ha,

ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance any thing.

Piet. Any thing, any thing, Malevole ; thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holds. Farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell. [*Exit Pietro.*]

Mal. Farewell.

Lean thoughtfulness, a fallow meditation,
Suck thy veins dry, distemperance rob thy sleep ;

The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep.

He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills,

But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills.

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldom hear, or great men use,
Free speech : and though my state's usurp'd,
Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue,
As fetterless as is an emperor's.

I may speak foolishly, ay knavishly,

Always carelessly, yet no one thinks it fashion

To poize my breath. " For he that laughs and strikes,

" Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again."

Duke, I'll torment thee now, my just revenge,

From thee than crown a richer gemm shall part.

Beneath God, nought's so dear as a calm heart.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Enter Celso.

Cel. MY honour'd lord!

Mal. Peace, speak low ; peace, O Celso!
constant lord,

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,

Thou, one of full ten millions of men,

That lovest virtue only for itself ;

Thou in whose hands old Ops may put her soul :)

Behold for ever banish'd Altosfront,

This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!

I wanted

I wanted those old instruments of state,
 Dissemblance, and suspect : I could not time it, Celso ;
 My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
 To all of equal nearness, bore with none ;
 Rein'd all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
 Suspectless ; too suspectless ; till the crowd,
 (Still liquorous of untried novelties,)
 Impatient with severer government,
 Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altosfront.

Cel. Strong with Florence ! ay, thence your mischief
 rose.

For when the daughter of the Florentine
 Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
 No stratagem of state untry'd was left, till you of all—

Mal. Of all was quite bereft.

Alas ! Maria too, close prisoned ;
 My true-faith'd dutchess, i' th' citadel.

Cel. I'll still adhere : let's mutiny and die.

Mal. O no ; climb not a falling tow'r, Celso ;
 'Tis well held desperation, not zeal,
 Hopeless to strive with fate ; (peace) temporize.
 Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretched'st man,
 Yet bid'st me live, and lurk in this disguise.

What ? play I well the free-breath'd discontent ?
 Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs, or natu-
 ral fools. Celso, the court's afire ; the duchess' sheets
 will smoke for't e'er it be long. Impure Mendozo, that
 sharp-nos'd lord, that made the cursed match, link'd
 Genoa with Florence, now broad horns the duke, which
 he now knows. Discord to malcontents is very man-
 na ; when the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Altosfront.

Cel. Ay, but durst——

Mal. 'Tis gone ; 'tis swallowed like a mineral ; some
 way 'twill work ; pheut, I'll not shrink : *He's resolute
 who can no lower sink.*

Bilioso entering, Malevole shifts his speech.

Mal. O the father of may-poles ! did you never see a
 fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, respect in
 his office, religion on his lord, and love in himself ? why
 then, behold——

Bil. Signior!

Mal. My right worshipful lord,
Your court night-cap makes you have a passing high
fore-head.

Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you
know them already. The duke speaks much good of
you.

Mal. Go to then; and shall you and I now enter into
a strict friendship?

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices?

Mal. Just; what tho' I call'd thee old ox, egregious
Wittal, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy,
Yet since I am in favour——

Bil. Words of course, terms of disport.
His grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful re-
membrance for—— I am ignorant for what, marry, ye
may impart: Yet howsoever—— come—— dear friend,
Do'st know my son?

Mal. Your son?

Bil. He shall eat wood-cocks, dance jiggs, make
possets, and play at shuttle-cock with any young lord
about the court: he has as sweet a lady too; dost know
her little bitch?

Mal. 'Tis a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a she bitch: O 'tis a good creature!
thou shalt be her servant. I'll make thee acquainted
with my young wife too: what! I keep her not at
court for nothing: 'Tis grown to supper-time, come to
my table; that, or any thing I have stands open to thee.

Mal. How smooth to him that is in state of grace;—
[To Celfo.

How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!

What profit, nay what nature would keep down,

Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown.

Envious ambition ne'er saves her thirst,

Till sucking all, he swells, and swells, and bursts.

Bil. I shall now leave you with my always best wishes,
only let's hold betwixt us a firm correspondence, a mu-
tual-

tual-friendly-reciprocal kind of steddly-unanimous-heartily-leagued——

Mal. Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? ha'e you not, courtier?

Bil. O yes, 'tis the form, the fashion of them all.

Mal. Adieu my true court-friend, farewell, my dear Castilio.

Cel. Yonder's Mendoza.

[*Exit Bilioso.*]

Mal. True, the privy-key.

[*Describes Mendoza.*]

Cel. I take my leave, sweet lord.

[*Exit Celso.*]

Mal. 'Tis fit, away.

ACT. I. Scen. 5.

Enter Mendoza, with three or four suitors.

Men. **L** Eave your suits with me, I can and will ---- attend my secretary; leave me.

Mal. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain; God be wi' ye.

Men. Out, you base-born rascal!

Mal. We are all the sons of heaven, tho' a tripe-wife were our mother; ah you whore-son, hot-rein'd he-marmoset! Egistus, did'st ever hear of one Egistus?

Men. Egistus?

Mal. Egistus, he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Orestes, beware Orestes.

Men. Out begger!

Mal. I once shall rise.

Men. Thou rise?

Mal. Ay, at the resurrection.

“ No vulgar seed, but once may rise, and shall;

“ No king so huge, but 'fore he die may fall.

[*Exit.*]

Men.

Men. Now good Elyzium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour? O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! what should I think? what say? what do? to be a favourite? a minion? to have a general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum, and busy murmurs of obsequious suitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaim'd before him: petitionary vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace lamprels that ingender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated humbleness, fix all their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death! I cornute the duke! sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay who can live without you? O paradise, how majestic is your austerer presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! the amorous smiles, the soul-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how----Opleasure unutterable! indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a dutchess? in despite of Phœbus I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. I. Scen. 6.

Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia, and Maquerelle bearing up her train, Beancha attending: all go out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.

Aur. **A**ND is't possible? Mendoza slight me! possible?
Fer. Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk with favour,

Grows insolent with grace?—Speak Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. To speak feelingly, mere, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 'tis well [*Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this speech.*] known I can put up any thing; can bear patiently with any man: But when I heard he wrong'd your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence. 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another,) when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possess'd with your in-dear'd grace; Mendoza most ingratelously renounced all faith to you.

Fer. Nay, call'd you—speak Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. By heaven, witch; dry'd bisquet; and contested blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt, or so.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aur. O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the foulest mouth'd knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against women—

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am ashamed to speak't, I.

Aur. I love to hate him; speak.

Maq. Why when Emilia scorn'd his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said—

Aur. What?

Maq.

Maq. Troth 'tis too shameless.

Aur. What said he?

Maq. Why that at four, women were fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches, and a hundred, cats.

Aur. O unlimitable impudence!

Fer. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart,
Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd,
Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog,
Than is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hot simile.

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns
my hell;

O pity then; grace should with beauty dwell.

Maq. Reasonable perfect, by'r lady.

Aur. I will love thee, be it but in despight
Of that Mendozo: witch! Ferneze: witch!
Ferneze, thou art the dutchefs' favourite,
Be faithful, private; but 'tis dangerous——

Fer. " *His love is lifeless, that for love fears breath,*
" *The worst that's due to sin, O would t'were death.*

Aur. Enjoy my favour, I will be sick instantly and
take physick;

Therefore in depth of night visit——

Maq. Visit her chamber, but conditionally, you shall
not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Fer. By this diamond—— [Gives it to Maquerelle.

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby!

Fer. By this ruby.—— [Gives again.

Maq. And that the door shall not creak.

Fer. And that the door shall not creak.

Maq. Nay, but swear.

Fer. By this purse—— [Gives her his purse.

Maq. Go to, I'll keep your oaths for you: remember,
[visit.

Enter Mendozo, reading a sonnet.

Aur. Dry'd bisquet! look where the base wretch comes.

Men. *Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen.*

Maq. That's his Æmilia.

Men. *Nature's triumph, best on earth!*

Maq.

Maq. Meaning Æmilia.

Men. Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.

Maq. That's Æmilia.

Aur. Must I then hear her prais'd, Mendoza?

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously incounter'd ;
I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of——

[*Exit Ferneze.*

Aur. Out, villain ! villain ! O judgment, where have been my eyes ? what bewitch'd election made me doat on thee ? what forcery made me love thee ? But be gone ! bury thy head ! O that I could do more than loath thee ! hence, worst of ill ! *No reason ask, our reason is our will.*

[*Exit with Maquerelle.*

Men. Women ? nay furies ! nay worse ! for they torment only the bad ; but women good and bad.

Damnation of mankind ! breath, hast thou prais'd them for this ? and is't you Ferneze are wriggled into smock-grace ? sit sure. O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth ; women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt, they care not how they accomplish ; without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extream in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting : their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial. *Their blood is their only god : bad clothes, and old age, are only the devils they tremble at.*

That I could rail now !

ACT. I. Scen. 7.

Enter Pietro, his sword drawn.

Pie. **A** Mischief fill thy throat ! thou foul-jaw'd slave ;
Say thy prayers.

Men. I ha' forgot 'em.

Pie.

Pie. Thou shalt die.

Men. So shalt thou; I am heart mad.

Pie. I am horn mad.

Men. Extream mad.

Pie. Monstrously mad.

Men. Why?

Pie. Why? thou, thou hast dishonour'd my bed.

Men. I? come, come, fir; here's my bare heart to thee,
As stiddy as is this center to the glorious world.

And yet hark, thou art a cornuto; but not by me.

Pie. Yes slave, by thee.

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath,
Loose him can loose thee: I offend my duke!

Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights,

How vigilant my sleeplefs eyes have been,

To watch the traitor; record, thou spirit of truth,

With what debasement I have thrown myself

To under-offices, only to learn

The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,

By whom, and when, and where thou wer't disgrac'd.

And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion

To places private, and prohibited,

Only to observe the clofer passages,

Heaven knows with vows of revelation,

Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain?

What rogue hath wronged us?

Pie. Mendoza, I may err.

Men. Err? 'tis too mild a name; but err and err,

Run giddy with suspect, for through me thou know'st

That which most creatures save thy self do know:

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject,

'Fore I'll reveal, shalt find them clipt together.

Pie. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted
man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold: would your
brows were most plain too.

Pie. Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail —

Men. At women, true: why what cold phlegm could
Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous, [choose
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,

To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold :
Heart ! I hate all women for't ! sweet sheets, wax lights,
antique bed-posts, cambrick smocks, villainous curtains,
arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all the tongue-ty'd
lascivious witnesses of great creatures wantonness : what
salvation can you expect ?

Pie. Wilt thou tell me ?

Men. Why you may find it yourself ; observe, observe.

Pie. I ha' not the patience : wilt thou deserve me ? tell,
give it.

Men. Take't ; why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze ; I'll
prov't, this night you shall take him in your sheets, will't
serve ?

Pie. It will, my bosom's in some peace ; till night—

Men. What ?

Pie. Farewel.

Men. God ! how weak a lord are you !

Why do you think there is no more but so !

Pie. Why ?

Men. Nay then will I presume to counsel you ;
It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden
Break into the princess' chamber, I stay behind
Without the door, through which he needs must pass ;
Ferneze flies, let him, to me he comes, he's kill'd
By me, observe, by me ; you follow, I rail,
And seem to save the body : dutchess comes,
On whom (respecting her advanced birth,
And your fair nature,) I know, nay I do know,
No violence must be us'd. She comes, I storm,
I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain
The dutchess' honour ; she for this loves me,
I shall know her soul, you mine ;
Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance
(As women are most thoughtful in revenge)
Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know't
Than she can think't.

———— Thus shall his death come sure,
Your dutchess brain-caught ; so your life secure.

Pie. It is too well : my bosom, and my heart,
“ *When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.*

[*Exit.*
Men.

Men. "Who cannot feign friendship, can ne'er produce
"the effects of hatred. Honest fool duke! subtle lascivious dutcheffs! silly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye, my brain is in labour till it produce mischief, and I feel fudden throws, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand.

"As bears shape young, so I'll form my devise,

"Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wise.

[Exit.

Enter Malevole and Passarello.

Mal. Fool, most happily incounter'd; can'st sing, fool?

Pas. Yes, I can sing fool, if you'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been gelded, I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies.

Mal. You are in good case since you came to court, fool; what guarded, guarded!

Pas. Yes faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night.

Mal. What are his griefs?

Pas. He hath fore eyes.

Mal. I never observ'd so much.

Pas. Horrible fore eyes; and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in the eye-balls, and that's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye; or as that growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since, that could not endure to be toucht. The duke hangs down his head like a columbine.

Mal. Passarello, why do great men beg fools?

Pas. As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch; only to keep begging in fashion.

Mal. Pue, thou givest no good reason,
Thou speakest like a fool.

Pas. Faith I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with jingling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-colour'd beard, and taking tobacco. This is all the mirror of their knightly compliments:

nay.

may, I shall talk when my tongue is a going once; 'tis like a citizen on horse-back, evermore in a false gallop.

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare now-a-days?

Paf. Faith I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing: I would call her whore; but now that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastick t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her: she was the first that ever invented perfum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shoes for 'fear of creaking, for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peeleteth like Muscovy glass.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave?

Paf. O excellent, he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling; and utters their jests in private to the duke and dutchess; he'll lie like to your Switzer or lawyer; he'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief.

Paf. As your fiddler when he is paid.

He'll thrive I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like good-friday in lent, men long to see it, because more fattening days come after it, else he's the leanest and pitifull'st actor in the whole pageant. Adieu Malevole.

Mal. O world most vile, when thy loose vanities
Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Paf. You'll know me again, Malevole.

Mal. O ay, by that velvet.

Paf. Ay, as a petty-fogger by his buckram bag.

I am as common in the court as an hostess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me: the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu Malevole.

ACT. II. Scen. I.

Enter Mendoza with a sponce, to observe Ferneze's entrance ; who whilest the act is playing, enters unbraced, two pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and convey'd in. The pages are sent away.

Men. **H**E's caught, the woodcock's head is i'th' noose.
 Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
 Swearing his sence is merely deified.
 'The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget centaurs ;
 And now in strength of panting faint delight,
 'The goat bids heaven envy him. Good goose,
 I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity,
 " *Lust's like the plummet hanging on clock lines,* [pity.
 " *Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone.*
 Such is the coarse salt fallow lust doth run,
 Which thou shalt try : I'll bereveng'd. Duke, thy suspect ;
 Dutchess, thy disgrace ; Ferneze, thy rivalship,
 Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
 No band of nature so strong,
 No law of friendship so sacred ;
 But I'll profane, burst, violate,
 'Fore I'll indure disgrace, contempt and poverty.
 Shall I, whose very hum struck all heads bare,
 Whose face made silence, creaking of whose shoe
 Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,
 Scrape like a servile dog at some latched door ?
 Learn now to make a leg ; and cry, beseech ye,
 Pray ye, is such a lord within ? be aw'd
 At some odd usher's scoft formality ?
 First fear my brains ! *Unde cadis, non quo, refert ;*
 My heart cries, perish all : how ! how ! *What fate*
 " *Can once avoid revenge, that's desperate,*
 I'll to the duke ; if all should ope, if ! tush ;
 " *Fortune still doats on those who cannot blush.*

ACT. II. Scen. 2.

Enter Malevole at one door, Beancha, Emilia and Maquerelle at the other door.

Mal. **B**LESS ye, chaste ladies! ha, Dipsas, how dost thou old Cole?

Maq. Old Cole?

Mal. Ay, old Cole; methinks thou liest like a brand under billets of green wood. He that will inflame a young wench's heart, let him lay close to her an old coal that hath first been fired, a panderefs, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art able to fet a thousand virgin's tapers afire. And how doth Janivere thy husband, my little perriwinckle, is he troubled with the cough of the lungs still? does he hawk a nights still? he will not bite.

Bean. No, by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones:

Marry, he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bean. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stroke! O mortal wench! lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your decay'd Jafons? look ye, crabs guts bak'd, distill'd ox-pith, the pulveriz'd hairs of a lion's upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-monkey's marrow, or powder of fox-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Bean. To bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bean. That were country fashion, y'faith.

Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? come, whither in good deed law now?

Bean. In good indeed law now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable compos'd posset with three curds, without any drink. Will ye help me with a he fox? here's the duke.

[The ladies go out.]

Mal. Fry'd frogs are very good, and french-like too. [to *Beancha.*

Act. II. Scen. 3.

Enter duke Pietro, count Celso, count Equato, Bilioso, Ferrard, and Mendozo.

Pie. **T**HE night grows deep and foul, what hour is't?
Cels. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Mal. Save ye, duke.

Pie. From thee? be gone, I do not love thee; let me see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

Mal. Why God be with thee, heaven hear my curse;
May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pie. Be gone, firrah!

Mal. When Arthur first in court began,—Agamemnon:
Menelaus—was ever any duke a Cornuto?

Pie. Be gone, hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mend. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience. Time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumb,
Thy bezel'd sence. Slaves to favour, marry shall arise.

“ Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!

“ Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly;

“ As fowl the tortoise mockt, who to the sky

“ Th' ambitious shell-fish rais'd; th' end of all,

“ Is only, that from height he might dead fall.

Bil. Why when? out ye rogue! be gone ye rascal!

Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best wishes.

Bil. Out, ye cur!

Mal. Only let's hold together a firm correspondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual friendly reciprocal perpetual kind of
steddy unanimous heartily leagued—

Bil. Hence, ye gros-jaw'd peasantly—out, go.

Mal.

Mal. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, that only
stick'st to nappy fortunes. The serpigo, the strangury,
an eternal uneffectual priapism seize thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. May'st thou be a notorious wittally pander to
thine own wife; and yet get no office, but live to be
the utmost misery of mankind, a beggarly cuckold. [*Exit.*

Pie. It shall be so.

Mend. It must be so, for where great states revenge,
" 'Tis requisite the parties with piety,
" And lofty respect be closely dog'd.
" Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
" Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
" Who may discover any shape of danger;
" For once disgrac'd, display'd in offence,
" It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)
" More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.
" Favours are writ in dust, but stripes we feel,
" Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.

Pie. You shall be leagu'd with the dutches.

Equat. The plot is very good.

Mend. You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.

Fer. A most fine brain-trick.

Celf. Of a most cunning knave.

[*tacitè.*

Pie. My Lords, the heavy action we intend,

Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes

That can confound a soul; think, think of it:

I strike, but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls

Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face,

My lady's shame is mine; O God, 'tis mine.

Therefore I do conjure all secrecy,

Let it be as very little as may be; pray ye, as may be,

Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,

Stain nought with blood, only Ferneze dies,

But not before her brows: O gentlemen,

God knows I love her; nothing else, but this,

I am not well. If grief, that sucks veins dry,

Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,

Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,

Chance to remove me to another world,

As sure I once must die, let him succeed :
 I have no child ; all that my youth begot
 Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me :
 Which, as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
 Mendozo may succeed : he's nobly born ;
 With me of much desert.

Cel. Much.

[*Tacit.*]

Pie. Your silence answers, ay.

I thank you. Come on now : O that I might die
 Before her shame's display'd ! Would I were forc'd
 To burn my father's tomb, unheal his bones,
 And dash them in the dirt, rather than this :
 This both the living and the dead offends :
 " Sharp surgery, where naught but death amends."

[*Exit with the others.*]

ACT. II. Scen. 4.

Enter Maquerelle, Emilia, and Beancha with the posset.

Maq. **E**VEN here it is, three curds in three regions
 individually distinct.
 Most methodical according to art compos'd without any
 drink.

Bean. Without any drink ?

Maq. Upon my honour. Will you sit and eat ?

Emil. Good ? the composure, the receipt, how is't ?

Maq. 'Tis a pretty pearl ; by this pearl, (how do'st
 with me) thus it is. Seven and thirty yolks of Barbary
 hen's eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the juice of
 cock-sparrow bones ; one ounce, three drams, four
 scruples, and one quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian
 dates ; sweeten'd with three quarters of a pound of pure
 candied Indian eringos ; strewed over with the powder
 of pearl of America, amber of Cataia, and lamb-stones
 of Muscovia.

Bean. Trust me, the ingredients are very cordial,
 and

and no question good, and most powerful in restoration.

Maq. I know not what you mean by restoration; but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye, strength'neth the veins, mundefieth the teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and quick'neth the wit; that's all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most swiftly and wittily already.

Maq. Have you the art to seem honest?

Ben. Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why then, eat me off this posset, quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty. Do you know doctor Plaister-face? By this curd, he's the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, blushing of cheeks, soupling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious by torch-light: by this curd law!

Ben. We! we are resolved, what God has given us we'll cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing saving your husband: keep him not too high, lest he leap the pale: but, for your beauty, let it be your saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet in my conscience I am not above five and twenty; but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty; for youth and beauty once gone, we are like bee-hives without honey; out a fashion apparel that no man will wear; therefore use me your beauty.

Emil. Ay, but men say——

Maq. Men say? let men say what they will: life a woman! they are ignorant of your wants; the more in years, the more in perfection they grow! if they lose youth and beauty, they gain wisdom and discretion: But when our beauty fades, goodnight with us. There cannot be an uglier thing to see, than an old woman; from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

Bean. Hark! musick!

Maq. Peace, 'tis in the dutchefs' bed-chamber. Good rest, most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emil. Good-night, centinel.

Bea. Night, dear Maquerelle. [*Exeunt all but Maq.*]

Maq. May my posset's operation send you my wit and honesty;

And me, your youth and beauty: the pleasingest rest.

[*Exit Maq.*]

ACT. II. Scen. 5.

A SONG.

Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendozo with his sword drawn, ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutchefs's chamber.

All. Strike, strike.

Aur. Save my Ferneze! O save my Ferneze!

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendozo's sword.

All. Follow, pursue.

Aur. O save Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce, thou shallow fool, drop there.

“ He that attempts a prince's lawless love,

“ Must have broad hands, close heart, with Argos' eyes,

“ And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

[*Thrusts his rapier in Ferneze.*]

Enter Aurelia, Duke, Pietro, Ferrard, Biliofo, Celso, and Equato.

All. Follow, follow.

Men. Stand off! forbear! ye most uncivil lords.

Piet. Strike.

Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolved,

Would you, inhumane murderers, more than death?

Aur.

Aur. O poor Ferneze!

Men. Alas! now all defence is too late.

Aur. He's dead.

Piet. I am sorry for our shame: go to your bed:
Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
When I am dead.

Aur. What, weep for thee? my soul no tears shall
find.

Piet. Alas, alas, that womens souls are blind!

Men. Betray such beauty! murder such youth! con-
temn civility!

He loves him not that rails not at him.

Piet. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough,
And please you, lady, we have quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then.

Aur. Not.

Piet. Not: the best of rest, goodnight.

[*Exit Pietro with other courtiers.*]

Aur. Despight go with thee.

Men. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace.
You have wrong'd him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your soul knows you have.

Aur. I think I have.

Men. Do you but think so?

Aur. Nay, sure I have: my eyes have witnessed thy
love:

Thou hast stood too firm for me.

Men. Why tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in
tears

Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Struck you into such violent heat against me?
Speak, what mischief wrong'd us? what devil injur'd us;
Speak.

Aur. That thing, ne'er worthy of the name of man,
Ferneze;

Ferneze swore thou lov'dst Emilia;
Which to advance with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs? for this? O God! for this?

Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life;
 Rip'd bare my throat unto the hangman's ax,
 Thou most dishonour'd trunk——Emilia!
 By life, I know her not——Emilia!

Did you believe him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Men. Did you? and thereupon you graced him.

Aur. I did.

Men. Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd with him?

Aur. Alas! I did.

Men. This night?

Aur. This night.

Men. And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

Aur. A most sad truth.

Men. O God! O God! how we dull honest souls,
 Heavy brain'd men, are swallowed in the bogs
 Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods,
 Light jointed spirits speed; cut good mens throats,
 And 'scape? Alas, I am too honest for this age,
 Too full of phlegm, and heavy steddiness:
 Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
 Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her,
 Who even slic'd my heart.

Aur. Come, I did err, and am most sorry I did err.

Men. Why, we are both but dead, the duke hates us.

“ *And those whom princes do once groundly hate,*

“ *Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.*

“ *Prevention is the heart of pollicy.*”

Aur. Shall we murder him?

Men. Instantly?

Aur. Instantly; before he casts a plot,
 Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot,
 Let's murder him.

Men. I would do much for you; will ye marry me?

Aur. I'll make thee duke. We are of Medices;
 Florence our friend; in court my faction
 Not meanly strengthful; the duke then dead;
 We well prepar'd for change; the multitude
 Irresolutely reeling; we in force;

Our party seconded ; the kingdom 'maz'd ;
No doubt with swift success all shall be grac'd.

Men. You do confirm me ; we are resolute ;
To-morrow look for change ; rest confident.
'Tis now about the immodest waist of night ;
The mother of moist dew with pallid light
Spreads gloomy shades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's birth ;
This man I'll get inhum'd. Farewell : to bed ;
I'll kiss the pillow. Dream the duke is dead. [*Ex. Aur.*]
So, so, good night : how fortune doats on impudence !
I am in private the adopted son of yon good prince :
I must be duke. Why, if I must, I must ;
Most silly lord, name me ! O heaven !
I see God made honest fools to maintain crafty knaves.
The dutchess is wholly mine too ; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, must then marry her : ay.
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery !
“ *As wrestlers clip, so I'll embrace you all,*
“ *Not to support, but to procure your fall.*

Enter Malevole.

Mal. God arrest thee.

Men. At whose suit ?

Mal. At the devil's. Ah, you treacherous damnable
monster !

How do'st ? how do'st, thou treacherous rogue ?

Ah, ye rascal, I am banish'd the court, sirrah.

Men. Pr'ythee let's be acquainted ; I do love thee,
faith.

Mal. At your service, by the lord, law : shall's go to
supper ? Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most
virtuously strengthened friendship : Shall's, Hugonot ?
shall's ?

Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-morrow morn ?

Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They say there's one
dead here ; prick'd for the pride of the flesh.

Men. Ferneze : there he is ; pr'ythee bury him.

Mal. O, most willingly : I mean to turn pure Rochel
church-man, I.

Men. Thou church-man ! why, why ?

Mal.

Mal. Because I'll live lazily, rail upon authority, deny kings supremacy in things indifferent, and be a pope in mine own parish.

Men. Wherefore do'st thou think churches are made?

Mal. To scower plow-shares: I have seen oxen plow up altars. *Et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*

Men. Strange!

Mal. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptuous steeple turn'd to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacred'st place made a dog-kennel: nay, most inhuman, the stone coffins of long fled christians burst up, and made hogstroughs. — *Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha' some sack and cheese at thy chamber?

Good night, good mischievous incarnate devil, good night, Mendoza; ah, you inhuman villain, good night; right, fub.

Men. Good night: to-morrow morn. [*Ex. Mendoza.*]

Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I will come.

I do descry cross-points; honesty and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true Frenchman's legs.

Fern. O!

Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!

Fern. O! a surgeon!

Mal. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon; what news from limbo?

How doth the grand cuckold, Lucifer?

Fern. O help! help! conceal and save me.

[*Ferneze stirs, and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.*]

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far.

“ Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;

“ But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and worse;

“ Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.

“ Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;

“ But, O Ferneze, what in lust to die!

“ Then thou that shame respects, O fly converse

“ With womens eyes, and lipping wantonness.

“ Stick

“ Stick candles ’gainst a virgin wall’s white back,
 “ If they not burn, yet at the least they’ll black.”
 Come, I’ll convey thee to a private port,
 Where thou shalt live. (O happy man) from court.
 The beauty of the day begins to rise,
 From whose bright form night’s heavy shadow flies.
 Now ’gins close plots to work, the scene grows full,
 And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

[*Exeunt.*]



Act. III. Scen. I.

Enter Pietro the duke, Mendoza, count Equato and Bilioso.

Pie. **T**IS grown to youth of day, how shall we waste
 this light?

My heart’s more heavy than a tyrant’s crown.

Shall we go hunt? prepare for field. [*Exit Equato.*]

Men. Would ye could be merry.

Pie. Would t’God I could. Mendoza, bid ’em haste :
 [*Exit Mendoza.*]

I would fain shift places; O vain relief!

“ *Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:*”

As deer being struck, fly thorough many foils,

Yet still the shaft sticks fast; so—

Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord.

Pie. I am not much unlike to some sick man,

That long desired hurtful drink; at last

Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once

Both life and thirst: O would I ne’er had known

My own dishonour! Good God, that men should

Desire to search out that, which being found, kills all

Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,

And then be driven from out paradise!

Can’t give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which have been
 dedicated to my honour, and I ne’er read ’em, and yet
 they

they had very fine names: *Physick for fortune. Lozenges of sanctified sincerity.* Very pretty works of curates, scriveners and school-masters. Marry, I remember one Seneca, Lucius Anneus Seneca.

Pie. Out upon him, he writ of temperance and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haste thee to Florence. Here, take our letters; see 'em sealed: away; report in private to the honoured duke, his daughter's forc'd disgrace, tell him at length,

We know too much; due compliments advance:

“*There's nought that's safe and sweet but ignorance.*”

[*Exit Duke.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bil. Madam, I am going embassador for Florence; 'twill be great charges to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the lease of two manors come out next Christmas; you may lay your tenants on the greater rack for it; and when you come again, I'll teach you how you shall get two hundred pounds a year by your teeth.

Bil. How, madam?

Bian. Cut off so much house-keeping, that which is saved by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Bil. 'Fore God, and so I may; I am in wond'rous credit, lady.

Bian. See the use of flattery; I did ever counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have profited well: any man that will do so shall be sure to be like your Scotch barnacle, now a block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose: this it is to rot and putrify in the bosom of greatness.

Bil. Thou art ever my politician. O how happy is that old lord that hath a politician to his young lady! I'll have fifty gentlemen shall attend upon me: marry, the most of them shall be farmers sons; because they shall bear their own charges, and they shall go apparel'd thus; in sea-water green suits, ash-colour cloak, wetchet stockings, and popin-jay green feathers. Will not the colours do excellent?

Bian.

Bian. Out upon't; they'll look like citizens riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their apparel just so many several parishes.

Bil. I'll have it so, and Passarello, my fool, shall go along with me, marry he shall be in velvet.

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 'tis common for your fool to wear sattin; I'll have mine in velvet.

Bian. What will you wear then, my lord?

Bil. Velvet too! marry, it shall be embroider'd; because I'll differ from the fool somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gout; nothing grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. Did'st thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bian. Yes; he said, ease, wine and women were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a wit, what was good to cure it, said he?

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empiricks could never do the like cure upon the gout the rack did in England, or your Scotch boot. The French harlequin will instruct you.

Bil. Surely I do wonder, how thou, having for the most part of thy life-time been a country body, should'st have so good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier thrice two months.

Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet there was a gentleman-usher call'd me coxcomb t'other day, and to my face too: was't not a back-biting rascal? I would I were better travel'd, that I might have been better acquainted with the fashions of several countrymen: but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. Marry, my good lord, quoth he, your lordship shall ever find amongst an hundred Frenchmen, forty hot shots: amongst an hundred Spaniards, threescore bragarts: amongst an hundred Dutchmen, fourscore drunkards: amongst

mongst an hundred Englishmen, fourscore and ten madmen: and amongst an hundred Welchmen——

Bian. What, my lord?

Bil. Fourscore and nineteen gentlemen.

Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy, I would have you go in black, my lord.

Bil. Why, do'st think I cannot mourn, unless I wear my hat in cypress like an alderman's heir? that's vile, very old, in faith.

Bian. I'll learn of you shortly; O we should have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you: how will you bear yourself when you come into the duke of Florence's court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 'twill do well enough; as I walk up and down the chamber, I'll spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and 'twill do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady there, how will you entertain her?

Bil. I'll tell you that, when the lady hath entertain'd me: but to satisfy thee, here comes the fool: fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady.

Enter Passarello.

Pas. Your fool will stand for your lady most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. I'll salute her in Latin.

Pas. O your fool can understand no Latin.

Bil. Ay, but your lady can.

Pas. Why then if your lady take down your fool, your fool will stand no longer for your lady.

Bil. A pestilent fool: 'fore God I think the world be turn'd up-side down too.

Pas. O no sir; for then your lady, and all the ladies in the palace should go with their heels upward, and that were a strange sight you know.

Bil. There be many that will repine at my preferment.

Pas. O ay, like the envy of an elder sister, that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wond'rous discontented.

Pas.

Paf. Ay, and more melancholy-like, than a usurer having all his money out at the death of a prince.

Bil. Didst thou see madam Floria to day?

Paf. Yes, I found her repairing her face to day; the red upon the white shewed as if her cheeks should have been served in for two dishes of barberries in stew'd broth, and the flesh to them a woodcock.

Bil. A bitter fool! Come madam, this night thou shalt enjoy me freely, and to-morrow for Florence.

Paf. What a natural fool is he that would be a pair of bodice to a woman's petticoat, to be trufs'd and pointed to them! Well, I'll dog my lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawn upon him he feeds me; when I snap him by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's death were not strangling, I had rather be one than a serving-man: for the corruption of coin, is either the generation of a usurer, or a lowly beggar.

[*Exeunt Bil. and Paf.*]

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Enter Malevole in some freeze gown, while Bilioso reads his patent.

Mal. **I** Cannot sleep, my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober
night,

Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense do'st sleep;
Thou that givest all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feeble'd veins of sweaty labour;
The gally-slave, that all the toilsome day,
Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
The slooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
Thou makest wink sure: in night all creatures sleep,
Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
Repines and quarrels: alas, he's goodman tell-clock,
His fallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
Whilst others beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Bil.

Bil. Malevole!

Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bil. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Mal. Ambassador! Now for thy country's honour, pr'ythee do not put up mutton and porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace.

Mal. At the palace? Now discretion shield man; for God's love let's ha' no more cuckolds! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe; keep thy wife in the state of grace. Heart-a-truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled in a Bordello, than in the Genoa palace; sin there appearing in her fluttish shape,

Would soon grow loathsome, even to brutish sense,
Surfeit would choak intemperate appetite,
Make the foul scent the rotten breath of lust.

When in an Italian lascivious palace, a lady guardianless,
Left to the push off all allurement,

The strongest incitements to immodesty,

To have her blood incensed with wanton sweets,

Her veins fill'd high with heating delicates;

Soft rest, sweet musick, amorous masquerers, lascivious
banquets, sin itself gilt o'er, strong phantasie tricking up
strange delights, presenting it drefs'd pleasingly to sense,
sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed with potent ex-
ample, impudent custom, inticed by that great bawd op-
portunity; thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear,
youth in good clothes, well shap'd, rich, fair-spoken,
promising, noble, ardent blood, fair, witty, flattering;
Ulysses absent, O Ithacan! the chastest Penelope cannot
hold out.

Bil. 'Mafs I'll think on't. Farewell. [*Ex. Bilioso.*]

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. Farewell.
To Florence; um: it may prove good; it may,
And we may unmask our brows.

ACT. III. Scen. 3.

*Enter count Celso.**Cel.* MY honourable lord!*Mal.* Celso, peace; how is't? speak low, pale fears suspect that hedges, walls and trees have ears: speak, how runs all?*Cel.* I'faith, my lord, that beast with many heads, The staggering multitude, recoils apace.*Tho'* thorough great mens envy, most mens malice, Their much intemperate heat hath banish'd you, Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er Produce faint reformation.

The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block, For which two tugging factions seem to saw, But still the iron thro' the ribs they draw.

Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice And fearful baseness; therefore I tell thee, Celso, I find the wind begins to come about, I'll shift my suit of fortune. I know the Florentine, whose only force,

By marrying his proud daughter to this prince, Both banish'd me, and made this weak lord, duke, Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:

I'll lie in ambush for conveniency, Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Cel. Is Ferneze interr'd?*Mal.* Of that at leisure: he lives.*Cel.* But how stands Mendozo? how is't with him?*Mal.* Faith like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.*Cel.* He does fly from publick notice methinks, as a hare does from hounds, the feet whereon his flies betrays him.*Mal.* I can track him, Celso.

O my disguise fools him most powerfully:

For

For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
 He fain would clasp with me ; he is the true slave
 That will put on the most affected grace,
 For some veil'd second cause. [Enter Mendozo.

Cel. He's here.

Mal. Give place.

Illo! ho, ho, ho, art there, old true-penny? [*Ex. Celso.*
 Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flat-
 tery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul. Ha, thou
 huge rascal!

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a scholar, *futuens gratis*: How doth the de-
 vil go with thee now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who I? I have been a serjeant, man.

Men. Thou art very poor.

Mal. As Job, an alchymist, or a poet.

Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Irishmen do bum-cracks.

Men. Thou hast lost his amity.

Mal. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity.

Men. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou
 wert noble.

Mal. Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure
 I am of noble kind ; for I find myself possessed with all
 their qualities ; love dogs, dice, and drabs ; scorn wit
 in stuff cloaths, have beat my shoemaker, knockt my
 semsters, cuckold my 'pothecary, and undone my taylor.
 Noble, why not? since the stoick said, *Neminem servum
 non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum* ;
 only busy fortune towfes, and the provident chances
 blends them together. I'll give you a simile : did you
 e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up
 full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be
 filled? such is the state of all humanity. Why look you,
 I may be the son of some duke ; for believe me, in-
 temperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful :
 I have a lusty daring heart, Mendozo.

Men. Let's grasp, I do like thee infinitely, wilt enact
 one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? [*Gives him his purse.*]

Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murder the duke.

Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fancy's dream,

My blood's longing, the only height of my hopes: how? O God, how? O how my united spirits throng together, To strengthen my resolve.

Men. The duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it; lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow; so, so, I'll do it.

Men. Then we agree.

Mal. As lent and fishmongers. Come *cap-a-pie*, how? inform?

Men. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands on Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal made me his heir; and secretly confirmed the wreath to me after his life's full point.

Mal. Upon what merit?

Men. Merit! by heaven I horn him, only Ferneze's death gave me state's life: tut, we are politick, he must not live now.

Mal. No reason, marry: but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the dutchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria the banished duke Alto-front's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction; this is all, law.

Mal. Do you love Maria?

Men. Faith no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to innoble their blood, and augment their revenue: to accomplish this now, thus now. The duke is in the forrest next the sea, single him, kill him, hurl him in the main, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

Mal. Um, not so good: methinks when he is slain, to get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch that's muffled,

muffled, or with feigned holiness, to swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff lament his wife's dishonour, and in an agony of his heart's torture hurled his groaning sides into the swollen sea: this circumstance well made, sounds probable: and hereupon the dutchess —

Men. May well be banished: O unpeerable! invention
Thou god of policy, it honies me. [rare!

Mal. Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, I'll
close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleased:
why wert not thou an emperor? when we are duke, I'll
make thee some great man sure.

Mal. Nay, make me some rich knave, and I'll make
myself some great man.

Men. In thee be all my spirit, retain ten souls, unite
thy virtual powers; resolve, ha, remember greatness:
heart, farewell.

Enter Celso.

“ The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

[*Exit Mendoza.*

Mal. Celso, didst hear? O heaven, didst hear
Such devilish mischief? sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still do'st wink, still doth thy vengeance slumber?

“ If now thy brows are clear, when will they thunder!

[*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 4.

*Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prepaffo, and three Pages,
Cornets like horns.*

Fer. **T**HE dogs are at a fault.

Pie. Would God nothing but the dogs were
at it? let the deer pursue safely, the dogs follow the
game, and do you follow the dogs; as for me, 'tis unfit
one beast should hunt another; I ha' one chafeth me:
and't please you, I would be rid of you a little.

Fer.

Fer. Wou'd your grief would as soon leave you as we
to quietness. [Exeunt.]

Pie. I thank you— Boy what dost thou dream of now?

Page. Of a dry summer, my lord, for here's a hot
world towards :-----but my lord, I had a strange dream
last night.

Pie. What strange dream?

Page. Why methought I pleased you with singing, and
then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

Pie. Prettily beg'd !----hold thee, I'll prove thy dream
true, tak't.

Page. My duty : but still I dreamt on, my lord, and
methought, and't shall please your excellency, you would
needs out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in
your hat.

Pie. Oh, thou did'st but dream boy, do not believe it;
dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short
sword, but not in a jewel. But now sir, you dreamt you
had pleas'd me with singing, make that true as I have
made the other.

Page. Faith my lord, I did but dream, and dreams
you say prove not always true : they may hold in a good
sword, but not in a good song : the truth is, I ha' lost
my voice.

Pie. Lost thy voice, how?

Page. With dreaming, faith ; but here's a couple of
sirenical rascals shall enchant ye : what shall they sing,
my good lord ?

Pie. Sing of the nature of women, and then the song
shall be surely full of varieties, old crotchets and most
sweet closes ; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastick,
amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in
one.

Page. All in one ?

Pie. By'r lady too many ; sing, my speech grows cul-
pable of unthrifty idleness, sing. [Song.]

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Enter Malevole with cross-bow and pistol.

Pic. **A** So, so, song; I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk
in my sleep; walk off. [*Exeunt Pages.*]

Mal. Brief, brief, who? the duke? good heaven, that
fools should stumble upon greatness! do not sleep, duke,
give ye good morrow: you must be brief; duke; I am
feed to murder thee; start not: Mendozo, Mendozo
hired me, here's his gold, his pistol, cross-bow, and
sword, 'tis all as firm as earth. O fool, fool, choakt
with the common maze of easy idiots, credulity. Make
him thine heir? what thy sworn murtherer?

Pic. O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pic. Discovered he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes; but why? but why? for love to thee?
much, much, to be revenged upon his rival, who had
thrust his jaws awry; who being slain, supposed by thine
own hands; defended by his sword, made thee most
loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose princess.
Thou closely yielding egress and regress to her, mad'st
him heir, whose hot unquiet lust stait towz'd thy sheets;
and now would seize thy state. Politician! wise man!
death! to be led to the stake like a bull by the horns;
to make even kindness cut a gentle throat. Life! why
art thou nummed? thou foggy dullness! speak. Lives not
more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these
fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter Celfo with a hermit's gown and beard.

Celf. Lord Malevole, if this be true!

Mal. If? come, shade thee with this disguise. If?
thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thy-
self. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see
strange sleights.

Pic. World, whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the devil: come, the morn grows late,
A steady quiskness is the soul of state.

[*Exeunt.*]
Act. IV.

ACT. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Maquerelle knocking at the Lady's door.

Maq. **M**Edam, medam, are you stirring medam? if you be stirring medam, if I thought I should disturb ye——

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith; how old art thou?

Page. I think fourteen.

Maq. Nay, and ye be in the teens: are ye a gentleman born? do you know me? my name is medam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny-court.

See here the ladies. [*Enter Beancha and Emilia.*

Bean. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emil. Is the dutchefs up yet, centinel.

Maq. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous difaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the dutchefs' chamber: alas! the duke catch'd him and kill'd him.

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O, no; but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked truth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your busk-points, if not chastly, yet charily: before the door be bolted. Is your lord gone to Florence?

Bean. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown for his return. Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise: he loves ye: pish! he is witty; bubble: fair proportioned, meaw: nobly born, wind. Let this be still your fix'd position, esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, ladies.

Emil. Is the duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet.

Bean. 'Tis now in midst of day.

Emil. How bears the dutchefs with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith, boldly; strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And there's a note to you: be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband. Mark the 'haviour of the dutchefs now; she dares defame; cries, duke, do what thou can'st, I'll quit mine honour: nay, as one confirm'd in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances. [Enter Ferrardo,

Bean. For dances!

Maq. Most true.

Emil. Most strange! see, here's my servant, young Ferrardo. How many servants think'st thou I have, Maquerelle?

Maq. The more the merrier: 'twas well said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that's most sweet and courtlike.

Ferr. Save ye, fair ladies: is the duke return'd?

Bean. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court.

Ferr. 'Tis very strange!

Bean. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, 'faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard.

[Cornets sound.

Ferr. Not yet return'd I fear; but
The dutchefs approacheth.

ACTUS IV. Scena 2.

Enter Mendoza supporting the dutchefs, Guerino: the ladies that are on the stage rise: Ferrardo ushers in the dutchefs, and then takes a lady to tread a measure.

Aur. WE will dance; musick; we will dance.

Guer. *Les quanto* (ladie) *penfes bien, passe regio, or Beancha's brawl.*

Aur. We have forgot the brawl.

Ferr. So soon? 'tis wonder.

Guer. Why; 'tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O Dedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling back, and then honour. [*Enter Prepasso.*]

Aur. Musick, musick!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke? [*Enter Equato.*]

Aur. Musick!

Prep. The duke! is the duke return'd?

Aur. Musick! [*Enter Celso.*]

Cel. The duke is quite invisible, or else is not.

Aur. We are not pleas'd with your intrusion upon our private retirement: we are not pleas'd: you have forgot yourselves. [*Enter a Page.*]

Cel. Boy, thy master? where's the duke?

Page. Alas! I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bid me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I streight obey'd, nor ever saw him since: but wheresoe'er he is, he's sad.

Aur. Musick, found high, as is our heart; found high.

ACT. IV. Scen. 3.

Enter Malevole, and Pietro disguised like an hermit.

Mal. **T**HE duke? peace, the duke is dead.
Aur. Musick!

Mal. Is't musick?

Men. Give proof.

Ferr. How?

Cel. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does, quietly, fir: for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that's all: marry, here's one can give you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow within this presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend.

Pie. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,
When I (whom men call Hermit of the rock)
Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff,
Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd
His high-curl'd brows; there 'twas I eas'd my limbs:
When lo! my intrails melted with the moan
Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make---
I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pie. Methinks I hear him yet.— O female faith!
Go forw the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men?
To be the wittall cuckold, even to hug my poison?
Thou knowest, O truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with southern winds;
A seaman's whistle calm the ocean;
A town on fire be extinct with tears,

Than

Than women vow'd to blushless impudence,
 With sweet behaviour and soft minioning,
 Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd.
 O powerful blood! how thou do'st slave their souls!
 I wash'd an Ethiop, who, for recompence,
 Sully'd my name: and must I then be forc'd
 To walk, to live thus black? must! must! fye,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.

With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,
 That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
 Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough: so dies,
 For then I view'd his body fall, and sowe
 Into the foamy main. O then I saw
 That which methinks I see; it was the duke,
 Whom streight the nicer-stomach'd sea
 Belch'd up: but then——

Mal. Then came I in; but, 'las! all was too late,
 For even streight he sunk.

Pie. Such was the duke's sad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our duke Mendoza.

Omnes. Mendoza! [*Cornets flourish.*]

Enter a guard.

Men. A guard! a guard! We, full of hearty tears,
 For our good father's loss
 (For so we well may call him,
 Who did beseech your loves for our succession)
 Cannot so lightly over-jump his death,
 As leave his woes revengeless. Woman of shame, [To
 We banish thee for ever to the place, *Aurelia.*
 From whence this good man comes;
 Nor permit, on death, unto thy body any ornament,
 But, base as was thy life, depart away.

Aur. Ungrateful!

Men. Away!

Aur. Villain, hear me.

[*Prepasso and Guerino lead away the dutchess.*]

Men. Begone. My lords, address to publick counsel,
 'Tis most fit,

The train of fortune is borne up by wit.

Away, our presence shall be sudden: haste.

[All depart saving Mendozo, Malevole, and Pietro.]

Mal. Now, you egregious devil! ha, ye murdering politician! how do'st, duke? how do'st look now? brave duke, i'faith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his brains out, then fows'd him in the briny sea.

Men. Brain'd him and drown'd him too?

Mal. O 'twas best, sure work:

For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware, he'll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to lay him in the kennel.

Men. A most found brain-pan!

I'll make you both emperors.

Mal. Make us christians, make us christians,

Men. I'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, say ye? Come, *præmium incertum petit certum scelus.* How stands the progress?

Men. Here, take my ring unto the citadel,
Have entrance to Maria, the grave dutchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her, we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our person; do't.

Mal. I'll make an excellent pander: Duke, farewell;
'dieu, adieu, duke. [Exil *Mal.*

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 'tis found
None cuts a diamond but a diamond.

Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor:

O thou selected spirit; born for my good;

Sure thou would'st make an excellent elder in a deform'd
church.

Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

Pie. I am glad I was ordain'd for ye.

Men. Go to then; thou must know that Malevole is a
strange villain: dangerous, very dangerous: you see how
broad a speaks, a gross-jaw'd rogue, I would have thee
poison him: he's like a corn upon my great toe, I can-
not go for him: he must be cored out, he must. Wilt
do't, ha?

Pie. Any thing, any thing.

Men.

Men. Heart of my life! thus then: to the citadel,
Thou shalt confort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him:
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies:
Skud quick, like light'ning.

Pie. Good deeds crawl, but mischief flies. [Exit Pietro.

Enter Malevole.

Mal. Your devilship's ring has no virtue; the buff-captain, the fallow westphalian, gamon-faced zaza, cries, Stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

Men. Command our sudden letter.--- Not enter? shalt: what place is there in Genoa but thou shalt? into my heart, into my very heart: Come, let's love; we must love; we two, soul and body.

Mal. How did't like the Hermit? a strange Hermit, firrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

Mal. Ay, he must die.

Men. Thou must kill him. We are wise; we must be wise.

Mal. And provident.

Men. Yea, provident: beware an hypocrite.

A church-man once corrupted, ah! avoid.

*A fellow that makes Religion his stalking horse,
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.*

Mal. How! 'tis wond'rous necessary: how?

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.

Mal. I run. [Exit Malevole.

Men. We that are great, our sole self good still moves us,
They shall die both, for their deserts crave more
Than we can recompence; their presence still
Upbraids our fortunes with beholdingness,
Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not, to cry out, ingratitude.

One stick burns t'other, steel cuts steel alone;
 'Tis good trust few, but O, 'tis best trust none.

[Exit Mendoza.]

ACT. IV. Scen. 4.

Enter Malevole and Pietro still disguised, at several doors.

Mal. HOW do you? how do't, duke?

Pie. O let the last day fall; drop, drop on
 our curf'd heads;

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames!

Mal. O do not rant, do not turn player; there's more
 of them than can well live one by another already.

What, art thou infidel still?

Pie. I am amaz'd! struck in a swoon with wonder! I
 am commanded to poison thee.

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at supper.

Pie. At supper?

Mal. In the citadel.

Pie. In the citadel?

Mal. Crosscapers! tricks! truth, a heaven! he would
 discharge us as boys do elder-guns, one pellet to strike
 out another: of what faith art now?

Pie. All is damnation! wickedness extream! there is
 no faith in man.

Men. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no
 man, men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are:
 now God deliver me from my friends.

Pie. Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies
 I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rank-
 est villainy. Mark this Mendoza! mark him for a vil-
 lain! But heaven will send a plague upon him for a
 rogue.

Pie. O world!

Mal. World! 'tis the only region of death, the
 greatest shop of the devil; the cruel't prison of men, out
 of

of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee: there's nothing perfect in it but extrem, extrem calamity, such as comes yonder.

Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Enter Aurelia, two halberts before and two after, supported by Celso and Ferrardo; Aurelia in base mourning attire.

Aur. **T**O banishment! led on to banishment!

Pie. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.

Aur. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death, nor deserve any thing but hell.

If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor;
O they would tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!
Judgment is just: yet, for that vast villain,
Be sure he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore he shall rule! On to my cell of shame.

Pie. My cell'tis, lady; where; instead of masks,
Musick, tilts, tournies, and such court-like shews,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
There usherless the air comes in and out;
The rheummy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation.

A rocky barrenness shall pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands;

Aur. It is too good. Blessed spirit of my lord!
O in what orb so e'er thy soul is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable!
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit
Intreate some reconciliation:

If not, O joy, triumph in my just grief,
Death is the end of woe, and tears relief.

Pie. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aur. O heaven!

As the soul lov'd the body, so lov'd he:
 'Twas death to him to part my presence,
 Heaven to see me pleased.

Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,
 Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
 'To clip a base ungentle faithless villain.

O God! a very Pagan reprobate——

What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out,
 For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour.

But 'tis most fit: Why should a better fate
 Attend on any, who forsakes chaste sheets;

Flies the embrace of a devoted heart,
 Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man,

To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust,
 In an adulterous touch? O ravenous immodesty!
 Infatiate impudence of appetite!

*Look, here's your end, for mark what sap in dust,
 What good in sin, even so much love in lust.*

Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord, pardon to me!

Cel. 'Tis the duke's pleasure this night you rest in
 court.

Aur. Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome
 skies,

In night the blind man misseeth not his eyes. [Exit.

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold; take comfort, man;
 thy betters have been Beccoes: Agamemnon, emperor of
 all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans,
 was a Cornuto. Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve kings
 beards, was a Cornuto. Hercules, whose back bore up
 heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night--

Pie. Nay, 'twas fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty's enow a-conscience; yet was a
 Cornuto. Patience, mischief grows proud; be wise.

Pie. Thou pinchest too deep; art too keen upon me.

Mal. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous fore.
 'Till tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I'll sustain myself
 by

by flattering thee, because thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery.

Pie. Yet great men ha' done't.

Mal. Great slaves fear better than love; born naturally for a coal-basket; tho' the common usher to princes presence, fortune, hath blindly given them better place. I am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pie. Pr'ythee be; I love much misery, and be thou son to me. [Enter Bilioso]

Mal. Because you are an usurping duke.—

Your lordship's well return'd from Florence: [To Bilioso]

Bil. Well return'd, I praise my horse.

Mal. What news from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only this was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die; duke Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonour; and that duke Alfront be re-accepted. This is all; but I hear duke Pietro is dead.

Mal. Ay, and Mendozo is duke: what will you do?

Bil. Is Mendozo strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Alfront should turn strait again?

Bil. Why then I would turn strait again.

'Tis good run still with him that has most might: I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Mal. What religion will you be of now?

Bil. Of the duke's religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bil. Hercules? Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wit-all.

Bil. Witall?

Mal. Ay, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitrio was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordship sweats, your young lady will get you a cloth for your old worship's brows. [Exit Bilioso.]
Here's a fellow to be damned! This is his inviolable
live maxim, flatter the greatest, and oppress the least. A
whore-

whoreson flesh-fly, that will still knaw upon the lean gaul'd backs.

Pie. Why do'st thou salute him?

Mal. 'Faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake: come, be not confounded, thou art but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this; this earth is only the grave and golgotha wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption; the very muck-hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements. Man is the slime of this dung-pit, and princes are the governors of these men: for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; there goes but a pair of sheers between an emperor and the son of a bag-piper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing makes the difference. Now, what art thou like to lose?

*A jailor's office, to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds.*

Pie. I here renounce for ever regency; world's tricks abjure.

O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:
To trip thy heels up with a devilish flight.

For which I now from off thy throne am thrown.

For vengeance though't comes slow, yet it comes sure.

O I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread power,
In true contrition, I do dedicate

My breath to solitary holiness,

My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be,

Restoring Altofront to regency.

Mal. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.

[Malevole undisguiseth himself.]

Enter Ferneze and Celso.

Altofront, Ferneze, Celso and Pietro.

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand full shock
of fortune; be not so wonder-stricken.

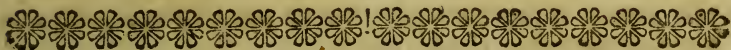
Pie. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon.

Pie. Pardon and love; give leave to recollect
My thoughts, dispers'd in wild astonishment:

My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence
I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change? a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, that can no lower fall.
For still impetuous vicissitude
Towseth the world, then let no amaze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise;
For who can sink, that close can temporise?
The time grows ripe for action; I'll detect
My privat'ft plot; lest ignorance fear suspect.
Let's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state. [Exeunt.



ACT. V. Scen. I.

Enter Bilioso and Passarello.

Bil. **F**OOL, how do'st thou like my calf in a long
stocking?

Pas. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty years,
When monsieur Gundi lay here embassador, I could have
carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and
I can tell you, there were those at that time, who, to
try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be
coister'd. I have measur'd calves with most of the pa-
lace, and they come nothing near me: besides, I think
there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me,
especially for the head-piece. I'll tell thee——

Pas. What, my lord?

Bil. I can eat stew'd broth as it comes seething off
the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven;
and I think there are not many lords can do it. A good
pomander, a little decay'd in the scent; but six grains of
musk, ground with rose-water, and temper'd with a little
civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Pas.

Paf. O ay, as a bawd with *aqua vitæ*.

Bil. And what, dost thou rail upon the ladies as thou wert wont ?

Paf. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to ladies as their painting; there's Maquerelle oldest bawd, and a perpetual begger. Did you never know of her trick to be known in the city ?

Bil. Never.

Paf. Why she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, she most courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them; they in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops; by this means is she better known to the stinkards, than if she had been five times carted.

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Paf. Are there any revels to-night, my lord ?

Bil. Yes.

Paf. Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Bil. Whose pate ?

Paf. Young Ferrard, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

Paf. O is he so great a quarreller ? why then he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that ?

Paf. Why thus; He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight, seeks to die; and he that seeks to die, seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think he's a coward.

Bil. Thou canst prove any thing.

Paf. Any thing but a rich knave, for I can flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool; I shall see you anon in the presence.

[Exit.

Enter

*Enter Malevole and Maquerelle, at several doors
opposite, singing.*

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard.

Maq. The Dane for golden locks ;

Mal. The Irishman for usquebaugh,

Maq. The Frenchman for the pox.

Mal. O thou art a blessed creature ! had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company ; ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle ; thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast.

Enter Passarello.

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go with me to the revels ? the hall will be so pester'd anon.

Pas. Ay, as the country is with attornies.

Mal. What hast thou there fool ?

Pas. Wine ; I have learnt to drink since I went with my lord ambassador, I'll drink to the health of madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Pas. Ay, but since I borrow'd money of her, I'll drink to her health now, as gentlemen visit brokers ; Or as knights send venison to the city ; Either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl ; I drink a health to Alto-front our deposed duke.

Pas. I'll take it so ; now I'll begin a health to madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Pew, I will not pledge her.

Pas. Why I pledg'd your lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pas. Not pledge madam Maquerelle ? why then will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger.

Mal. Hold, I'll take it.

Maq. Now thou hast drank my health, fool, I am friends with thee.

Pas. Art ? art ?

When Griffon saw the reconciled quean

Offering about his neck her arms to cast ;

He

*He threw off sword, and heart's malignant stream,
And her below the lovely loins embrac'd.*

Adieu, madam Maquerelle.

[*Exit Passarello.*]

Mal. And how dost thou think o' this transformation of state now?

Maq. Verily very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights; some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, the other Catch; now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog; sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch; now that dog which I favour I feed, and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now—

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the dutchess Maria, will she stoop to the duke's lure, will she coo think't?

Maq. Let me see, where's the sign now? ha' ye e'er a calendar? where's the sign trow you?

Mal. Sign! why is there any moment in that?

Maq. O! believe me, a most secret power; look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure 'twas a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Cancer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 'tis very dangerous meddling. Has the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with
the

the lady Maria, Altofront's dutchefs; I must enter for the duke.

Cap. She here shall give you interview: I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I'll keep it till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! captain Conscience, I love thee captain. [Exit Captain.

We attend, and what hope hast thou of this dutchefs's easiness?

Maq. 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever; she hated monkies, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vile trick on't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carriage that might incur suspect. As God blefs me, she had almost brought bed-prefsing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see: Heaven forgive us our misdeeds! Here's the dutchefs,

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Enter Maria and Captain.

Mal. GOD blefs thee, lady.

Mar. Out of the company.

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I have one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband, as a banish'd husband, he's in another world now. I'll tell ye lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man; for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banish'd.

Mar. Unhonest creature!

Maq.

Maq. Pish, honesty is but an art to seem so ; pray ye what's honesty ? what's constancy ? but fables feign'd, or old fools chat, devised by jealous fear, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendozo, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosciclere, or Donzel del Phœbo ; there's jewels, if thou wilt, so ; if not, so.

Mar. Captain, for God's sake, save poor wretchedness

From tyranny of lustful insolence :

Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell,
Rather than here, here round about is hell.

O my dear'st Altofront ! where e're thou breathe,
Let my soul sink into the shades beneath,
Before I stain thine honour ! this thou hast ;
And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Mal. 'Gainst him that can inforce, how vain is strife ?

Mar. She that can be enforc'd, has ne'er a knife.

*She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls,
Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.*

God amend you.

[Exit with Captain.]

Mal. Now the fear of the devil for ever go with thee ! *Marquerelle*, I tell thee I have found an honest woman : faith, I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other things, some good, most bad ; some saints, some sinners ; for as now-a-days, no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his horns, and no fool but has his feather ; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his : I can hunt the letter no farther. O God, how loathsome this toying is to me ! that a duke should be forc'd to fool it ! well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*. Better play the fool lord, than be the fool lord ! now, where's your slights madam *Maquerelle* ?

Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 'tis said, a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse

use of their yielding, is only (forsooth) the difficult obtaining. You must put her to't; women are flax, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was not the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou not set fire, thou not enflame her?

Maq. Marry, but I'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the flax, woman.

Maq. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for indeed—

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress, now I see,
Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that's chaste.

Go thou, the duke's lime-twigg, I'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office; what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage?

Maq. Now o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was not in the true vein, sure! [Exit.

Enter Bilioso.

Bil. Make way there, the duke returns from the inthronement, Malevole.

Mal. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole.

Mal. Hence ye gros-jaw'd, peasantly—out, go.

Bil. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return, I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be, an advanced virtue, a worthily imployed faithfulness, a man of grace, dear friend.

Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines.*—If as often as courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angry. Why look ye, we must collogue sometimes, forswear sometimes.

Mal. Be damn'd sometimes!

Bil. Right; *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* No man can be honest at all hours. Necessity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke.

Bil. Do, let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right, let us prosper and purchase; our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten.

Mal.

Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudence and faithlessness are the main stays to greatness.

Bil. By the lord, thou art a profound lad!

Mal. By the lord, thou art a perfect knave; out, ye ancient damnation.

Bil. Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace, Cornets.

ACT. V. Scen. 3.

Enter Prepasso and Ferrardo, two pages with lights, Celso and Equato, Mendoza in duke's robes, Bilioso and Guerrino. Exeunt all save Malevole and Mendoza.

Men. **O**N, on; leave us, leave us: stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With duke Pietro, with duke Pietro.

Mend. Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead as the duke is.

Men. Good, excellent: he will not blab; secureness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee, my nature cannot endure.

Men. Scent, man? what returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Mend. Then she's but dead; 'tis resolute, she dies.

Black deed only through black deed safely flies.

Mal. Pew, *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What, art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an errand knave.

Mal. Who I? I have been twice an under-sheriff, man.

Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel.

Men. Travel, when thou art married!

Mal. Ay, 'tis your young lord's fashion to do so, tho' he was so lazy, being a batchelor, that he would never travel so far as the university; yet when he married her, tales off, and Catsoe for England.

Mend. And why for England?

Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Men. Nor courtezans?

Mal. Neither; your whore went down with the stewes, and your punk came up with the puritan.

Men. Canst thou impoison? canst thou impoison?

Mal. Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or politician better. Look ye, here's a box: whom would'st thou impoison? Here's a box, which when opened, and the fume taken up in the conduits thro' which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours space bind up all shew of life in a deep senseless sleep: here's another, which being opened under the sleeper's nose, choaks all the powers of life, kills him suddenly.

[*Enter Cel.*

Men. I'll try experiments, 'tis good not to be deceived: so, so, catzo.

[*Seems to poison Malevole.*

Who would fear that may destroy? death hath no teeth, or tongue;

And he that's great, to him are slaves,

Shame, murder, fame and wrong—— Celso?

Cel. My honoured lord!

Men. The good Malevole, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden! wond'rous strangely! He held in our esteem good place. Celso, see him buried, see him buried.

Cel. I shall observe ye.

Men. And, Celso, pr'ythee let it be thy care to-night To have some pretty shew, to solemnize Our high installment; some musick, maskery.

Our

We'll give fair entertain unto Maria,
The dutchefs to the banish'd Altofront :
Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel
Unto the palace ; think on some maskery.

Cel. Of what shape, sweet lord ?

Men. What shape ? why any quick-done fiction,
As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes,
To come out of Elyfium forsooth,
Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune; some such thing, some far-fetch'd
good for ladies ; some stale toy or other, no matter so't
be of our devising.

Do thou prepare't, 'tis but for a fashion sake,
Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

Cel. All service.

Men. All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee,
farewell.

Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall ;

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.

I'll trust to no man, he that by tricks gets wreathes,

Keeps them with steel ; no man securely breathes

Out of deserved rank : The crowd will mutter, fool :

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.

The chiefest secret for a man of state,

Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate.

[Exit Men.

Mal. Death of the damn'd thief! [*Starts up and speaks.*] I'll make one of the mask, thou shalt ha'e some
Brave spirits of the antique dukes.

Cel. My lord, what strange delusion ?

Mal. Most happy, dear Celso, poison'd with an emp-
ty box : I'll give thee all anon : my lady comes to
court, there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on ; the
castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me,
the great leader of the just stands for me : then courage,
Celso.

*For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him.*

Enter

*Enter Prepaffo and Biliofo, two Pages before them,
Maquer. Beancha and Emilia.*

Bean. Make room there, room for the ladies: why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why, gallants? and you, fir, to drop your torch where the beauties muft fit too.

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave, why do'ft not ftrike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave a God's name, think'ft thou, I have no more wit than to ftrike a great fellow? the mufick! more lights! revelling! scaffolds! do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door, fwear out the devil himfelf. Let's leave the ladies, and go fee if the lords be ready for them. [*All fave the ladies depart.*]

Maq. And by my troth, beauties, why do you not put you into the fafhion? this is a fale cut, you muft come in fafhion: look ye, you muft be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair: look ye, thefe tiring things are juftly out of request now: and, do you hear? you muft wear falling bands, you muft come into the falling fafhion: there is fuch a deal a pinning thefe ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you fhould chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poking ftick to recover its form: believe me, no fafhion to the falling, I fay.

Bean. And is not fignior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now?

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agrees as well together, as a fattin fuit and woollen ftockings.

Emil. But is not marſhal Make-room, my fervant in reverſion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes, in reverſion, as he had his office; as in truth he hath all things in reverſion: he has his miſtreſs in reverſion, his cloaths in reverſion, his wit in reverſion; and indeed he is a ſuitor to me for my dog in reverſion: but in good verity la, he is as proper a gentleman in reverſion as——and indeed as fine a man as may be, having a red beard, and a pair of warpt legs.

Bean. But I, faith I am most monstrously in love with count Quidlibet in quodlibet; is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-finger'd lords, he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Bil. Room! make a lane there! the duke is entering: stand handsomely; for beauty's sake, take up the ladies there. So, cornets! cornets!

ACT. V. Scen. 4.

Enter Prepaffo, joins to Biliofo, two pages and lights, Ferrardo, Mendoza, at the other door two pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Maria; the Duke meets Maria, and closeth with her, the rest fall back.

Men. **M**Adam, with gentle ear receive my suit;
A kingdom's safety should o'erpoise slight
rites,

Marriage is merely nature's policy:
'Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumults fright the state,
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Mar. What would'st thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou ever devil, 'twas thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord.

Men. I?

Mar. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems,
Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld
The loved presence of my dearest lord.
O thou, far worse than death! he parts but soul
From a weak body; but thou, soul from soul
Dissever'st, that which God's own hand did knit.
Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit.

Men. We'll check your too intemperate lavishness.
I can, and will.

Mar.

Mar. What canst ?

Men. Go to in banishment thy husband dies.

Mar. He ever is at home that's ever wife.

Men. You must never meet more, reason should love controul.

Mar. Not meet ?

She that dear loves, her love's still in her soul.

Men. You are but a woman, lady, you must yield.

Mar. O save me, thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman's modesty.

Men. Modesty ? death, I'll torment thee.

Mar. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I'll die my lord's, as long as I can die,

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. Captain, that lady's life is fortified to justice ; we have examined her, And we do find, she hath impositon'd The reverend hermit ; therefore we command Severest custody. Nay, if you'll do's no good, You't do's no harm ; a tyrant's peace is blood.

Mar. O thou art merciful ! O gracious devil !
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.
I'll mourn no more ; come, girt my brows with flow'rs,
Revel and dance ; foul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a bird, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Aur. Life is a frost of cold felicity,
And death the thaw of all our vanity.
Was't not an honest priest that wrote so ?

Men. Who let her in ?

Bil. Forbear.

Pre. Forbear.

Aur. Alas ! calamity, is every where.
Sad misery, despight your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace.

Aur. I ha' done ; one word ; take heed ; I ha' done.

Enter Mercury with loud musick.

Mer. Cillenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,

Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
 And make this presence their Elysium.
 To pass away this high triumphal night,
 With songs and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit depending in hell betwixt me and my conscience; I would fain have thee help me to an advocate.

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady.

Aur. Nay faith, Mercury has too good a face, to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the mask.

Cornets: *The song to the cornets, which playing, the mask enters. Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes, with dukes crowns upon laurel wreathes; pistolets and short swords under their robes.*

Men. Celso, Celso, count Maria for our love; lady, be gracious, yet grace.

Mar. With me, sir? [*Malevole takes his wife to dance.*]

Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath;
 With you I'll dance.

Mar. Why then you dance with death.
 But come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth.

Death gives eternity a glorious breath:

O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

Mal. They die in fear who live in villainy.

Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd by him.

Piet. Madam, with me. [*Pietro takes his wife*

Aur. Would'st then be miserable? [*Aurelia to dance.*]

Piet. I need not wish.

Aur. O yet forbear my hand! away! fly! fly!
 O seek not her, that only seeks to die!

Piet. Poor loved soul!

Aur. What, would'st court misery?

Piet. Yes.

Aur. She'll come too soon; O my griev'd heart!

Piet. Lady, ha' done, ha' done.

Come, let's dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Piet. Yes, sweet.

Aur. Then we'll agree.

[*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Beancha: then the cornets sounds the measure, one change and rest.*

Fer. Believe it, lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private, and I'll marry you, by my soul. [To *Bean.*

Bean. I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

Fer. I'll swear by them both to please you.

Bean. O! damn them not both to please me, for God's sake.

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy you to-night, and I'll marry you to-morrow fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maq. On his troth, la! believe him not; that kind of cunnicatching is as stale as fir-Oliver Anchove's perfum'd jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her a great woman, and then cast her off: 'tis as common and natural to a courtier, as jealousy to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an alderman, pride to a taylor, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth, la! believe him not; traps to catch pole-cats.

Mal. Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in your eyes. [To *Maria.*

Mar. O my Altofront!

Pie. A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble; you conceive it all.

Aur. My heart, tho' not my knees, doth humbly fall,
Low as the earth to thee. [To *Pietro.*

Pie. Peace; next change, no words.

Mar. Speak to such, ay; O what will affords!

Cornets sound the measure over-again; which danced they unmask.

Men. Malevole! [They environ *Mendoza*, bending

Mal. No. *ing their pistols on him.*

Men. Altofront! duke *Pietro*! *Ferneze*! hah!

All. Duke Altofront! duke Altofront!

[*Cornets a flourish.*

Men. Are we surpriz'd? what strange delusions mock
Our senses! do I dream? or have I dreamt [They seize
This two days space! where am I? upon Mendoza.

Mal. Where an arch villain is.

Men. O lend me breath till I am fit to die.
For peace with heaven, for your own soul's sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

Pie. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell,
Goodness of God, or man, could once make good.

Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace can'st thou
expect,
That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

Men. O life!

Mal. Slave, take thy life.

Wert thou defenced thro' blood and wounds,
The sternest horror of a civil fight,
Would I atchieve thee; but prostrate at my feet

*I scorn to hurt thee: 'tis the heart of slaves
That deigns to triumph over peasants graves.*

*For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er inroll
A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul.*

O I have seen strange accidents of state,
The flatterer like the ivy clip the oak,
And waste it to the heart: lust so confirmed,
That the black act of sin itself not sham'd
To be term'd courtship.

O they that are as great as be their sins,
Let them remember, that th' inconstant people
Love many men meerly for their faces,
And outward shews; and they do covet more
To have a sight of these than of their virtues.
Yet thus much let the great ones still conceal,
When they observe not heavens imposed conditions,
They are no men, but forfeit their commissions.

Maq. O good my lord, I have liv'd in the court this
twenty year, they that have been old courtiers, and come
to live in the city, they are spighted at, and thrust to the
walls like apriocks, good my lord.

Bil.

Bil. My lord, I did know your lordship in this disguise ; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for him : besides, 'twas your lordship's pleasure to call me wittal and cuckold ; you must not think, but that I knew you, I would have put it up so patiently.

Mal. You over-joy'd spirits, wipe your long wet eyes,
[*To Pietro and Aurelia,*

Hence with this man : [*Kicks out Mend.*] an eagle takes,
not flies.

You to your vows : [*To Pietro and Aurelia.*] and thou un-
to the suburbs : [*To Maq.*

You to my worst friend I would hardly give : [*To Bil.*

Thou art a perfect old knave ; all pleas'd live.

You two unto my breast : [*To Celso and the Captain,*
thou to my heart, [*To Maria,*

The rest of idle actors idly part ;

And as for me, I here assume my right,

With which I hope all's pleas'd : to all goodnight.

[*Cornets flourish. Exeunt omnes.*





An imperfect O D'E, being but one Stave,

Spoken by the PROLOGUE.

TO wrest each hurtless thought to private sense,

Is the foul use of ill bred impudence :

Immodest censure now grows wild,

All over-running.

Let innocence be ne'er so chaste,

Yet at the last

She is defil'd

With too nice-brained cunning.

O you of fairer soul,

Controul

With an Herculean arm.

This harm :

And once teach all old freedom of a pen,

Which still must write of fools, whilst writes of men.

EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE.

*Y*our modest silence, full of heedless stillness,
 Makes me thus speak: A voluntary illness
 Is meerly senseless, but unwilling error,
 Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour,
 May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin,
 Rivers take names from founts where they begin.

Then let not too severe an eye peruse,
 The slighter brakes of our reformed muse;
 Who could herself, herself of faults detect,
 But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,
 Tho' some men's labour: truth to err is fit,
 As long as wisdom's not profess'd, but wit.
 Then till another's happier muse appears,
 Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,
 To whose desertful lamps pleas'd fates impart
 Art above nature, judgment above art,

Receive this piece which hope, nor fear yet daunteth;
 He that knows most, knows most how much he
 wanteth.

EPHRAIM

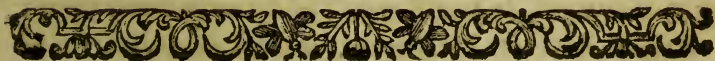


A
W O M A N

Kill'd with
K I N D N E S S.

A
T R A G E D Y.

B Y
T H O M A S H E R W O O D.

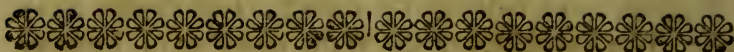




THOMAS HEYWOOD liv'd in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, was an Actor, and the most voluminous Dramatick Writer we have, if we may believe his own Testimony, in the Preface to his English Traveller, which he says was one, reserv'd amongst 220, in which he had either an entire Hand, or at least a main Finger. But of these we have only 25 Plays left, some Reasons for which he gives in the said Preface, viz. That many of them by shifting and Change of Companies were lost, others remain'd in the Hands of some Actors, who thought it against their particular Profit to have them come in Print; and, thirdly, That it was never his Ambition to be voluminously read. And in his Preface to the Rape of Lucrece he gives us another Reason, which is, that he used to sell his Copies to the Players, and therefore supposed he had no Right to print them without their Consent. One may guess from hence, they had not then found out the method of paying an Author, by giving him his third Nights; but that the Custom was to pay him a certain Sum for the Piece. The Plays of our Author that are come down to us, are as follows: The Golden Age, The Silver Age, The Brazen Age, and The Iron Age, in two Parts; The Life of the Dutchess of Suffolk, Edward the fourth, Four 'Prentices of London, If you know not me, you know nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth, in two Parts, The Downfall and Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, otherwise call'd Robin Hood of Merryshire-Wood, in two Parts: All these he calls Histories. The fair Maid of the Exchange, Lancashire Witches, A Maidenhead well lost, The wise Woman

Woman of *Hogſden*; *Comedies*. The Rape of *Lucrece*, a *Tragedy*. A Challenge for Beauty, The *Engliſh* Traveller, The Fair Maid of the Weſt, *two Parts*; Fortune by Land and Sea, Royal King and Loyal Subject: *Tragi-Comedies*. And Love's Miſtreſs, or the Queen's Mask. He alſo wrote an Apology for Actors, printed in 1612. The Hierarchy of the Angels, a *Poem*, in 1635, The Life and Troubles of Queen *Elizabeth* from her Cradle to her Crown, in 1631. The Lives and Acts of nine Women Worthies, three *Jews*, three *Gentiles*, and three *Chriſtians*, in 1640; and a General Hiſtory of Women, the moſt holy and proſane, the moſt famous and infamous, in all Ages, in 1657.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SIR Francis Aeton.

Sir Charles Mountford.

Mr. Frankford.

Mr. Malby.

Mr. Wendoll.

Mr. Cranwel.

Roger Brickbat.

Jack Slime.

Nicholas.

Jenkin.

Sheriff with Officers.

A Butler.

Roger.

Tydy.

Shafton.

Spigot, Musicians, Falconer, Huntsman, Serjeant, Keeper, Coachman, Carters, Servants, &c.

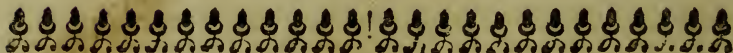
W O M E N.

Mrs. Frankford.

Mistress Anne.

Susan.

Sissy.





T H E
P R O L O G U E.

I Come but as a harbinger, being sent
 To tell you what these preparations mean ;
 Look for no glorious state, our muse is bent
 Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
 We could afford this twig a timber tree,
 Whose strength might boldly on your favours build ;
 Our russet, tissue ; drone, a honey-bee ;
 Our barren plot, a large and spacious field ;
 Our coarse fare, banquets ; our thin water, wine ;
 Our brook, a sea ; our bat's eyes, eagles sight ;
 Our Poet's dull and earthy muse, divine ;
 Our ravens doves ; our crow's black feathers, white ;
 But gentle thoughts when they may give the foil,
 Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.






A.

W O M A N

Kill'd with

K I N D N E S S.

Enter mr. John Frankford, mistress Anne, sir Francis Aiton, sir Charles Mountford, master Malby, Master Wendoll, and mr. Cranwell.

Fran. OME musick there: none lead the bride a dance?

Char. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets:

But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance, according to the ballad.

Fran. Musick ho:

By your leave, sifter; by your husband's leave

I should have said: the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow: found;
This marriage musick hoists me from the ground.

Frank. Ay, you may caper, you are light and free;
Marriage hath yোক'd my heels, pray pardon me.

Fran. I'll have you dance too, brother.

Char. Master Frankford,

Y'are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth; you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill't treble to the hoarsest bass.
To end her many praises in one word,
She's beauty and perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought
her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste
thoughts,

I should be jealous of your praise, sir Charles:

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Ann. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties to speak on;
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married:
His sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye:
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow,
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.

Fran. A perfect wife already, meek and patient;
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.
Gramercies brother, wrought her to't already:
Sweet husband, and a curt'sy the first day!

90 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Mark this, mark this, you that are batchelors,
 And never took the grace of honest man,
 Mark this against you marry, this one phrase;
 In a good time that man both wins and woes,
 That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, sir Francis,
 All his wild blood your father spent on you :
 He got her in his age, when he grew civil ;
 All his mad tricks were to his land intail'd,
 And you are heir to all : your sister, she
 Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Char. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you !
 This morning, which (to many) seems a burden too
 Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
 This lady is no clog, as many are ;
 She doth become you like a well-made suit,
 In which the taylor hath us'd all his art :
 Not like a thick coat of unseason'd freeze,
 Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain
 To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yolk ;
 But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
 You both adorn each other, and your hands
 Methinks are matches ; there's equality
 In this fair combination ; y'are both scholars,
 Both young, both being descended nobly.
 There's musick in this sympathy, it carries
 Confort, and expectation of much joy,
 Which God bestow on you, from this first day
 Until your dissolution, that's for aye.

Fran. We keep you here too long, good brother
 Frankford.

Into the hall ; away ; go cheer your guests.
 What, bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once ?
 If you be mis'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
 And charge you with unkindness.

Frank. To prevent it,
 I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Ann. And so will I.

[*Exit.*

Fran. To part you it were sin.
 Now gallants, while the town-musicians

Finger

Finger their frets within; and the mad lads
And country-lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark, they're all on the hoigh,
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
But not without cutting; you shall see to-morrow
The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes; though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hob-nails fall.

Char. Well, leave them to their sports: Sir Francis
Acton,

I'll make a match with you; meet to-morrow
At Chevy-chase, I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Fran. For what? for what?

Char. Why for a hundred pound.

Fran. Pawn me some gold of that.

Char. Here are ten angels;

I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:

Another hundred pound upon your dogs,
Dare ye sir Charles?

Char. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here's my hand,
The first course for a hundred pound.

Fran. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.

Cran. I am for sir Charles Mountford, I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried: what, clap ye hands?
Or is't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down:
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Fran. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow,
I'll rise into my saddle e'er the sun
Rise from his bed.

Char. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman: I'll hold my day.

Fran.

Fran. It holds on all sides; come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride,
We had need be three hours up before the bride. [*Exit.*
Enter Nick and Jenkin, Jack Slime, Roger Brickbat,
with country wenches, and two or three musicians.

Jenk. Come, Nick, take you Jone Miniver to trace
withal: Jack Slime traverse you with Sisly Milk-pail, I
will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have
Isabel Motley; and now that they are busy in the par-
lour, come strike up, we'll have a crash here in the
yard.

Nick. My humour is not compendious; dancing I
profess not, tho' I can foot it; yet since I am fallen in-
to the hands of Sisly Milk-pail, I consent.

Jack. Truly Nick, tho' we were never brought up
like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up
with serving creatures, ay, and God's creatures too; for
we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses,
hogs, and such like; and tho' we be but country fel-
lows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the
horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Rog. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O Slime, O Brickbat, do not you know that
comparisons are odious? now we are odious ourselves
too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made be-
twixt us:

Nic. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

Slim. Foot it quickly; if the musick overcome not
my melancholy I shall quarrel; and if they do not sud-
denly strike up, I shall presently strike them down.

Jenk. No quarrelling, for God's sake; truly if you
do, I shall set a knave between ye.

Slim. I come to dance, not to quarrel; come, what
shall it be? Rogero?

Jen. Rogero, no; we will dance the beginning of the
world.

Sisly. I love no dance so well, as John come kiss me
now.

Nic. I have e'er now deserv'd a cushion, call for the
cushion-dance.

Roger. For my part I like nothing so well as Tom
Tyler.

Jen. No; we'll have the hunting of the fox.

Slime. The hay, the hay; there's nothing like the
hay.

Nic. I have said, do say, and will say again.

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says,

All. Content.

Nic. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be.

Sisly. What? mr. Nicholas, what?

Nic. Put on your smock a Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off: come, for
God's sake agree of something; if you like not that, put
it to the musicians, or let me speak for all, and we'll have
Sellenger's round.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be;
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would ye have us run away?

Nic. No; but I would have you shake your heels.
Musick strike up.

They dance. *Nick dancing speaks stately and scurvily, the
rest after the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey; lively, my lasses; here's a turn for thee.
[Exit.

Wind horns. Enter *sir Charles, sir Francis, Mally,
Cranwell, Wendoll, Falconer, and Huntsmen.*

Char. So; well cast off: aloft, aloft; well flown.
O now she takes her at the fowse, and strikes her down
To th'earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wend. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Frän. A hundred pound from me.

Char. What falc'ner?

Faul. At hand, sir.

Char.

94 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Char. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her, rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.

So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells:
Away.

Fran. My hawk kill'd too!

Char. Ay, but 'twas at the *querre*,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Judgment, my masters.

Cran. Yours mis'd her at the *ferre*.

Wind. Ay, but our Merlin first had plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too;
Her bells, sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other:
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Char. 'Tis lost.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl
Within her talons; and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood:
Not of the fowl only, she did discomfit
Some of her feathers, but she brake away.
Come, come, your hawk is but a risler.

Char. How!

Fran. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-trails and curs.

Char. You stir my blood.

You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Fran. How, knight?

Char. So, knight: you will not swagger, sir.

Fran. Why, say I did?

Char. Why, sir, I say you would gain as much by
Swagg'ring, as you have got by wagers on your dogs,
You will come short in all things.

Fran. Not in this; now I'll strike home.

Char. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want
my will.

Fran. All they that love sir Francis, follow me.

Char. All that affect sir Charles draw on my part.

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wind. Here goes my heart.

[They divide themselves.

Sir Charles, Cranwell, Falconer and Huntsman fight against sir Francis, Wendoll, his Falconer and Huntsman, and sir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of sir Francis his men.

Char. My God! what have I done? what have I done?

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer. Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain.
Forgive me, God, 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite removes me from myself:
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel,
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter Susan.

Suf. Oh God! my brother wounded 'mong the dead?
Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends:

The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Char. Oh sister, sister, wounded at the heart.

Suf. My God forbid.

Char. In doing that thing which he forbade
I am wounded, sister.

Suf. I hope not at the heart.

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Suf. O God! a surgeon there.

Char. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul;
The sin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: But for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.

Suf.

96 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Suf. Charles, what have you done?

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.

Char. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.

Suf. O fly, sweet brother.

Char. Shall I fly from thee?

Why, Sue, art weary of my company?

Suf. Fly from your foe.

Char. You, sister, are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Suf. Your company is as my eye-ball dear,
Being far from you, no comfort can be near;
Yet fly to save your life: what would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe: and yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, thro' either cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they would set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.

Char. Thou shalt not weep so much, for I will stay
In spite of danger's teeth: I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, with officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instru-
ment

Of your attach and apprehension:
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you enacted. It was told me,
That you was guarded with a troop of friends,
Therefore I came thus arm'd.

Char. O mr. Sheriff,
I came into the field with many friends,
But see, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman,

I yield my weapons, and submit to you;
Convey me where you please.

Sher. To prison then,

To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Suf. Oh God! Oh God!

Char. Sweet sister, every strain

Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;

Your grief rebounds, and hits against my breast.

Sher. Sir, will you go?

Char. Even where it likes you best.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter mr. Frankford in a study.

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,

That in my mean estate embrace content?

I am a gentleman, and by my birth

Companion with a king, a king's no more.

I am possess'd of many fair revenues,

Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.

Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts,

The riches of my thoughts; and of my time,

Have been a good proficient: but the chief

Of all the sweet felicities on earth,

I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife;

Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;

If man on earth may truly happy be,

Of these at once possess'd, sure I am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without to
speak with you.

Frank. On horse-back?

Nich. Yes, on horse-back.

Frank. Intreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.

Know'st thou him, Nick?

Nich. Know him! yes, his name's Wendoll:

It seems he comes in haste, his horse is booted

Up to the flank in mire; himself all spotted

And stain'd with plashing: sure he rid in fear,

Or for a wager; horse and man both sweat,

I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank. Entreat him in, about it instantly.

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage

98 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Hath pleas'd me much ; by observation
 I have noted many good deserts in him :
 He's affable, and seen in many things,
 Discourses well, a good companion ;
 And tho' of small means, yet a gentleman
 Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want :
 I have preferr'd him to a second place
 In my opinion, and my best regard.

Enter Wendoll, mrs. Frankford, and Nick.

Anne. O mrs. Frankford, mr. Wendoll here
 Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.

Frank. What news, sweet wife? what news, good
 mr. Wendoll?

Wend. You knew the match made 'twixt sir Francis
 Acton and sir Charles Mountford.

Fran. True, with their hounds and hawks.

Wend. The matches were both play'd.

Frank. Ha! and who won?

Wend. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
 And lost the wager.

Frank. Why, the worse his chance ;
 Perhaps the fortune of some other day
 Will change his luck.

Anne. Oh, but you hear not all.

Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield :
 At length the two knights grew to difference,
 From words to blows, and so to banding sides ;
 Where valorous sir Charles slew in his spleen
 'Two of your brother's men : his fal'ner,
 And his good huntsman whom he lov'd so well ;
 More men were wounded, no more slain outright.

Fran. Now trust me, I am sorry for the knight ;
 But is my brother safe?

Wend. All whole and sound,
 His body not being blemish'd with one wound :
 But poor sir Charles is to the prison led,
 To answer at th'affize for them that's dead.

Fran. I thank your pains, sir, had the news been
 better
 Your will was to have brought it, mr. Wendoll.

Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous;
And will be most severely censur'd on;
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you:
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean:
Please you to use my table, and my purse,
They are yours.

Wind. O lord, sir, I shall never deserve it.

Fran. O sir, disparage not your worth too much,
You are full of quality, and fair desert;
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table
All at my own charge, be my companion.

Wind. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours: this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favour.
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.

Fran. There needs no protestation: for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful. Pr'ythee Nan
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.

Anne. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.

Fran. To dinner? come, sir, from this present day
Welcome to me for ever: come away. [Exit.]

Nic. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still yearns;
Zounds, I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The devil and he are all one in mine eye. [Exit.]

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O Nick, what gentleman is that that comes to
lie at our house? my master allows him one to wait on
him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I love my master, by these hilts I do:
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter Sissy.

Sissy. Nich'las, where are you, Nich'las? you must
come

100 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots.

Nic. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs, And they shall stick fast in my throat like burs.

Sisly. Then Jenkin, come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sisly. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet: stay a little, I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently.

[*Exit.*

Enter Malby and Cranwell.

Mal. This is the sessions-day, pray can you tell me How young sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit, Or must he try the law's strict penalty?

Cran. He's clear'd of all, 'spight of his enemies, Whose earnest labour was to take his life: But in this suit of pardon he hath spent All the revenues that his father left him; And he is now turn'd a plain countreyman, Reform'd in all things: see, sir, here he comes.

Enter sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.

Char. Here, mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me 'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal. God give you joy of your delivery, I am glad to see you abroad, sir Charles.

Char. The poorest knight in England, mr. Malby: My life hath cost me all my patrimony My father left his son: well, god forgive them That are the authors of my penury.

Enter

Enter Shafton.

Shaft. Sir Charles! a hand, a hand; at liberty?
Now by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?

Char. O me! O most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th'immortal birth-right which my favour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?

Shaf. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay five for fail: Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush, let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expence with me,
And a' will sink, he will: nay, good sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.

Char. Oh sir, they have undone me:
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father at his death possess me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend.
And notwithstanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gain my liberty:
And I have only now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds, reserved
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.

Shaf. That must I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll grind him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I profer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, sir Charles,
I know you have need of money, take my offer.

Char. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable power.

Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

Wend. I am a villain if I apprehend
But such a thought: then to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song:
A song! ha, ha: a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts: why prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (O God forgive me)
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t'entertain a thought of love to her:
And when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter over the stage, Frankford, his Wife, and Nick.

O God! O God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction.
There goest thou, the most perfect man
That ever *England* bred a gentleman;
And shall I wrong his bed? Thou god of thunder,
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain;
A villain and a traitor to his friend.

Enter Jenkin.

Jenk. Did your worship call?

Wend. He doth maintain me, he allows me largely
money to spend——

Jen. By my faith so do not you me, I cannot get a
cross of you.

Wend. My gelding, and my man.——

Jen. That's Sorrell and I.

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us——

Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert:

Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain:

And

And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion;
And equally do make him whole or sick:
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! ingrate!
Hast thou the power straight with thy goary hands
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart?
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I must: Then, Wendoll, be content;
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! pray
God he be not mad: if he should be so, I should never
have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's
mad for missing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin, where's your mistress?

Jen. Is your worship married?

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master, and if I have a
mistress I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my
duty to her.

Wen. I mean mistress Frankford.

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town,
and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to
horse. Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.

Wen. Vanish.

Enter mistress Frankford.

Ann. Y'are well met, sir; now in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you: we sought about the house,
Hollow'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you: therefore he enjoyn'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends.
Nay more, he wills you as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command

Even as himself were present in the house :
 For you must keep his table, use his servants,
 And be a present Frankford in his absence.

Wend. I thank him for his love.

Give me a name, you whose infectious tongues
 Are tip'd with gall and poison, as you would
 Think on a man that had your father slain,
 Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets;
 So call me, call me so : print in my face
 'The most stigmatick title of a villain,
 For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Anne. Sir, you are much beholden to my husband ;
 You are a man most dear in his regard.

Wend. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.
 I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
 Of that good estimation, my kind friend :
 I will not, zounds, I will not. I may chuse,
 And I will chuse. Shall I be so misled ?
 Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
 'The motto of a villain ? If I say
 I will not do it, what thing can inforce me ?
 What can compell me ? What sad destiny
 Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts ?
 I will not.—Ha ! some fury pricks me on,
 'The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
 And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must ;
 Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust.

Anne. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus
 troubled ?

'There is sedition in your countenance.

Wend. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise,
 I love you : start not, speak not, answer not.

I love you : nay, let me speak the rest :
 Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
 'The host of heaven.

Anne. The host of heaven forbid
 Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.

Wend. Such is my fate, to this suit I was born,
 'To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn.

Anne. My husband loves you.

Wend.

Wend. I know it.

Anne. He esteems you.

Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.

Wend. I have tried it.

Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wend. So I have found it.

Anne. O! with what face of brass, what brow of
steel,

Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face

Of the espoused wife of so dear a friend?

It is my husband that maintains your state,

Will you dishonour him? I am his wife

That in your power hath left his whole affairs,

It is to me you speak.

Wend. O speak no more!

For more than this I know, and have recorded:

Within the red-leav'd table of my heart:

Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful

Bluntly to give my life into your hand;

And at one hazard all my earthly means.

Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,

And I am then undone: I care not, I,

'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me:

I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur

The general name of villain through the world,

Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.

Beggery, shame, death, scandal and reproach,

For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?

For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Anne. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity:

The love I bear my husband, is as precious

As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too,

And for his love I will engage my life;

Mistake me not, the augmentation

Of my sincere affection born to you

Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.

I will be secret, lady, close as night:

And not the light of one small glorious star

106 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Anne. What shall I say?

My soul is wand'ring, and hath lost her way.
Oh, mr. Wendoll! oh!

Wend. Sigh not, sweet faint;
For every sigh you breathe; draws from my heart
A drop of blood;

Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault (I fear) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face;
I blush and am ashamed. Oh master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue
That hath enchanted me. This maze I am in,
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter Nick.

Wend. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.

Nic. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no
blab.

Nay look not down and blush. [*Ex. Wen. and Anne.*]

Nic. Zounds, I'll stab.

Ay Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not;
My master shall not pocket up this wrong,
I'll eat my fingers first. What sayst thou metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough? Nay metal, thou shall stand
To all I say; I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances:
I never look'd for better of that rascal
Since he came miching first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste; I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them,

(If they proceed as they have done before)

Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a——

[*Exit.*

Enter Charles and Susan.

Char. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unfold ;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk, and do we not live well ?
Well, I thank God.

Suf. O brother, here's a change
Since old fir Charles died in our father's house !

Char. All things on earth thus change, some up, some
down ;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter Shafton with a serjeant.

Good morrow, morrow fir Charles, what with your
sister,

Plying your husbandry ?—Serjeant, stand off—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——

Char. O pardon me: This house successively
Hath 'long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great great grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle stile began,
Dwelt here ; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-
hill

Unto that mountain which my father left me,
Where he the first of all our house begun,
I now the last will end, and keep this house :
This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
By any unthrift of the Mountfords line ;
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud mind and a begger's purse !
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use ?
I have brought it to execution
By course of Law : what, is my monies ready ?

Char. An execution, fir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit ! you deal extremely.

Shaf. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.

Char. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.

If this were sold, our names should then be quite
Raz'd from the bed-roll of gentility.

You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name: this palm, you see,
Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast

Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

Suf. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small plot of ground.

Char. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or sattin
Feels in my hand: why pride is grown to us
A meer, meer stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.

I cannot name ye any of my hounds;
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all musick
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place I have chang'd my self away.

Shaf. Arrest him at my suit; actions and actions
Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast.

Nay more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.

The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs: Away with him.

Char. Ye are too timorous; but trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen and allies; intreat them for me
To ransom me from this injurious man
That seeks my ruin.

Shaf. Come, irons, irons; come away,
I'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day.

Suf. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of grief,

Death

Death cannot pierce it through : Tyrant too fell,
So lead the fiends condemn'd souls to hell.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Fran. Again to prison? Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The musick of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat for the Lord's sake? No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he had a pretty wench
To his sister : Shall I in my mercy sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame her self by lewd dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely, but the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinks, sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.

Fran. Ha, ha, now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate ;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart, oh what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye !
I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled ;
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.

Sus. Acton, that seeks our blood. [*Runs away.*]

Fran. O chaste and fair !

Mal. Sir Francis, why sir Francis, in a trance ?
Sir Francis, what cheer man? Come, come, how is't ?

Fran. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was fair.

Fran. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister ; whose very souls denounce stern war
Each against other. How now Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether? But no ; master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? and with a person

110 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

So different every way : and so oppos'd
In all constructions, and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soul !
Come, come, I'll gain her ; or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.

Enter three or four serving-men, one with a volder and a wooden knife to take away, another the salt and bread, another the table-cloth and napkins, another the carpet ; Jenkin with two lights after them.

Jenk. So, march in order, and retire in battle array.
My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken
away : here now spread for the servingmen in the hall.
Butler, it belongs to your office.

But. I know it, Jenkin.

What d'ye call the gentleman that supt here to-night ?

Jenk. Who, my master ?

Wen. No, no, master Wendoll, he's a daily guest ;
I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

Jenk. His name's mr. Cranwel. God's light, heark
within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon
the fire. Come, come, Lord how we that are in office
here in the house are troubled ! One spread the carpet
in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights, the
rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in
the hall there. Come Nic'las. *[Exit.*

Nic. I cannot eat, but had I Wendoll's heart
I would eat that ; the rogue grows impudent.

Oh, I have seen such vile notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.

I'll tell my master, by this air I will ;

Fall what may fall I'll tell him. Here he comes.

*Enter master Frankford, as it were brushing the crumbs
from his cloaths with a napkin, as newly risen from
supper.*

Frank. Nic'las, what make you here ? why are not
you

At supper in the hall among your fellows ?

Nic. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board
To speak with you.

Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nic'las,

My

A Woman kill'd with Kindness. III

My wife and guests attend me in the parlour;
Why dost thou pause? Now Nic'las you want money,
And unthrift-like would eat into your wages
E'er you have earn'd it; here fir's half a crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nic. By this hand an honourable gentleman! I will
not see him wrong'd.—Sir, I have serv'd you long; you
entertained me seven years before your beard. You
knew me, fir, before you knew my mistress.

Frank. What of this, good Nic'las?

Nic. I never was a make-bate, or a knave;
I have no fault but one, I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast;
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

Nick. 'Sblood, fir, I love you better than your wife;
I'll make it good.

Fran. Y'are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou'rt a knave;
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons
Out of my doors.

Nic. Do, do.

There is not room for Wendoll and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain.

Fran. Ay, saucy!

Nic. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me, I am no
fool,

I know a villain when I see him act
Deeds of a villain; master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Fran. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose
sharp point

Hath prick'd quite through and through my shiv'ring
heart.

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.

What

What did'st thou say ? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation ;
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nic. I can gain nothing ; they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know ; but this and more,
More by a thousand dangers could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you ;
I saw, and I have said.

Fran. 'Tis probable ; though blunt, yet he is honest ;
Tho' I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul ;
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true ? O, may it ? Can it be ?
Is it by any wonder possible ?

Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust ?—
What instance hast thou of this strange report ?

Nic. Eyes master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee :
For should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thy self hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief,
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nic. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance ?

Frank. No more ; to supper, and command your
fellows

To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee on thy life ; be secret then,
For I know nothing.

Nic. I am dumb ; and now that I have eas'd my sto-
mach, I will go fill my stomach. [Exit.

Frank. Away, be gone.

She is well born, descended nobly ;
Virtuous her education, her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair ; her carriage, her demeanour

In all her actions that concern the love
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath born my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. Oh God, oh God,
Shall I put up these wrongs? No, shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent,
Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
Lights and a table there. Wife, mr. Wendoll, and gentle
Master Cranwell.

Enter mistress Frankford, master Wendoll, master Cranwell, Nick, and Jenkin, with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.

Fran. O master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often baulk my house; faith, y'are a churl;
Now we have supp'd, a table and to cards.

Jenk. A pair of cards Nic'las, and a carpet to cover
the table; where's Sisly with her counters and her box?
Candles and candlesticks there. Fie, we have such a
household of serving creatures, unless it be Nick and I,
there's not one amongst them all can say bo to a goose.
Well said Nick.

They spread a carpet, set down lights and cards.

Anne. Come, mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank. Marry that will I, sweet wife.

Wend. No, by my faith, when you are together I fit
out; it must be mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no
match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nic. You have no reason marry, knowing all. [*Aside.*

Frank. 'Tis no great matter neither. Come master
Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Fran. I must look to you, master Wendoll, for you'll
be playing false; nay, so will my wife too.

Nick.

114 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Nick. I will be sworn she will. [*Aside.*]

Anne. Let them that are taken false forfeit the set.

Frank. Content ; it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be ?

Wend. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.

Fran. You shall not find it so, indeed you shall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruff.

Frank. If master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nic. I can tell you, fir, the game that master Wendoll is best at.

Wend. What game is that, Nick ?

Nic. Marry, fir, knave out of doors.

Wend. She and I will take you at lodam.

Anne. Husband, shall we play at faint ?

Frank. My faint's turn'd devil. No, we'll none of faint ;

You are best at new-cut, wife ; you'll play at that.

Wend. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on. Well, you may draw out

For all your cunning ; 'twill be to your shame ; I'll teach you at your new-cut a new game.

Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.

Wend. We shall be soonest pairs, and my good host When he comes late, he must kiss the post.

Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith, let it be wide-ruff, and let's make honours.

Fran. If you make honours, one thing let me crave, Honour the king and queen ; except the knave.

Wend. Well, as you please for that. Lift who shall deal.

Anne. The least in fight : what are you, master Wendoll ?

Wend. I am a knave.

Nick.

Nick. I'll swear it.

Anne. I am queen.

Frank. A quean thou should'st say; well, the cards
are mine,

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, I'll cut; would I had never dealt.

Frank. I have lost my dealing.

Wend. Sir, the fault's in me;

This queen I have more than mine own you see.

Give me the stock.

Frank. My mind's not on my game;

Many a deal I have lost, the more's your shame.

You have served me a bad trick, master Wendoll.

Wend. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this
strife,

know I have dealt better with your wife.

Fran. Thou hast dealt falsely then.

Anne. What's trumps?

Wend. Hearts; partner, I rub.

Frank. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;

In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.

Booty you play, I like a loser stand,

Having no heart, or here, or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well;

Come, who will hold my cards?

Anne. Not well, sweet mr. Frankford!

Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.

Wend. How long have you been so, master Frank-
ford?

Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deal.

Take hence this table. Gentle master Cranwell,

Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure.

I'm sorry that this megrim takes me so,

I cannot sit and bear you company.

Jenkin, some lights, and shew him to his chamber.

Anne. A night-gown for my husband, quickly there:

It is some rheum or cold.

Wend. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got

By sitting late without your gown.

Frank. I know it, mr. Wendoll.

Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.

Wife, pr'ythee wife, into my bed-chamber,

The night is cold and raw, and rheumatick;

Leave me my gown and light, I'll walk away my fit.

Wend. Sweet sir, good night.

Frank. Myself, good night.

Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?

Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head;

Pr'ythee be gone, sweet, I'll make haste to bed.

Anne. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,

Until you come.

[*Exit.*]

Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—

I have bethought me, get me by degrees

The keys of all my doors, which I will mould

In wax, and take their fair impressiion,

To have by them new keys. This being compass,

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me:

And when they think they may securely play,

They nearest are to danger. Nick, I must rely

Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

Nic. Build on my faith.

Fran. To bed then, not to rest;

Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.

*Enter sir Charles his sister, old Mountford, Sandy, Roder,
and Tydy.*

Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress:

Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?

I cannot spare a cross. I must confess

He was my brother's son: why niece, what then?

'This is no world in which to pity men.

Suf. I was not born a begger, tho' his extremes

Enforce this language from me: I protest

No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue

To this base key. I do beseech you uncle,

For the names sake, for christianity,

Nay, for God's sake to pity his distress:

He

He is deny'd the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd ;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Mount. Money I cannot spare : men should take heed,
He lost my kindred when he fell to need.

Suf. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, master Sandy, and my suit.

Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd,
I knew you e'er your brother sold his land ;
Then you were mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels :
Then you sung well, plaid sweetly on the lute,
But now I neither know you nor your suit.

Suf. You, master Roder, was my brother's tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm
Of which you are possesst.

Roder. True, he did ;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake ?
I have some business now, but without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out. [*Exit.*

Suf. Cold comfort still : what say you, cousin Tydy ?

Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin : Each man for himself ;
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow,
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*

Suf. Oh charity ! why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven ?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return ;
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Fran. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this
gold.

Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Fran. Fair mistress, as I understand, your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.

Suf.

118 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Suf. I thank you, heavens; I thank you, gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favour.

Mal. This gold sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you——

Suf. Acton! O God! that name I'm born to curse:
Hence bawd, hence broker: see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.

Fran. Stay, lady, stay.

Suf. From you I'll posting hie;
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles flie. . [Exit.

Fran. She hates my name, my face, how should I
woo?

I am disgrac'd in every thing I do:
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Woo her with gifts, I cannot: for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns. With looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight. Nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then, how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles her brother lies in execution
For a great sum of money: and besides
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmens death,
Which only I have power to reverse:
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me:
'To save his body i his debts will pay;
'To save his life, I his appeal will stay.

*Enter sir Charles in prison, with irons, his feet bare,
his garments all ragged and torn.*

Char. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments:
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh unkind uncle! Oh my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen! Mountfords all too base,
To let the name be fetter'd in disgrace.

A thou:

A thousand deaths here in this grave I die;
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath.
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer: therefore I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves;
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee free-
From all thy troubles. [dom

Char. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Live, your appeal is staid; the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd: your creditors
Even to the utmost peny satisfied.
In sign whereof, your shackles I knock off;
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharg'd, all paid:
Go freely to your house, or where you please,
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Char. Thou grumblest out the sweetest musick to me
That ever organ play'd. Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends;
My loving kinsmen, and my near allies:
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all
Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity, and of moving ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age:
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountfords race,
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter Susan.

Sus. I can not longer stay from visiting

120 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

My woful brother : while I could I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.

Char. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee,
And to thy travel ?

Suf. What ! at liberty !

Char. Thou seest I am ; thanks to thy industry :
Oh ! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound ? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me ; was it he ?
So did my cousin Tydy ; was it he ?
So Mr. Roder, Mr. Sandy too :
Which of all these did this high kindness do ?

Suf. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery ?
Now I protest I stand so much amaz'd
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am wrap'd into a maze of wonder :
The rather, for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanc'd.

Char. Why by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends ; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay ?

Suf. O brother, they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chafed bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries ;
Which they derided. More than that, deny'd us
A part in their alliance ; but in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty dy'd.

Char. Drudges ! too much ; what did they ? oh known
evil !

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil :
Whence should my freedom come ? of whom alive,
Saving of those have I deserv'd so well ?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me :
These I have rais'd, they follow the world's guise ;
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.

Suf. My wits have lost themselves, let's ask the keeper.

Char. Jaylor !

Keep. At hand, sir.

Char.

Char. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.

What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, staid my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd fir Francis Acton.

Char. Ha! Acton! Oh me, more distrest in this
Than all my troubles! hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free; I go but under bail.

Keep. My charge is done, fir, now I have my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leese.

Char. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!
Why to what end? or what occasion? ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference ballance this high favour: ha!

Suf. His love to me; upon my soul 'tis so:
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my father, he [*Aside.*
That by the law of nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserv'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or allies,
From them this action had deserv'd my life:
And from a stranger more; because from such
There is less expectation of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
That this high bounty should proceed from him,
O there I lose myself! What should I say?
What think? what do, his bounty to repay?

Suf. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kind-
ness proceeds in Acton. I will tell you, brother:

122 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

He doats on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters and tokens : I refus'd them all.

Char. I have enough, tho' poor ; my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt. [Exit.]

Enter Frankford, and Nick with keys and a letter in his hand.

Fran. This is the night that I must play my part
To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys ?

Nic. They are made according to your mould in wax :
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.

Fran. True, take it, there it is ;
And when thou see'st me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

Nic. I'll do't, make no more question but I'll do't. [Exit.]

Enter mrs. Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and Jenkin.

Anne. Sirrah, 'tis fix a'clock already struck,
Go bid them spread the cloth and serve in supper.

Jen. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's
Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers ?

Wend. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs, mr. Frankford ;
We wish'd you at our sport.

Fran. My heart was with you, and my mind was on
you.

Fie mr. Cranwell, you are still thus sad :
A stool, a stool : where's Jenkin, and where's Nick ?
'Tis supper-time at least an hour ago :
What's the best news abroad ?

Wend. I know none good.

Fran. But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler and Jenkin with a table-cloth, bread,
trenchers and salt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remis
In his hard dealing against poor sir Charles,

Who,

Who, as I hear, lies in York castle,
Needy, and in great want.

Fran. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeed I would, sir.

Anne. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.

Wend. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, mrs. Frankford.

Fran. That's you for one; I know you love sir Charles,
And my wife too well.

Wend. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.

Fran. But supper, ho :: now as thou lov'st me,
Wendoll,

Which I am sure thou doest; be merry, pleasant,
And frolick it to-night: Sweet, mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like. Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity:

Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter Nick.

Nic. Here's a letter, sir.

Fran. Whence come's it? and who brought it?

Nic. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And as he tells me, it is sent from York.

Fran. Have him into the cellar, let him taste a cup of
our March beer: Go, make him drink.

Nic. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.

Fran. My boots and spurs: where's Jenkin? God for-
give me, how I neglect my business! wife, look here;
I have a matter to be try'd to-morrow
By eight a'clock; and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter Jenkin with boots and spurs.

Anne. I hope your business craves no such dispatch,
That you must ride to-night. [*Aside.*

Wend. I hope it doth.

124 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Fran. Gods me! no such dispatch!

Jenkin, my boots: where's Nick? Saddle my Roan,
And the gray dapple for himself: content ye,
It much concerns me. Gentle master Cranwell,
And master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

Wend. Lord, master Frankford, will you ride to-
night?

The ways are dangerous:

Fran. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and so shall Nick my man.

Anne. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Fran. No, by my faith wife, I'll not trust to that,
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly: no, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain: you have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Anne. Then if you needs will go
This dangerous evening; master Wendoll,
Let me intreat you bear him company.

Wend. With all my heart, sweet mistress: my boots
there?

Fran. Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house: Nick!—

Nick. Anon, sir.

Fran. Bring forth my gelding—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good master Cranwell.

Cran. Sir, God be your good speed.

Fran. Goodnight, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss and
part.

Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart. [*Aside.*

Wend. How business, time, and hours, all gracious
prove,

And are the furtherers to my new-born love!
I am husband now in master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publickly,
But in your private chamber, mistress Frankford.

Anne.

Anne. O fir, you are too publick in your love,
And master Frankford's wife.

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber ;
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wend. Light there, ho.
See you want nothing, fir ; for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold : good-night.

[*Exit.*

Wend. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and joys entire !
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us sup within.

Ann. O ! what a clog unto the soul is sin !
We pale offenders are still full of fear ;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near :
When they whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wend. Fie, fie, you talk too like a puritan.

Anne. You have tempted me to mischief, mr. Wendoll,
I have done, I know not what. Well, you plead
custom ;

That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in,
Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

Wend. My jocund soul is joyful above measure,
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sissy, Jenkin, and Butler.

Jen. My mistress, and mr. Wendoll, my maister, sup
in her chamber to-night : Sissy, you are prefer'd from
being the cook, to be chamber-maid ; of all the loves
betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this ?

Sissy. Mum ; there's an old proverb, When the cat's
away, the mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Sissy, I smell a rat.

Sissy. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call'd to an-
swer them.

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman,
are not these good words ? Pray God my new maister

play not the knave with my old maister; is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? Nay more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart unless thou say Amen.

Sissy. Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-men.

Ser. My mistress sends that you should make less noise, to lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed: you, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus, by little and little I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel, 'tis eleven a'clock already.

Ser. When you have lock'd the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Sissy. Quickly; for god's sake, Jenkin, for I must carry them: I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than them both.

Jen. To bed, good Spiggot, to bed, good honest serving creatures, and let us sleep as snug as pigs in pease-straw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frankford and Nick.

Fran. Soft, soft; we have tied your geldings to a tree two flight shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming. Hear'st thou no noise?

Nic. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Fran. So: now my watch's hand points upon twelve, And it is just midnight: where are my keys?

Nic. Here, sir.

Fran. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This is the hall-door; this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame:
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd;
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell,

The place where fins in all their ripeness dwell.

But I forget myself, now to my gate.

Nic. It must ope with far less noise than Cripple-gate,
or your plot's dash'd.

Fran. So, reach me my dark lanthorn to the rest ;
Tread softly, softly.

Nic. I will walk on eggs this pace.

Fran. A general silence hath surpriz'd the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum :
O keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul :
Or if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh strike mine eyes stark blind. Or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
'That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder ;
And with that prayer I enter.

Nic. Here's a circumstance indeed, a man may be
made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case
were mine, as 'tis my master's, 'sblood, that he makes
me swear, I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there ;
I would, I would.

Fran. Oh! oh!

Nic. Master! 'sblood! master! master!

Fran. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my saviour's blood, and send them laden,
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

Nic. Master, what have ye left them sleeping still ?
Let me go wake 'em.

Fran. Stay, let me pause a while.

O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done ; to call back yesterday :
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours.

Or that the sun

Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward ;
Take from th'account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence ; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms.

But, oh ! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience,
For I will in and wake them. [Exit.

Nic. Here's patience per force,
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

*Enter Wendoll running over the stage in a night-gown,
he after him with his sword drawn, the maid in her
smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He
pauses for a while.*

Fran. I thank thee, maid, thou like an angel's hand
Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.
Go, villain, and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas ; pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

*Enter mistress Frankford in her smock, night-
gown, and night-attire.*

Anne. O by what word ? what title ? or what name
Shall I intreat your pardon ? Pardon ! oh !
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband !
(O me most wretched !) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nic. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee ;
And keep thy count'nance, for I'll blush for thee :
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,

For

For I am most aſham'd ; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the ſun's clear brow :
What would'ſt thou ſpeak ?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehenſion, no capacity.
When do you ſpurn me like a dog ? when tread me
Under feet ? when drag me by the hair ?
Tho' I deſerve a thouſand thouſand fold
More than you can inflict : yet once my huſband,
For womanhood, to which I am a ſhame,
Though once an ornament ; even for his ſake
That hath redeem'd our ſouls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your ſword : but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I ſhould prevail
In the leaſt ſuit ; no, not to ſpeak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your preſence :
Yet as an abject this one ſuit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me ! riſe, nay riſe,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou plaid'ſt the ſtrumpet ? Was't thou not ſupply'd
With every pleaſure, faſhion, and new toy ;
Nay even beyond my calling ?

Anne. I was.

Fran. Was it then diſability in me ?
Or in thine eye ſeem'd he a properer man ?

Anne. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my boſom ?
Wear thee in my heart ?

Anne. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witneſs my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan ;
If neither fear of ſhame, regard of honour,
The blemiſh of my houſe, nor my dear love
Could have with-held thee from ſo lewd a fact :
Yet for theſe infants, theſe young harmleſs ſouls,
On whoſe white brows thy ſhame is character'd,
And grows in greatneſs as they wax in years ;

Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
 Away with them; lest as her spotted body
 Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
 So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
 With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Anne. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

Frank. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly:
 I will retire a while into my study,
 And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [Exit.

Anne. 'Tis welcome, be it death. O me base strumpet,
 'That having such a husband, such sweet children,
 Must enjoy neither! oh to redeem mine honour,
 I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts fear'd,
 Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment:
 Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I would hazard
 The rich and dear redemption of my soul.

He cannot be so base as to forgive me;
 Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
 O women, women, you that yet have kept
 Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
 Make me your instance, when you tread awry,
 Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

*Enter Sissy, Spiggot, all the servingmen, and Jenkin, as
 newly come out of bed.*

All. O mistress, mistress, what have you done mistress?

Nic. What a caterwauling keep you here?

Jenk. O lord mistress, how comes this to pass? my
 master is run away in his shirt, and never so much as
 call'd me to bring his cloaths after him.

Anne. See what guilt is! here stand I in this place,
 Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

*Enter mr. Frankford and Cranwell; whom seeing, she falls
 on her knees.*

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already,
 With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
 Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
 Of more humility torment thy soul,
 And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Mr. Frankford,

Frank.

Frank. Good mr. Cranwel. Woman, hear thy judgment;

Go make thee ready in thy best attire ;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel :
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Chuse thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber ;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven mile off ;
Where live, 'tis thine, I freely give it thee.
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours ;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Chuse which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meet me ; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise
To move me, by thy self, or by thy friends ;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So, farewell Nan ; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears ;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff ; all must
along :

Servants and all make ready, all be gone,
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [Exeunt.

Enter sir Charles gentleman-like, and his sister gentlewoman-like.

Suf. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride ?
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments ?
Forget you our estate, our poverty ?

Char. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous out-law, or uncivil kern :
For if thou shut'st thy eye, and only hear'st

132 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.

O sifter!—

Suf. O brother, what doth this strange language
mean?

Char. Dost love me, sifter? would'st thou see me
live

A bankrupt begger in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Would'st thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a by-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.

Suf. By me; why I have nothing, nothing left,
I owe even for the cloaths upon my back;
I am not worth——

Char. O sifter, say not so;
It lies in you my down-cast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sifter, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have without delay,
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.

Suf. Till now I had thought y'had lov'd me. By my
honour

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon)
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants:
And d'ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton whom I hate)
I would redeem it with my life or blood.

Char. I challenge it; and kindred set apart,
Thus (ruffian-like) I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Suf. Why some five hundred pounds,
Towards which I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.

Char. It will not prove so. Sifter, now resolve me,
What do you think (and speak your conscience)

Would

Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed ?

Suf. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
To give the Mountford's name so deep a wound.

Char. A thousand pound : I but five hundred owe,
Grant him your bed, he's pay'd with interest so.

Suf. O brother!

Char. O sister, only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay :
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame.
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear ?

Suf. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.

Char. I esteem you, sister, as dear,
For so dear prizing it.

Suf. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton :
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him, as a token ?

Char. Neither, sister :
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard ;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness (like a burden hath surcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds, I stooping, go
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died :
'Then unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To infranchise me ? 'Twas sister for your love.
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,
And shall he not enjoy it ? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part ? You did partake
The joy of my release, will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt ?
Shall I be only charg'd ?

Suf. But that I know

134 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
 As in your most extremity of need
 Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate ;
 Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd honour
 Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
 I see your resolution, and assent ;
 So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Char. For this I trick'd you up.

Suf. But here's a knife,
 To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.

Char. Ay, now thou pleasest me a thousand times
 More in thy resolution than thy grant.

Observe her love : to sooth it to my suit,
 Her honour she will hazard (though not lose :)
 To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
 Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder ! that will chuse
 Rather than stain her blood her life to lose.

Come, you sad sister to a woeful brother,
 This is the gate : I'll bear him such a present,
 Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
 As will amaze his senses ; and surprize
 With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Suf. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me ;
 'Tis here, shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Act. How ! Mountford with his sister hand in hand !
 What miracle's afoot ?

Mal. It is a sight
 Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended :
 Acton, I owe thee money, and being unable
 To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
 Lo ! for thy more assurance here's a pawn :
 My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
 I prize above a million ; here, nay take her,
 She's worth your money man, do not forsake her.

Fran. I would he were in earnest.

Suf. Impute it not to my immodesty,
 My brother being rich in nothing else.
 But in his interest that he hath in me ;

According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store ; whom howsoe'er you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.

Fran. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known in any former age
Such honourable wrested courtesy ?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe.

Char. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee, if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape or lustful prey,
To blur our house that never yet was stain'd ;
To murder her that never meant thee harm ;
To kill me now whom once thou sav'dst from death,
Do then, at once on her ; all these rely
And perish with her spotted chastity.

Fran. You overcome me in your love, sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd
To ingage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honour which you prize so dear,
Nay all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honour'd thoughts, lo ! thus I recompence. |
Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart :
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too base to be my bride : to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.

Suf. You still exceed us ; I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Char. With that enchantment you have charm'd my
soul,
And made me rich even in those very words ;
I pay no debt, but am indebted more,

136 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Rich in your love, I never can be poor.

Fran. All's mine is yours, we are alike in state,
Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride.

Enter Cranwel, Frankford, and Nick.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your
house,

Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wier;
Nor any thing that ever was called her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. 'Sblood master, here's her lute flung in a cor-
ner.

Fran. Her Lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwel,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note; sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung?
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. I'll ride and over-take her, do my message
And come back again.

Cran. Mean time, sir, if you please
I'll to sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

Fran. Do as you please; how ill am I bestead,
To be a widower e'er my wife be dead!

Enter

Enter mrs. Frankford, with Jenkin, her maid Sissy, her coach-man, and three carters.

Anne. Bid my coach stay : why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate ?
A feat like to my fortunes let me have ;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.

Jen. Comfort, good mistress ; you have watered your
coach with tears already : you have but two miles now to
go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master
Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants manors ;
for he hath three or four ; of which this is one that we
are going to now.

Sissy. Good mistress be of good cheer ; sorrow you see
hurts you, but helps you not : we all mourn to see you
so sad.

Cart. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men
Come riding post, 'tis like he brings some news.

Anne. Comes he from mr. Frankford he is welcome,
So is his news because they come from him.

Enter Nicholas.

Nic. There.

Anne. I know the lute ; oft have I sung to thee :
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. Would that had been the worst instrument that
e'er you play'd on. My master commends him unto ye ;
there's all he can find that was ever yours : he hath no-
thing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own
heart, and he could not afford you that. All that I have
to deliver you is this ; he prays you to forget him, and so
he bids you farewell.

Anne. I thank him ; he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
'That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about ; and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins : my lute shall groan ;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.

Enter Wendoll.

Wend. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,

I fly

I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars!
 What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,
 That you should lay this penance on their son?
 When I but think of mr. Frankford's love,
 And lay it to my treason, or compare
 My murdering him for his relieving me,
 It strikes a terror like a light'ning's flash
 To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl
 Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
 Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blast,
 Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
 How he hath dealt with her. Oh my sad fate,
 Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
 Oh God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
 That ever liv'd together, and being divided
 In several places, make their several moan;
 She in the fields laments, and he at home.
 So poets write, that Orpheus made the trees
 And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
 Meaning the rustick and the barbarous hinds,
 That had no understanding part in them:
 So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
 Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
 And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

Anne. If you return unto my master,
 (Tho' not from me; for I am unworthy
 To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
 That you have seen me weep, with myself dead.
 Nay, you may say too (for my vow is past)
 Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
 This to your master you may say and swear:
 For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nic. I'll say you wept: I'll swear you made me sad.
 Why how now, eyes? what now? what's here to do?
 I'm gone, or I shall frait turn baby too.

Wend. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire;
 Curst be the fruits of my unchaste desire.

Anne. Go, break this lute on my coach's wheel,
 As the last musick that I e'er shall make;
 Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
 To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.

Nic.

Nic. If I can for crying.

Wend. Grief have done,

Or like a mad-man I shall frantick run.

Anne. You have beheld the woefull'st wretch on earth;
A woman made of tears: would you had words
To exprefs but what you fee. My inward grief
No tongue can utter: yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad mafter my abundant woes.

Nic. I'll do your commendations.

Anne. O no:

I dare not so presume; nor to my children;
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am:
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name,
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their own shame.

Wend. To recompence her wrongs, what can'st thou
do?

Thou hast made her husbandless and childless too.

Anne. I have no more to say. Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your mafter what you see.

Nic. I'll do't. [Exit.

Wend. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words:
No matter tho', I'll do my best good-will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wend. O mrs. Frankford——

Anne. O for God's sake fly;
The devil doth come to tempt me e'er I die.
My coach: this fiend, that with an angel's face
Conjur'd mine honour, 'till he sought my wrack,

In my repentant eye seems ugly black.

[*Exeunt all; the carters whistling.*]

Jen. What, my young master that fled in his shirt! how come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha'ye not, think you? What shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?

Wend. Hence, slave, away with thy unseason'd mirth; Unless thou can'st shed tears, and sigh, and howl, Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate, Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will: farewell and be hang'd, would you had never come to have kept this quoil within our doors, we shall ha' you run away like a spright again.

Wend. She's gone to death, I live to want and woe; Her life, her sins, and all upon my head. And I must now go wander like a Cain In foreign countries and remoted climes, Where the report of my ingratitude Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France And so to Germany and Italy; Where when I have recover'd, and by travel Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours May in their heighth abate, I will return: And I divine (however now dejected) My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd, At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*]

Enter sir Francis, sir Charles, Cranwell, and Susan.

Fran. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles Fall on my head by justice of the heavens, For being so strict to you in your extremities: But we are now aton'd. I would my sister Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs, As we have ours.

Sus. You tell us, mr. Cranwell, wond'rous things, Touching the patience of that gentleman, With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was witness of; It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran.

Fran. O that same villain Wendoll, 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her; she was of herself
Chaste and devoted well. Is this the house?

Cran. Yes, sir, I take it here your sister lies.

Fran. My brother Frankford shew'd too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathed crime;
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do:
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed,
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O my mistress, mistress, my poor mistress.

Sissy. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for
my poor mistress?

Gbar. Why, what of her?

Jen. O lord, sir, she no sooner heard that her brother
and her friends were come to see how she did, but she
for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a
swoond, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Sus. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate;
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Acton. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. O sir, I can assure you there's no hope of life in her,
for she will take no sust'nance: she hath plainly starv'd
herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks
for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen
of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter mrs. Frankford in her bed.

Mal. How fare you, mrs. Frankford?

Anne. Sick, sick, oh sick: Give me some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where's mr. Frankford.
Will he not deign to see me e'er I die?

Mal. Yes, mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate:
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,

142 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Seeing your forrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithall the great desire
You have to see him e'er you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing
news:

Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ it my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne. Then sickness like a friend my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? My soul but carries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's mr. Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Fran. How do you, woman?

Anne. Well, mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;

And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, o pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot: But on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon: Pardon, O pardon me!

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nic. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but by my faith not die.

Acton. O mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supply'd in thee;
You are my brother by the nearest way,
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford,
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Suf. How is it with you?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?

Anne. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul thou diest.

Anne.

144 *A Woman kill'd with Kindness.*

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, foul, thou in heaven art free
Once more ; thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

Fran. New married, and new widow'd ; oh ! she's
dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

Char Sir, be of good comfort ; and your heavy
sorrow

Part equally amongst us : storms divided,
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Cran. Do, master Frankford ; he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown a troubled heart.

Acton. Peace with thee, Nan. Brothers and gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her grief)
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.

Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

Fran. I see it had not : therefore on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd,
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE.

*A*N honest crew, disposed to be merry,
 Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
 The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
 And told them it was pleasant, neat and fine.
 Taste it, quoth one: he did; o fie! (quoth he)
 This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee.

Another sip'd to give the wine his due,
 And said unto the rest it drunk too flat;
 The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
 Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
 Thus, gentlemen, you see, how in one hour
 The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play;
 Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
 You as our guests we entertain this day,
 And bid you welcome to the best we have:
 Excuse us then; good wine may be disgrac'd,
 When every several mouth hath sundry taste.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY

THE HISTORY OF THE

PHILOSOPHY OF

SCIENCE

BY

PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY



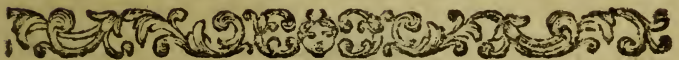


EASTWARD HOE.

COMEDY.

BY

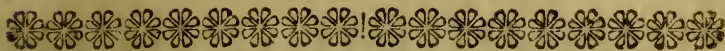
BEN JOHNSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
and JOHN MARSTON.





THIS Play was the joint Production of Ben Johnson, Chapman, and Marston. It was first printed in 1605, and was occasion'd by a Play of Decker's, call'd Westward Hoe. What Part each Author had in the Composition of this Play, may perhaps be difficult to assign: But from the Correctness and Regularity of the Plan, one would be apt to give that Part of it to Ben Johnson. It was some Years ago revived and altered by Mr. Tate, who call'd it Cuckold's Haven.





T H E
P R O L O G U E.

*N*OT out of envy, (for there's no effect,
 Where there's no cause) nor out of imitation,
 For we have evermore been imitated;
 Nor out of our contention to do better,
 Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title;
 For that was good, and better cannot be.
 And for the title, if it seem affected,
 We might as well have call'd it, God you good even!
 Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
 Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
 Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
 As by the points we touch at you shall see.
 Bear with our willing pains; if dull or witty,
 We only dedicate it to the city.





Dramatis Personæ.

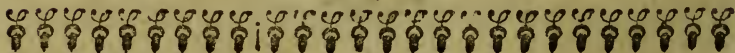
M E N.

- T**ouchstone; an honest goldsmith in the city.
 Quicksilver; a rake, his 'prentice.
 Golding; his sober 'prentice.
 Sir Petronel Flash; a poor knight.
 Security; an old usurer.
 Bramble; a lawyer.
 Seagul; captain of a ship.
 Scrapethrift; } two of his passengers.
 Spendall; }
 Slitgut; a butcher's 'prentice.
 Poldavy; a French taylor.
 Holdfast; } two officers belonging to the Compter.
 Wolf; }

W O M E N.

- Mrs. Touchstone; the goldsmith's wife.
 Girtred; her daughter, that affects to be a fine lady.
 Mildred; her good daughter.
 Winifred; Security's wife.
 Syndesfy; a cast-mistress of Quicksilver's.

Mrs. Fond, Mrs. Gazer, Bettrice, Hamlet, Potkin,
 Page, Footman, Constables, Prisoners, &c.






EASTWARD HOE.

ACT. I. Scene I.

Enter master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors, Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket truss'd up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding; discovering a goldsmith's shop, and he walking short turns before it.

Touch.  AND whither with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir—

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir? Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French foot-boy, and talk more bauldly than a common mid-wife; and now, indeed and in very good sober truth, fir; but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigg'd now? Sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone goldsmith, and thou my

'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Why, fir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices recreations are seldom with their master's profit. *Work upon that now.* You shall give up your cloak, tho' you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians! ha! sword! pumps! here's a racket, indeed!

[*Touch. uncloaks Quick.*

Quick. Work upon that now.

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, do'st thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. 'Sblood, fir, my mother's a gentlwoman, and my father a justice of peace, and of *quorum*; and tho' I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's son; and, by god'slid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertain'd among gallants, 'tis true; they call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well: But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more? must not their land lie? and to whom? shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? how could gentlemen be unthrifts, if their humours were not fed? how should their humours be fed, but by white meat, and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change; gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why——

Touch. Why? I cannot tell; seven score pound art thou out in the cash; but look to it, I will not be galanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other mens fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no: I hir'd me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt book, gar-

nish'd

nished my shop, for want of plate, with good, wholesome, thrifty sentences : as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick too, I had the horn of suretiship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeeze'd out at the buckall : and I grew up ; and, I praise providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours : But thou—Well, look to the accounts ; your father's bond lies for you : seven score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, fir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London : gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd ; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank ! good cousin Frank ! for they know my father : and, by god'slid, shall not I trust 'em ? not trust ?

Enter a Page, as enquiring for Touchstone's shop.

Gold. What do ye lack, fir ? what is't you'll buy, fir ?

Touch. Ay, marry, fir, there's a youth of another piece ! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art : nay, and better mean'd. But does he pump it, or racket it ? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my master walks.

[*To the Page.*]

Touch. With me, boy ?

Page. My master, fir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. [*Exit Page.*]
There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices ; the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry : so have I only two daughters ; the eldest, of a proud ambition, and nice wantonness ; the

other, of a modest humility, and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut, and long tail. So far is she ill-natur'd to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despight, hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift; let her, and her sir Petronel, flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry: shall never use me as men do foxes; keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks! firrah! *Work upon that now.* [Exit Touch.

Quick. Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap: 'sfoot, tho' I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a justice o' peace by descent; and, 'sblood——

Gold. Fie, how you swear!

Quick. 'Sfoot man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life, firrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.* Look not westward to the fall of don Phœbus; but to the east, *Eastward hoe.*

“ *Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,*

“ *And bright Eöus makes the welkin clear.*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs: let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone, eastward bully! this fatten belly, and canvas back'd Touchstone—'Slife, man, his father was a maltman, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ-church.

Gold. What would you ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testoons, and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! wilt thou cry, what is't we lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose
under

under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms? Be rul'd, turn gallant, Eastward hoe! *ta, lyre, lyre, ro.* *Who calls Ferinomo? Speak, here I am.* Gods so, how like a sheep thou look'st! A' my conscience, some cow-herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cow-herd's son! because I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyself. [*He offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels, and holds him.*]

Quick. Rake-hell, rake-hell!

Gold. Pish; in soft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy! I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quick. Whipt? that's good, i'faith! Untruss me—

Gold. No; thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I see thee already walking in Morefields, without a cloak; with half a hat; without a band; a doublet with three buttons; without a girdle; a hose, with one point; and no garter; with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence.

Quick. Nay, 'sife, take this, and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*]

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious, calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read:

*Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base:
From trades, from arts, from valour honour springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea of kings.*

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldavy a taylor. Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and a French fall in his arms. Girtred in a French head attire, and a citizen's gown; Mildred sewing; and Bettrice leading a monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, look if sir Petronel approach ! that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that — for love's sake, tell me if he come ! Oh, sister Mill, tho' my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady : and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come ? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown ! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand : tear't ! pox on't (does he come ?) tear't off !
Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake, &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatience, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire ! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself, in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Girt. I tell you, I cannot endure it ; I must be a lady : do you wear your quouiff, with a London licket ; your stamen petticoat, with two guards ; the buffin gown, with the tuftaffitie cap, and the velvet lace : I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well : To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good ; to dy rich scarlet, black, pretty ; to line a program gown clean through with velvet, tolerable ; their pure linen, their smocks of three pound a smock, are to be born withall : but your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet ? Lord, what a long knight 'tis ! *And ever she cry'd, shoot home—and yet I knew one longer—And ever she cry'd, shoot home ; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft flie with a sick wing.

Gir. Bow-bell !

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow fullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoa'k'd cats, and foxes, and dogs together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt.

But

But sure I judge them truly mad, that yoak citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sifter, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee, yet i'faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sifter Mill, still; for tho' thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st peradventure be sav'd as soon as I, (does he come?) *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.*

Now, (lady's my comfort) what a profane ape's here! 'Taylor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Pold. Fine and stilly, i'faith; it will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect, with the effect of my steel instrument; which, tho' it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most edifying taylor! I protest, you taylors are most sanctified members; and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Pold. O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble. [*She trips about the stage.*]

Gir. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Gir. *And if she will not go to bed.*

[*Cantat.*]

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter sir Petronel, mr. Touchstone, and mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the lord, my husband! Sifter, do my cheeks look well? give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there! there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty.

Gir. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet.

Sir Pet. Boldness is a good fashion, and court-like.

Gir. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at Baloon too with my lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Gir. At Baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at Baboon in the country.

Sir Pet. O sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Gir. With arm or leg, or any other member, if it be a court-sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it; and your father may call a poor knight, son in law.

Mr. Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pound land her grandmother left her; 'tis your's: herself (as her mother's gift) is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubb'd you myself. I praise God, I have where withal. But as for you, daughter—

Gir. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow: and by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter; and have a coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low ; 'tis supper-time. Use my house ; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost ; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing : for (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter : she has refus'd for you, wealthy and honest matches ; known good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, citizens ! citizens ! sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable city ; presently ! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings :
The greatest rivers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first ;
He that has most drunk, may soonest be a thirst.
 Work upon that now.

All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart.

No, no ; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter : And how approve you your sister's fashion ? how do you fancy her choice ? what dost thou think ?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour ? speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill ; and yet, I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well ; very good ; as I would wish : a modest answer. Golding, come hither : hither Golding. How dost thou like the knight, sir Flash ? does he not look big ? how lik'st thou the elephant ? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well : but seriously, how dost repute him ?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding, I commend thee ; I approve thee ; and will make it appear, my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine.

Do'st

Doest thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her; nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardsly; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful. She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine.
Work upon that now.

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman, (tho' my 'prentice) and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all your's; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up: in. We must make holiday. [Exit *Gold.* and *Mild.*

This match shall on; for I intend to prove

Which thrives the best, the mean, or lofty love:

Whether fit wedlock, vow'd 'twixt like and like;

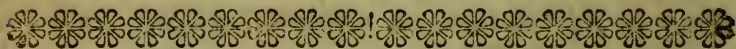
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike

Their place and means. [To the audience.] 'Tis honest

time's expence,

When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.

Work upon that now.



ACT. II. Scen. I.

Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on either side of the stall.

Touch. **Q**uicksilver! maister Francis Quicksilver!
maister Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver.

Quick. Here, sir—ump.

Touch.

Touch. So, fir; nothing but flat mr. Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you trufs my points, fir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth—ump.

Touch. How now, fir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth.

Touch. What! have you the cause natural for it? y'are a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver-spoons, with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous wofand.

Quick. An't please you, fir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off an him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, fir, and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump.

Touch. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness: You fulfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it—ump; and because 'tis for your credit, fir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, fir, e'en to 'em again then: y'are one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, fir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, fir.

Touch. In any case fir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, forsooth.

[Exit Quick.]

Touch. This is for my credit! Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er wak'd to such cost: I think we have

have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received : and for wine—why my house turns giddy with it : and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ah me ! even beasts condemn our gluttony ! Well, 'tis our city's fault ; which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully. We lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it : O that we would do so in virtue, and religious negligences ! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter Golding and Mildred.

Gold. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister prefer'd to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice ?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with fatten.

Gold. And do the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues ?

Mil. I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune, is seldom recover'd : they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another : and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason ; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects ; not wings, to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express ; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And tho' it were a grace, so far beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it ; yet thus far, both my love and my means shall assure your requital : you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education. What increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of
our

our trade will afford in any, I doubt not, will be aspir'd to by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours: I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touch. *Work upon that now!* By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yoak'd monster, his fellow!

Enter Quicksilver, unlac'd, a towel about his neck, in his flat cap, drunk.

Quick. Eastward hoe! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.*

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Am pum pullieo, pullo! showle, quoth the Caliver.

Gold. Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gold. Why how now, fir, do you know where you are?

Quick. Where I am! why, 'sblood, you joulthead, where am I?

Gold. Go to, go to; for shame go to bed, and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st shew thy bringing up: an thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, firrah.

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three pence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some mony: *Hast thou not Hyren here?*

Touch. Why, how now, firrah? what vein's this, hah?

Quick.

Quick. Who cries on murder? Lady, was it you? How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now, I see; you're drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a gentleman; *Work upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go Westward hoe. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, fir; there's your indenture. All your apparel (that I must know) is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good fir!

Quick. When this eternal substance of my soul——

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh——

Touch. What then, fir?

Quick. I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name——

Touch. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will pass at thy shop posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign: *Work upon that now.*

[Exit, staggering.]

Touch. Now, sirrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither: not an hour longer.

Gold. What mean you, fir?

Touch.

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom ; and with thy freedom my daughter : and with my daughter, a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. Y'are both agreed ; are ye not ?

Ambo, With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heaven blefs and confirm you ! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly : nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, only your reverend presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son, to mine own bosom ; take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir— reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravish'd with desire to hanse her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother ; and while their preparation is making, ourselves with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match, we have in God's name concluded.

*'Tis to my wish ; for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.*

*'Tis to my wish ; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)
Get with more ease, than gentry keeps his own.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Security.

Secu. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl ; but with a little sleep he is much recover'd : and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hoards the stol'n vails of his occupation : And here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunk ; and (I may say softly) his punk. He dares trust me with the
keeping

keeping of both; for I am security itself: my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter Quicksilver, in his 'prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings; gartering himself. Security following.

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd, wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee, for thy coufinage. *K. me K. thee;* runs thro' court and country.

Secu. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. Those K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. The dullest forehead sees it. Let not mr. Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quick. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be us'd, 'tis but a 'scape to the nett of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter Syndesy, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.

Synd. Here, sir, put off the other half of your 'prentiship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Syndesy, bring forth my bravery,

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:

I now am free; and now will justify

My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!

Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state.

I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands:

And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,

I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state.

When

*When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then ;
He sold no more, nor cup, nor can ;
But did them all despise.*

*Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends ;
Quicksilver, now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.*

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding drefs'd to day ?

Secu. That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th' Cock drefs'd him for a breakfast.

Quick. What did he eat him ?

Secu. No ; but he eat his breakfast for dressing him ; and so drefs'd him for breakfast.

Quick. O witty age, where age is young in wit ;
And all youths words have gray beards full of it !

Secu. But, alas, Frank ! how will all this be maintain'd now ? your place maintain'd it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintain'd my place. I'll to the court ; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true : *Thou art a she fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a merchant, forsooth ! trust my estate in a wooden trough ; as he does ! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withall ? Toft from one wave to another : now under-line, now over the house : Sometimes brick-wall'd against a rock, so that the guts fly out again : sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell mr. merchant !

Syn. Well, Frank, well ; the seas you say are uncertain ; but he that sails in your court-seas, shall find'em ten times fuller of hazard ; wherein to see what is to be seen, is torment more than a free spirit can indure : But when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you ? What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord ; proportion your looks to his looks ; smiles to his smiles ; fit your sails to the wind of his breath !

Quick.

Quick. Tush! he's no journey-man in his craft that cannot do that.

Syn. But he's worse than a 'prentice that does it: not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast. And when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal (the groom of his close stool) says it shall not be thus; claps the door after him, and who dares enter? A 'prentice, quoth you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that disgrace a man? he that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas, falls as easily.

Quick. A pox on you, who taught you this morality?

Secu. 'Tis along of this witty age, mr. Francis. But indeed, mrs. Syndesie, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore, 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says, traffick is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not expose other mens substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall, as mr. Francis says, and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i'the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading as they do.

Quick. Ay, dad, thou may'st well be call'd Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Secu. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth, another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and at every shaking of a leaf, he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast; and so forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; some-

times the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price, and so forth. Th'artificer, he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleas'd with all weathers: let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever; let trade go how it will; we take all in good part; e'en what please the heavens to send us; so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quick. And you have good security?

Secu. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withall: for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings; and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit: he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Secu. Witty maister Francis!

'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring knight Petronel into my parchment-toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o'my credit! You know his wife's lands?

Quick. Even to a foot, fir; I have been often there: a pretty fine feat; good land; all intire, within itself.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood, ready to fell: and a fine sweet-house, that stands just in the midst on't; like a prick in the midst of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pound a year.

Secu. Excellent mr. Francis, how I do long to do thee good! *How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee!* ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living; *even hunger and thirst*— for o'my religion, mr. Francis, and so tell knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up, to

bear down his lady: wilt thou lend him thy stable to set them in?

Secu. Faith, mr. Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is bestowed on a ship, now bound for Virginia: the fame of which voyage is so closely convey'd, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnish'd him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Secu. Now a frank gale of wind go with him, maister Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase (with any danger) excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to day, he shall have his money to day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sinne here, to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter; a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for a while to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buz pretty devises into her lady's ear; feeding her humours so serviceably (as the manner of such as she is, you know.)

Secu. True, good maister Francis.

Quick. That she shall keep her port open to any thing she commends to her.

Secu. O my religion, a most fashionable project! As good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her: for 'tis three to one of one side.—Sweet mrs. Syndefy, how are you bound to master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Synd. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick.

Quick. With all festination: I have broken the ice to it already: and will presently to the knight's house: whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Secu. Command me, maister Francis; I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet mrs. Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet Frank, maister Francis, at your lady's.

Enter Winifred above.

Win. Where is my cuz there? Cuz!

Secu. Ay, Winny!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet cuz?

Secu. Ay, Winny, presently.

[*Exit.*

Quick. Ay, Winny, quoth he; that's all he can do, poor man: he may well cut off her name at Winny. O 'tis an egregious pander! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O 'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a peter-man to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest, and sleekest knaves, in a country.

Enter sir Petronel, in boots, with a riding-wand.

Petr. I'll out of this wicked town, as fast as my horse can trot: here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall: not a feather waving, nor a spur gingling any where: I'll away instantly.

Quick. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smok but miserably.

Petr. O Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Quick. I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Petr. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will,

without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt: and the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quick. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Petr. O that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacify her; when she sees herself deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions; and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then, cloath but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list: for these women, sir, are like Essex calves; you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Petr. But alas! sweet Frank, thou know'st my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money; or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Petr. Commodity! Alas; what commodity?

Quick. Why, sir? what say you to figs and raisons?

Petr. A plague of figs and raisons, and all such frail commodities! we shall make nothing of 'em.

Quick. Why then; sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef?

Petr. Out upon't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisons. I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine: for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me; and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties; rather than let your sword bail you: let 'em take their choice; either the King's-Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best; for, by the lord, I like none of 'em.

Petr. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun; all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick.

Quick. Why then, fir, in earnest, if you can get your wife lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Petr. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must fain myself extreamly amorous; and alledging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately, as she would from her foisting-hound.

Quick. You have the sow by the right ear, fir! I warrant there was never child long'd more to ride a cock-horse, or wear his new coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for every thing when she was a maid: and now she will run mad for 'em. I'll lay my life she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child; and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more fervilely than you should be to her wheel: for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel; but when the top comes under him; so shall you never climb the top of her contentment, but when she is under you.

Petr. Slight, how thou terrifiest me?

Quick. Nay, hark you, fir: What nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing *sometimes* she is bewitch'd, *sometimes* in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue, and betwixt the toes? How she will revile and kiss you; spit in your face, and lick it off again? How she will vaunt you are her creature? she made you of nothing; how she could have had a thousand marks jointure: she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha'married him: She could have had panados in her bed every morning: how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you'll never be able to stand of your legs to indure it.

Petr. Out of my fortune! What a death is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing. Marriage is but a form

in the school of policy, to which scholars fit fasten'd only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the farther off with me.

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my punk Syndefy, whom, you know, your lady has promis't me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Petr. It falls out excellently fitly: I see, desire of gain makes jealousy venturous. [Enter Girtred.]

See, Frank, here comes my lady: Lord, how she views thee! she knows thee not I think in this bravery.

Gir. How now? who are you, I pray?

Quick. One maister Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Gir. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water: would I were unmarried again!

Enter Security and Syndefy.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam; she now comes to attend you.

Secu. God save my honourable knight, and his worship's lady!

Gir. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Secu. No, madam: till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Gir. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country!

Secu. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service; to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Gir. A nun! what nun? a nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Secu. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vow'd maid of that order.

Gir. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you — and can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Synd.

Synd. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Gir. Well said ; hold up then ; hold up your head, I say ; come hither a little.

Synd. I thank your ladyship.

Gir. And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look on you.—I must have you of my fashion now ; not of my knight's, maid.

Synd. No, forsooth, madam ; of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bow ; and keep my counsel ; and tell me tales ; and put me riddles ; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy ; and laugh at country gentlewomen ; and command any thing in the house for my retainers ; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine ; and in any case, be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Secu. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Gir. Very well : you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Secu. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Gir. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir ; I shall swoon and he sup from me.

Petr. Pray thee forbear ; shall he lose his provision ?

Gir. Ay, by lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing ; come in I say : as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Quick. I told him, what a burr he had gotten.

Secu. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Gir. No, by my faith, sir ; then we cannot be a bed soon enough after supper.

Petr. What a medicine is this ! Well, mr. Security, you are new married, as well as I ; I hope you are bound as well : we must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has seal'd.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet, your knighthood will break fast with me.

Petr. As early as you will, sir.

Secu. I thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

Gir. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be a bed with thee. [Exeunt.]



Act. III. Scen. I.

Enter Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and Winifred.

Petr. **T**Hanks for your feast-like breakfast, good mr. Security. I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means, by any kind amends, to shew how affectionately I take your kindness; and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Secu. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, tho' I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather (tho' in your absence) to the first child I am bless'd withall: and henceforth call me gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Petr. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child; wheresoever my fortune in event of my voyage shall bestow me.

Secu. How now, my coy wedlock! make you strange of so noble a favour? take it I charge you, with all affection; and (by way of taking your leave) present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

Quick.

Quick. How ventrous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Petr. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning, before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Secu. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, mr. Bramble the lawyer hath perus'd them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Petr. Good mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then: God fend you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients.

Bram. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage. [Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Petr. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, captain Seagull, and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Petr. Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God save my honourable colonel.

Petr. Welcome, good captain Seagull, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue-Anchor tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spend. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name: so for your own safety, and ours, let it be continued; our meeting, and speedy purpose of departing, known to as few as it is possible, lest your ship and goods should be attach'd.

Quick. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed; and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Pet. Goodmorrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Secu. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.* [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Coachman in haste in's frock, feeding.

Coach. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'flight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste.

Ham. What coachman? my lady's coach, for shame! her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter Potkin, a tankard bearer.

Pot. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? whither run you now? you should brush up my old mistress.

Enter Syndefy.

Syn. What, Potkin? you must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mrs. Touchstone into the country. [*Exit.*]

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. Fond, and Mrs. Gazer.

Fond. Come, sweet mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O'my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launch'd last day, Mrs. Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O! she's married to a fine castle i'th'country, they say.

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond.

Fond. O, no! they say her knight kill'd 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter Girt. mrs. Touch. Synd. Ham. Pot.

Fond. She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gaz. Fond. Pray heaven blefs your ladyship!

Gir. Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Ham. Coach! coach! my lady's coach! [Exit,

Gir. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs. Touch. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that. I have seen a little prick, no bigger than a pin's head, swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cafes. [Enter Ham.

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Gir. That's well said; now heaven! methinks, I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher;

There, there, there lies Cupid's fire.

Mrs. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Gir. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does.

Mrs. Touch. Alas! 'tis e'en pity methinks; for God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do, as we would be done to.

Gir. Go to, hold your peace, dame, you talk like an old fool, I tell you. [Enter Pet. and Quick.

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?

Gir. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st: but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em, in all haste; that the cold meat left at your wedding, might furnish their nuptial table.

Gir. There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now: but, *madam, and please you, madam; and please your worship, madam,* indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs. Touch. What should one do? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Gir. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'll so pebble 'em with snow balls, as they come from church!—but firrah, Frank Quicksilver.

Quick. Ay, madam.

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye call'ts in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

Gir. *His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come again.* God be at your labour.

Enter Touch. Golding, Mild. with rosemary.

Pet. Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bridegroom!

Gir. God's my precious! God give you joy, mistress What-lack-you. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? Marry, hang you! westward, with a wanion t'ye! Nay, I have done we ye, minion, then i'faith; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? fie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister; this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mrs. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy 'prentice thy son as
well

well as she. Ah, thou mis-proud 'prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour. And tho' I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife, being in part her servant as I am your 'prentice; yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which, I trust, taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter: My hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me: his double 'prentice.

Touch. Master me no more son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines; and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Pet. Never stand a' your gentry, mr. bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship.—

Pet. Nay pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, tho' your worship be a gentleman natural—*Work upon that now.*

Quick. Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith: forth, I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship: and therefore till I speak to your gallantry

gallantry indeed. I will save my breath for my brother and non. Come, my poor son and daughter! let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: Ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

Gir. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his 'prentice, his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for God's sake: and when they come a begging to us for God's sake.—Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quick. No, O now I must depart; parting though it absence move. This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

*What a grief 'tis to depart,
And leave the flower that has my heart?*

My lady, and alack for woe,

Why should we part so!

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side?

I et. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily: divide yourself into two halves, just by the girdlestead; send one half with your lady, and keep t'other to yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do, part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times. 'Tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse; as for a mouse to get from a trap, and leave his tail behind him.—See, here come the writings. [*Enter Security with a scrivener.*]

Secu. Goodmorrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand, with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey a'my credit.

Gir. What writing is it?

Pet. The sale (sweetheart) of the poor tenement I told thee of; only to make a little money, to send thee down furniture for my castle; to which my [*Signs the paper.*] hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well: now give me your pen, I pray.

Quick. It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Gir. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart.

Mrs. Touch. Goodboy, son knight.

Pet. Farewell, good mother.

[I could.

Gir. Farewell, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if

Quick. I thank your good ladyship; farewell, mistress
Syndefy.

[*Exeunt.*

Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end!
What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages: This is not the first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that weighs mens thoughts, has his hands full of nothing. A man in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now th'assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the blue anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six a' clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage, will with feast attend you.

Secu. The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip, I must now impart
To your approved love, a loving secret;
As one, on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only;

For I protest, if God blefs my return,
 To make you partner in my action's gain,
 As deeply, as if you had ventur'd with me
 Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
 I have enjoyed with such divine contentment,
 A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
 That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
 Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
 Without her presence ; so *I thirst and hunger*
 To taste the dear feast, of her company.
 And if the *bunger* and the *thirst* you vow
 (As my sworn gossip) to my wished good,
 Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,
 Do me an easy favour in your power.

Secu. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do
 To my best nerve is wholly at your service ;
 Who is the woman (first) that is our friend ?

Pet. The woman is your learned council's wife ;
 The lawyer, master Bramble : whom would you
 Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
 To take his leave with you, of me your gossip :
 I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
 Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
 Before his face, into our company :
 For love hath made her look for such a wile,
 To free her from his tyrannous jealousy ;
 And I would take this course before another,
 In stealing her away to make us sport,
 And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
 And I am sure that no man like yourself
 Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
 To so long stay abroad, as may give time
 To her enlargement, in such safe disguise.

Secu. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project ?
 Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood,
 For such a point ? devise, that as the ship
 Of famous Draco went about the world,
 We'll wind about the lawyer, compassing
 The world himself : he hath it in his arms ;
 And that's enough for him without his wife.
 A lawyer is ambitious ; and his head

Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
With any fork of highest knavery.

I'll go fetch her straight.

[Exit Security.]

Petr. So, so! Now, Frank, go thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither:
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is poison'd
With his stern usurous jealousy; which could never
Be over-reach'd thus, but with over-reaching. [Enter Secu.]

Secu. And, mr. Francis, watch you the instant time
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
To find horn'd beasts! A camel, and a lawyer?

Quick. How the old villain joys in villainy!

Secu. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready; ship her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest mr. Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head, that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant; 'tis a very quiblin.

I hope, this harvest, to pitch cart with lawyers;
Their heads will be so forked; *this sly touch*

Will get apes to invent a number such.

[Exit.]

Quick. Was ever rascal honey'd so with poison?

He that delights in slavish avarice,

Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.

Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.

Pet. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may dis-
guise her upon this sudden.

Quick. God's me, there's the mischief; but hark you,
here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one: I
will carry a sailor's gown and cap, and cover her; and
a player's beard:

Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. I tell you, a sailor's cap; 'flight, God for-
give me, what kind of figent memory have you?

Pet. Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?
A sailor's cap? how shall she put it off

When thou present'st her to our company?

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Pet. Tush, tush; 'tis no fit sawce for such sweet mut-
I know not what t'advise.

[ton:]

[Enter Security, with his wife's gown.]

Secu.

Secu. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Pet. 'Soons, yet again?

Quick. What stratagem have you now?

Secu. The best that ever. You talk'd of disguising—

Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Secu. Cast care away then; here's the best device

For plain Security, (for I am no better)

I think that ever liv'd: here's my wife's gown,

Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife;

And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:

One is, that master Bramble may take hold

Of some suspicion that it is my wife;

And gird me so, perhaps, with his law wit:

The other (which is policy indeed)

Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,

Having no more but her old gown abroad;

And not show me a quirk, whilst I firk others.

Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Secu. Am not I born to furnish gentlemen?

Pet. O my dear gossip!

Secu. Well, hold, master Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in; and now—I will go fetch him. [Exit.

Quic. O my dad!—he goes as it were the devil to fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

Pet. Why, how now gossip, why stay you there musing?

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quic. A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Pet. What is it pray thee, gossip?

Sec. Why, sir? what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quic. For that, I hope, Dad, you will take our words.

Sec. Ay, by the mass, your word! that's a proper staff For wise Security to lean upon.

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name.

On your crack'd credits; let it take no shame.

Fetch the wench, Frank.

[Exit.
Quick.

Quic. I'll wait upon you, fir,
And fetch you over, you were never so fetch'd !
Go to the tavern, knight ; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. [*Exit.*]

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses. [*Exit.*
*Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapetbrift in the tavern,
with a drawer.*

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheds,
and let's have chear, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern,
but for our Virginian Colonel ; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all taings fit, fir ; please you
have any more wine ?

Spend. More wine, slave ? whether we drink it or no,
spill it and draw more.

Scap. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of
liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in
their pewter coats ; and though we do not employ them
now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Draw. Said like an honourable captain ; you shall
have all you can command, fir. [*Exit Draw.*]

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the
rest of her maidenhead.

Spem. Why, is she inhabited already with any English ?

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man ; bred
of those that were left there in 79. They have married
with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful
faces as any we have in England ; and therefore the In-
dians are so in love with them, that all the treasure they
have they lay at their feet.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I
have heard ?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than cop-
per is with us ; and for as much red copper as I can
bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man,
all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure
gold ; and all the chains with which they chain up their
streets, are massy gold ; all the prisoners they take are
fetter'd in gold ; and for rubies and diamonds, they go
forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to
hang

hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps; as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt broaches, and groats with holes in them.

Scap. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Sea. As ever the sun shin'd on; temperate, and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers. Then for your means to advancement, there it is simple, and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger; you may be any other officer, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy, nor the less wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either. Serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and *enough is as good as a feast.*

Spend. Gods me! and how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind: And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind. Or when I come to cape Finister, there's a foreright wind continually wafts us till we come to Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter sir Petronel with his followers.

Pet. Well met, good captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some caroufes, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench presently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whosoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Pet. Thanks, kind captain Seagull: she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us: And so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel, *we do hunger and thirst for it.*

Pet.

Pet. 'Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spend. Why then we will join his forehead with her health, fir; and, captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter Security and Bramble.

Sec. See, see, master Bramble! 'fore heaven their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o'their knees for success to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals; see, fir, my worshipful learned counsel, mr Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Pet. Worshipful mr Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness? come, captain Seagul, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, fir: come, master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend your knees likewise, mr. Bramble, for it is you shall pledge me,

Sea. Not so, mr. Security, he must not pledge his own health.

Sec. No, master captain?

Enter Quicksilver with Winny disguis'd.

Why then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, fir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, mr. Francis? have you honour'd this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, fir, take you no notice of her; for she will not be known to you.

Sec.

Sec. But my learned counsel, mr. Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more than you, fir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be sworn; and so, master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and so to the health of master Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, fir: hath it gone round, captains?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank, and the round closes with thee.

Quick. Well, fir, here's to all eastward, and towards Cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's-haven, so fatally remember'd. *[He rises.]*

Pet. Nay pray thee, cuz, weep not.—Gossip Security.

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip.

Pet. A word I beseech you, fir: Our friend, mistress Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Sec. Pity of all true love, mistress Bramble, what weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, lady? First, because your husband is so near, and your heart earns, to have a little abus'd him? Alas! alas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldom chanc'd to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight; that when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish a fresh in the bed of a lady.

Enter drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that it will be dangerous going against the tide; for the sky is over-cast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Pet. A porpoise! what's that to the purpose? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spight

Sight of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good Colonel?

Pet. This, captain Seagull: we'll have our provided supper brought aboard sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compass'd the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober.

[They compass in Winnifrid, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.]

Bram. Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of sir Petronell and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are incompass'd there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, (my learned counsel, master Bramble) my mind runs so of Cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. No, by my troth, master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckolds-havens, I say.

Bram. I'my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bram.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye.

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir. Will you lead, master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [Exit.]

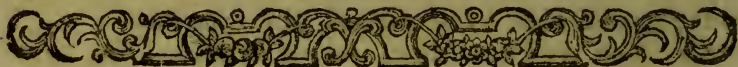
Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! [Exeunt.]

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm*; this night will trie the truth of that proverb. [Exit.]

Enter Security.

Sec. What, Winny? Wife, I say? Out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; wo be to thee Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat! [Exit.]



ACT. IV. Scene I.

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckolds-haven above.

Slit. **A**LL hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honour of faint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and faint Luke bless

blefs me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempeft. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likenefs of a ftorm, to rob me of my horns: Hark, how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! ſhe bears ſome unjuſt burden, I believe, that ſhe kicks and curvets thus to caſt it: Heaven blefs all honeſt paſſengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth I ſee, and ſhe will run away with 'em.—So, ſo; I think I have made it look the right way; it runs againſt London-bridge (as it were) even full but. And now let me diſcover from this lofty proſpect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her deſperate lunacy.—O me, here's a boat has been caſt away hard by! Alas, alas, ſee one of her paſſengers labouring for his life, to land at this haven here; pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even juſt under me; hold out a little, whatſoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. It is a man; take a man's heart to thee, yet a little farther: get up o'thy legs, man; now it is ſhallow enough. So, ſo, ſo, alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; it is a man in his night-cap. So, now he's got up again; now he's paſt the worſt. Thanks be to heaven, he comes towards me pretty ſtrongly.

Enter Security, without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.

Sec. Heaven, I beſeech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I caſt aſhore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me ſee! O I am ſcarce able to look about me; where is there any ſea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? Hell and damnation, I will run back and drown myſelf.

[He falls down.]

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has waſh'd away his ſtrength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I ſhould never have 'ſcap'd

death. I will never arise more ; I will grovel here, and eat dirt till I be choak'd ; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruel water has denied me.

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate ! Rise, man ; if you will, I'll come presently, and lead you home.

Sec. Home ? shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad ? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me ? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more.

[*Exit creeping.*]

Slit. What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish ? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this, upon the water ? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate ship-wreck, or some other !—A woman, i'faith ! a woman ! though it be almost at St. Katharine's, I discern it to be a woman ; for all her body is above the water, and her cloaths swim about her most handsomely.—O they bear her up most bravely ! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives, for this ? Alas, how busy the rude Thames is about her ? A pox o'that wave ; it will drown her, i'faith it will drown her ! Cry God mercy ! she has 'scap'd it ; I thank heaven she has 'scap'd it.—O, how she swims like a mermaid ! Some vigilant body look out, and save her. That's well said ; just *where the priest fell in*, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up. God's blessing o'thy heart, boy ! now take her up in thy arms, and to bed with her—She's up, she's up ! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her, the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the drawer in the tavern before, with Winnifrid.

Draw. How fare you now, lady ?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I wish ; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd.

Draw. Comfort yourself ; that power that preserved you from death, can likewise defend you from infamy ; howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billingsgate ?

Win.

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katharine's; since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue, from the ruthless tempest; which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth, so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long e'er this I should hear of your ship-wreck; and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way: And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hir'd by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you (taking a hard bed here, in this house of my friend) I will presently go fetch 'em you.

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch as you have promis'd, I will boldly receive the kind favour you have offer'd, till you return; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me; or where such a one as I am bestow'd, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be us'd in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you.

[*Exeunt.*

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life there's some other a-taking up at Wapping, now! Look what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so.—O me! a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows? Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there. O my life it is ominous: Well, he is delivered for the time; I see the people have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect a while, to see if any more have been shipwreck'd.

Enter Quicksilver bareheaded.

Quick. Accurs'd that ever I was fav'd or born.
How fatal is my sad arrival here !
As if the stars, and providence spake to me,
And said, the drift of all unlawful courses,
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies)
In the firm order of just destiny,
'They are the ready highways to our ruins.
I know not what to do ; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them ? I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relicks
Of our poor ship-wreck'd crew, or hear of them.
The knight, alas ! was so far gone with wine,
And the other three, that I refus'd their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.

Enter Petronel and Seagull bareheaded.

Pet. Zounds, captain, I tell thee we are cast up o'the
coast of France. 'Sfoot; I am not drunk still, I hope.
Do'st remember where we were last night ?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I ; but methinks
we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in
the water.

Pet. Ah me, we are undone for ever ! hast any mo-
ney about thee ?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven.

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in
France !

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that ; my brains, nor mine
eyes, are not mine own yet.

Enter two gentlemen.

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me ? I know by the ele-
vation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of
the climate.—See, here comes a couple of French gentle-
men, I knew we were in France ; dost thou think our
English-

Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'em, and in-treat some relief of 'em: Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now, but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Pet. *Monsieur, plaist il d'avoir pitié de nôtre grand in-fortune: Je suis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui a suffri l'infortune de naufrage.*

1 Gent. *Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Petr. *Ouy, monsieur, i'lest trop vray; mais vous savez bien, nous sommes tous sujet à fortune.*

2 Gent. A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

1 Gent. On the coast of dogs, sir. Y'are i'th'Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's one of my thirty pound knights.

2 Gen. Now this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day, for four pound given to a page, all the money in's purse I wot well. [*Excunt.*

Sea. Death, Colonel, I knew you were overshoot!

Pet. Sure I think now indeed, captain Seagull, we were something overshoot. [*Enter Quicksilver.*

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But, what nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ah me, what is become of poor mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is at-

tach'd by this time. If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never look for any other. Woe! woe is me! what shall become of us? the last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attach'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknighly faintness transports thee? let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks, in this brain of mine, shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith. O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Foregod, would thou had'st been our colonel.

Pet. I like his spirit rarely: but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of: I have not liv'd amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee sink where thou stand'st, knight; I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofs, but the test; it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Pet. 'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms trow?

Quick. Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take Arsnick; otherwise called Realga (which indeed is plain Ratbane) sublimate them three or four times; then take the sublimate of this Realga, and put them into a glass, into Chymia, and let them have a convenient decoction natural four and twenty hours, and he will become perfectly fix'd: then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well purg'd copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee.

Quick. Nay this I will do besides; I'll take you off twelve pence from every angel, with a kind of aqua fortis, and never deface any part of the image.

Pet.

Pet. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You shall restore that thus: take your *sal achime* prepar'd, and your distill'd urine; and let your angels lie in it but four and twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on now, I hold this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll untruss more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces, now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London; there make shift to shift us; and after take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer with Winnifid, new attir'd.

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me nigh enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any; and so with all vows of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. [*Exit Drawer.*

Enter Secur.

Secu. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers: I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Win. O my dear husband! where have you been to-night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously forts this? was not I at home, and call'd thee last night?

Win. Yes, fir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me ; but your so sudden retreat, made me imagine you were gone to mr. Bramble's ; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbeliev'd absence brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Secu. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abus'd thee ? I was suddenly gone indeed ! for my sudden jealousy transferred me : I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me ?

Secu. Talk not of it, I beseech thee : I am ashamed to imagine it ; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees, ask thee heartily forgiveness. [*Ex.*

Slit. Now will I descend my honourable prospect ; the farthest seeing mark of the world : no marvel then if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown ; which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy St. Luke's memory, with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest Satire, farewell to honest married men ! farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou horn of hunger, that call'st the inns o' court to their manger. Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the common wealth. Farewell thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn. Farewell thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman. Farewell thou horn of destiny, the ensign of the married man. Farewell thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit. [*Exit.*

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha, firrah ! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken no point of our compass ? Do we not know north north-east ? north-east and by east ? east and by north ? nor plain eastward ? Ha ! have we never heard of Virginia ? nor the Cavallaria ? nor the Colonia ? can we discover no discoveries ? Well, mine errant fir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk,

drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps, or so, in a sea-ceremony to your bon voyage: but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a remora, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i'the air, (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach: she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a top of 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again, by weeping crosses. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o'the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em; or else to graze o' the common: So should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding: he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come i' my thought!—How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Gold. Troth, sir, an' accident somewhat strange; else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gold. No, sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touch. How!

Gold. In which place, I have had an oath ministred to me, since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole city so conspires to second? Ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom? now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day? Nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Well, I will honour mr. Alderman for this act, as becomes me; and shall think the better of the common council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after me in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient son, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt: and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: this modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son, I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the lady Ramsay, and grave Gresham; when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds play'd i'thy lifetime, by the best company of actors, and be called their Get-peny. This I divine and prophesy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer: I, that know my own strength, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure.

Col. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel, and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away on this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat or cloak, or any other——

Touch. A miracle! the justice of heaven! where are they? let's go presently and lay for 'em.

Gold. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'em at their old anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion, than if yourself were seen in't: under colour of a great press, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent and politick son! disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst: their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon them! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'st punish it. Be severe i'thy place, like a new officer of the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the invisible castle?

Gold. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wish her daughter undubb'd, they say; and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister.—Here they come, stand back.

Touchstone, Mrs. Touchstone, Girtred, Golding, Mildred, Syndefy.

God save your ladyship: save your good ladyship; your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travell'd on strange adventures: Surely, in my mind, *your ladyship hath fish'd fair, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

Mist. Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Gir. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet : though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam ; and it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I should courtesy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion, and your father.

Gir. Low ! my father knows his duty.

Mrs. Touch. O child !

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage ; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however at present concealed to mortal eyes.* And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship ; she shall stay at home with me ; and not go abroad, nor put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse, or three wheels ; but take part with the Touchstone : If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel here, please you to let us see your streight backs, in equipage ; for truly, here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Gir. Marry, fyft o' your kindness.—I thought as much.—Come away, Sinne ! We shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing out of courtesy here.

Mild. O, good sifter !

Gir. Sister, irreverence.—Come away, I say ; hunger drops out at his nose.

Gold. O madam, *fair words never hurt the tongue.*

Gir. How say you by that ? you come out with your gold ends now !

Mrs. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter : good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle. As she has brew'd, so let her drink, o' God's name : she went witlefs to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. It is but honey-moon yet with her ladyship ;

ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body: when those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Gir. I scorn it, i'faith.—Come, Sinne! [*Exit Gir.*]

Mrs. Touch. O, madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touch. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why do'st thou weep now? thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touch. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair, appear terrible unto 'em, on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, fir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Gold. No, good fir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means.

Gold. Believe it, I will not, fir.

Enter knight Petronel, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers.

Petr. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trust up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Petr. Or mine, to have famish'd in the island.

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M under your girdle, to mr. deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, mr. Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of ma ber'es men, I prest for the Low-Countries, fir.

Gold. Why don't you carry them to Bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipt away?

Con.

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, fir.

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, fir, an't please you.

Gold. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred! Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quick. O, they mock us.

Con. Nay, truly, fir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers like cockrels by their spurs, fir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.

Con. This is fir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, fir; you are welcome home, fir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, fir. How did your bisquet hold out, fir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore: good mr. Quicksilver! how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

Gold. Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, mr. deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing call'd a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my 'prentice, mr. Quicksilver here; and when he had two years to serve, kept his whore, and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pound at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (and all o'my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all;

had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound disperst among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladyfied her; turn'd two thousand pounds worth of good land of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billinigate for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer call'd Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business: please mr. deputy, *Work upon that now.*

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended——

Touch. I have, it shall please mr. deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction——

Touch. Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encounter'd*, that is, had to the Counter; or *Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible*; or so.

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them: but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well yet: there's some grace i'the knight left, he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou had'st turn'd Quackfalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one, (God hath done his part to thee;) but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat
and

and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at several times, hast turn'd thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers; thundering out uncivil comparisons; requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outracuidance* with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withall? From the press I will free 'em, mr. constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight, as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O, good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face do'st thou offer to *chop logick* with me, having run such a race of riot, as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee? that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee. Do'st not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free boon companion, when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o'th' cullion his master, says a third, he has brought him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventur'd for 'em with the best; and, by
the

the clew of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learn'd to whine at the play yonder. Mr. deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Petr. Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him; and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr. deputy, you'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I'll to my lord mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. Petr. Oh!

Touch. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth: of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot comes whoring; of whoring comes spending; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging: and there is my Quicksilver fix'd.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Girtred and Syndesfy.

Gir. **A**H, Synne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Synd. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Gir. Why, good faith, Syn, I could dine with a lamentable story now; *O bone bone, o no nera, &c.* Can't thou tell ne'er a one, Syn?

Synd.

Synd. None but mine own, madam ; which is lamentable enough : first, to be stol'n from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a 'prentice, in the habit and disguise of a gentleman ; and here brought up to London, and promis'd marriage ; and now, likely to be forsaken ; for he is in a possibility to be hang'd.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promis'd marriage, Synne ; I had it, Synne : and was made a lady ; and by a knight, Syn : which is now as good as no knight, Syn. And I was born in London ; which is more than brought up, Syn : and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Syn : and instead of land i'the country, all my knight's living lies i'the Counter, Syn : there's his castle now.

Synd. Which he cannot be forc'd out of, madam.

Gir. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two ; *Hunger, they say, breaks stone walls.* But he is e'en well enough serv'd, Syn, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us ! Would the knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Synne ? or sir Lancelot ? or sir Tristram ?

Synd. I do not know, madam.

Gir. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now adays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horse-back ; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'squires ; ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour ; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travel'd wildernesses and deserts ; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest to engage their honour ; ours ready to pawn their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster ; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies ; ours make poor ladies.

Synd. Ay, madam ; they were knights of the Round-Table, at Winchester, that fought adventures ; but these of the Square-Table, at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Gir.

Gir. True, Syn; let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Synd. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Gir. Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings; and all thy best apparel, poor Syn. Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Synd. Alas, madam, your ladyship!

Gir. Ay, why? you do not scorn my ladyship, tho' it is in a waistcoat? God's me life, you are a peat indeed! do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Synd. No, madam; but I make question, who will lend any thing upon it.

Gir. Who? marry, enow, I warrant you; if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o' the city, have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Syn, that would apparel us, and ten pound a year, that would keep me and you, Syn, (with our needles;) and we should never need to be beholden to our scurvy parents. Good lord, that there are no fairies now a days, Syn.

Synd. Why, madam?

Gir. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Synne? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o'the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Synne? Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o'the backside, if we had
tools

tools to dig for't. Why may not we two rise early i'the morning, Synne, afore any body is up, and find a jewel i'the streets, worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach, as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? ha!

Synd. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Gir. Or may not some old usurer be drunk over night, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God's sake, Syn, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o'the Golden-shower; why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

*Fond fables tell of old,
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap;
Oh had it been my hap!
Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.*

Enter Mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep!

Mrs. Touch. God bless you: I would I were in my grave.

Gir. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs. Touch. Simply? 'tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd before thou had'st leap'd.* Thou wert asire to be a lady; and now your ladyship, and you, may both *blow at the coal,*

toal, for aught I know. *Self do, self have: The hasty person never wants woe*, they say.

Gir. Nay then, mother, you should ha' look'd to it: a body would think you were the older. I did but my kind, I; he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself, and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You shew what husband you come on, I wis? You smell o' the Touchstone. He that will do more for his daughter, that has married a scurvy gold-end man, and his 'prentice, than he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight, and his customer: by this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Synd. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs. Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case: without her velvet gowns; without ribbands; without jewels; without French-wires; or cheat-bread, or quails; or a little dog; or a gentleman-usher; or any thing indeed that's fit for a lady——

Synd. Except her tongue.

Mrs. Touch. And I not able to relieve her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Gir. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me. I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister; ay, *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.*

Mrs. Touch. I know that. But——

Gir. What, sweet mother, what?

Mrs. Touch. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

Gir. That's true, mother; ah me!

Mrs. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not; child, madam. Why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus.

Gir. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mrs.

Mrs. Touch. Go to thy sifter, child: She'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight; and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses; and set thee up again.

Gir. But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs. Touch. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

Gir. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs. Touch. Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

Gir. Do'st thou think she'll do't?

Synd. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs. Touch. That's a good maiden: she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i'the ale-house.

Gir. Go, Syn, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Touchstone, Golding, and Wolf.

Touch. I will receive no letters, mr. Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-pen'd subtle letter may work upon it: there may be tricks packing, do you see: return with your packet, fir.

Wolf. Believe it, fir, you need fear no packing here. These are but letters of submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like *blind justice*. *Work upon that now*. When the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. An't please you, fir, one from fir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security; who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from mr. Francis, fir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, mr. Wolf, why you should travel thus in a business so contrary to the kind, or nature o'your place! That you being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you,

to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you Wolves when you ha' suck'd the blood once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o'my name; but I protest, I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all religions i'the land: as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family o' Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these (thinks mr. Wolf) was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, mr. Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Gold. I belive you, mr. Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i'these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? ay, were your worship an eyewitness of it, you would say so. The knight will be i'the Knight's-ward, do what we can, sir; and mr. Quick-silver would be i'the Hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i'the Twopenny-ward, far off; and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask, what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight, or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! He can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, mr. Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write, nor read. He was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already

to pair his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good mr, Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me, pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, *fish is cast away, that is cast in dry pools*: Tell hypocrisy it will not do. I have touch'd and tried, too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations. [*Exit.*]

Gold. You see, master Wolf, how inexorable he is; there is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wol. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Holdfast, Bramble, Security.

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. Y'are welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you——Mr. Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Hol. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is it one that grafts my forehead, now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Hol. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

Sec.

Sec. What say you to me, fir? My learned counsellor, Mr. Bramble! Cry you mercy, fir; when saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, fir; and desired me that I would come to visit you; and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Mr. Bramble, is stone walls, and iron grates; you see it; this is the weakest part on't. And for getting me forth, no means but hanging myself, and so be carried forth; from which they have here bound me, in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, fir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, fir; whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath, in respect. My wife's confederacy, fir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her Jubilee, and the feast of her new-moon. Do you understand me, fir?

Enter Quicksilver.

Quick. Good fir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be still so profane! will nothing humble you?

Enter two prisoners, with a friend.

Fri. What's he?

1 Pris. O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Fri. Not I; I never saw him, that I can remember.

2 Pris. Why, it is he that was the gallant 'prentice of London, Mr. Touchstone's man.

Frien. Who, Quicksilver?

1 Pris. Ay, this is he.

Fri. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

Pris. O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up in the city. He would play you his thousand pound a night at dice, keep knights and lords company, go with them to bawdy-houses, had his six men in livery, kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet

gown, and her cloth of silver. Here's a knight with him here in prison.

Fri. And how miserably he is chang'd !

1 *Pris.* O, that's voluntary in him; he gave away all his rich cloaths as soon as ever he came in here, among the prisoners, and will eat o'the basket, for humility.

Fri. Why will he do so ?

2 *Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself; he does but linger on, till the sessions.

1 *Pris.* O, he has pen'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard: He is a pretty poet; and for prose—You would wonder how many prisoners he has help'd out, with penning petitions for 'em, and not take a penny. Look, this is the knight, in the rug-gown.—Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver, Wolf.

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted, or whipt for a bawd, or so; why I'll lay an execution on him o'two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bail'd, mr. Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself, in spite of him, with a Habeas Corpus: But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o'the town, that he may have feeling of it, (do you see) you may be bail'd; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter mr. Wolf.

Quick. How now, mr. Wolf? what news? what return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only mr. deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quick.

Quick. I thank him. Good mr. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus, with your winding devices: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour me; let God work his will. Mr. Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners; and desire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf. It shall be done, mr. Francis.

1 *Pris.* An excellent temper!

2 *Pris.* Now God fend him good luck! [*Exeunt.*]

Pet. But what said my father in law, mr. Wolf?

Enter Holdfast.

Hold. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, sir Petronel. Who is't?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter Golding.

Wolf. Where is he?—Master Deputy! your worship is welcome.

Gol. Peace!

Wolf. Away, firrah!

Gol. Good faith, mr. Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely, as to bring him to be a spectator of their misery; I have ventur'd on a device, which is to make myself your prisoner; intreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token, that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Gol. Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Wolf. See here a benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. [*Exit.*]

Enter Touchstone, wife, daughters, Syn, Winnifrid.

Touch. I will sail by you, and not hear you, like the wife Ulysses.

Mild. Dear father!

Mrs. Touch. Husband!

Gir. Father!

Win. & Sin. Mr. Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock my self up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Cyr. Father, it is I, father; my lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not harden'd, good mr. Touchstone.

Syn. I pray you, sir, be merciful.

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stop't mine ears with shoemaker's wax; and drank Lethe and Mandragora, to forget you; all you speak to me, I commit to the air.

Enter Wolf.

Mil. How now, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Where's mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mild. What's the matter, sir? pray all be well.

Wolf. Master deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mild. Ah me! do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose, I scent 'em.

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mrs. Touch. Why, it is mr. Wolf himself.—Husband!

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o'the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison; and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak there! (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my austeritiy; my cloak!—At whose suit, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Friend. Prisoners.

Fri. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope for life?

1 Pris. Troth, it should seem so; and it is great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony, yet..

2 Pris. Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow: he'll prove great matter against him.

Fri. I'd as live as any thing I could see his farewell.

1 Pris. O, 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you, he's not curious to any body.

2 Pris. O no: He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance; and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

1 Pris. Pray thee try what thou can't do.

2 Pris. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [Exit.]

1 Pris. You never saw a more courteous creature than he is; and the knight too; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penn'd.

Fri. Is the knight any scholar too?

1 Pris. No; but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses, and white friers, and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolf and Touchstone.

Wolf. Please you stay here, fir; I'll call his worship down to you.

Enter Quicksilver and Petronel.

Pris. See, he has brought him and the knight too. Salute him I pray.—Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your repentance.

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and as I told mr. Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touch. Who is this? My man Francis, and my son in law!

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master, that I have so offended.

Friend. Good fir.

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppress'd.

Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's; he that was hang'd at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, fir.

Quick. To the tune of, *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late:
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, work upon that;
But, alas, I wrought I know not what!
He was a Touchstone, black but true;
And told me still what would insue.
Yet, woe is me, I would not learn,
I saw, alas! but could not discern.*

Fri. Excellent, excellent well!

Gol. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick.

Quick. I cast my coat and cap away ;
 I went in silk and sattins gay ;
 False metal of good manners, I
 Did daily coin unlawfully.
 I scorn'd my master, being drunk ;
 I kept my gelding and my punk !
 And with a knight, sir Flash by name,
 (Who now is sorry for the same)

Pet. I thank you, Francis !
 I thought by sea to run away,
 But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. This cannot be feigned sure. Heaven pardon my severity ! The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Gold. How he listens, and is transported ! he has forgot me.

Quick. Still, Eastward-hoe, was all my word ;
 But Westward I had no regard :
 Nor ever thought what would come after :
 As did, alas, his youngest daughter.
 At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
 And I saw then what 'long'd unto't :
 Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
 And make me current by thy skill !

Touch. And I will do it, Francis !

Wolf. Stay him, mr. Deputy, now is the time : we shall lose the song else.

Fri. I protest, it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen ?

All. O admirable, sir !

Quick. This stanza now following, alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Fri. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. O Mannington, thy stories show,
 Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow ;
 But I confess I have not the force,
 For to cut off th' head of a horse ;

*Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of sin :
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's high way, and bogs of lust ;
Whereby I may take virtue's purse,
And live with her, for better, for worse.*

Fri. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited.

Quick. Alas, sir !

Touch. Son Golding and mr. Wolf, I thank you ; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shewn a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen ! I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Fri. Forth, good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.

*Farewell, Cheapside ! farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that ne'er shall fade.
Farewell, dear fellow-prentices all !
And be you warned by my fall ;
Shun usurers, barwds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather ;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
'Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.*

Touch. And 'scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis !

Quick. Master !

Pet. Father !

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right : Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver ! thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver, with the drops of thy sorrow ; and kill'd the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face.

Pet. Forgive me, father !

Touch.

Touch. Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis.—Mr. Wolf, I am their bail. [*A shout in the prison.*]

Sec. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song; hear my lamentable tune too.

S O N G.

O *Master Touchstone,*
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was an usurer,
And bar'd, as all you know,
For which again, I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. Bring him forth, mr. Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy, and the mirth of this encounter in the compter.—See, we are encountered with more suitors.

Enter Mrs. Touchst. Girt. Mild. Synd. Winnif. &c.
 Save your breath, save your breath: All things have succeeded to your wishes, and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Gir. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done, all this while?

Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me.

Gir. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha'been proud and lascivious, father; and a fool, father; and being rais'd to the state of a wanton coy thing, call'd

a lady, father, have scorn'd you father, and my sifter; and my sifter's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the city, as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you look'd like Twierpipe the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs. Touch. Now God forgi' you, child madam.

Touch. No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Gold. Only this, fir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindesy, with marriage.

Quick. With all my heart.

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says mr. Security?

Sec. I say any thing, fir, what you'll ha'me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, mr. Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o'your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: Besides, you being an usurer, (and likely to go to hell) the divels will never torment you: They'll take you for one of their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know and indure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, fir.—Come hither, Winny.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry methinks: Have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, fir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish.
Now, London, look about,
And in this moral see thy glafs run out.
Behold the careful father, thrifty fon,
The solemn deeds which each of us have done ;
The usurer punish'd, and from fall so steep,
The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.

[*Exeunt.*]





T H E
E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by *Quicksilver.*

STAY, fir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together, to view our coming out at the Compter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows fill'd with ladies, as on the solemn day of the pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant here,

The same contentment which you came to seek;

And as that shew but draws you once a year,

May this attract you hither once a week!





THE
WIDOW'S TEARS.

A

COMEDY.

BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



THIS



THIS Author liv'd in the latter End of Queen Elizabeth's Time, and in the Reign of James the first. He was reputed a good Poet in his Time, and joined with Ben Johnson and Marston in the Play call'd Eastward Hoe. He has wrote, besides this Comedy, Alphonfus Emperor of Germany, Buffy d'Amboise, Buffy d'Amboise his Revenge, Byron's Conspiracy in two Parts, Cæsar and Pompey, Revenge for Honour, Tragedies; All Fools, Blind Begger of Alexandria, Gentleman Usher, Humorous Day's Mirth, May-day, Monsieur d'Olive, Two wife Men and all the rest Fools, Comedies; and two or three Masques. He translated the whole Works of Homer and Hesiod in Verses of fourteen Syllables. He also finish'd the Hero and Leander of Musæus, which Christopher Marlow had begun. He was born in 1557, died in 1634, and was buried in St. Giles's Church, where he had a Monument erected over him by his dear Friend Inigo Jones.



Dramatis Personæ.

Tharsalio, the woer.

Lysander, his brother.

Thir. governor of *Cyprus*.

Lycus, servant to the widow countess.

Argus, gentleman-usher.

Three Lords, suitors to *Eudora*, the widow countess.

Hylas, nephew to *Tharsalio*, and son to *Lysander*.

Captain of the watch.

Two soldiers.

Eudora, the widow countess.

Cynthia, wife to *Lysander*.

Sthenia.

Ianthe, gentlewoman attending on *Eudora*.

Ero, waiting-woman to *Cynthia*.





THE
 WIDOW'S TEARS.
 A
 COMEDY.

Act. I. Scene I.

Tharsalio solus, with a glass in his hand making ready.



THOU blind imperfect goddess, that de-
 lights

(Like a deep-reaching statesman) to con-
 verse

Only with fools: jealous of knowing
 spirits;

For fear their piercing judgments might discover
 Thy inward weakness, and despise thy power;
 Contemn thee for a goddess: 'Thou that lad'st
 Th'unworthy as with gold; while worth and merit

Serve

Serve thee for nought: weak Fortune, I renounce
Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty
And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts
To a more noble deity. Sole friend to worth,
And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence:
She be my guide, and her's the praise of these
My worthy undertakings.

*Enter Lysander, with a glass in his hand; Cynthia,
Hylus and Ero.*

Lys. 'Morrow, brother. Not ready yet?

Thar. No; I have somewhat of the brother in me: I dare say, your wife is many times ready, and you not up.—Save you, sister; how are you enamoured of my presence? How like you my aspect?

Cyn. Faith, no worse than I did last week; the weather has nothing chang'd the grain of your complexion.

Thar. A firm proof, 'tis in grain, and so are not all complexions.

A good soldier's face, sister.

Cyn. Made to be worn under a beaver.

Thar. Ay, and 'twould shew well enough under a mask too.

Lys. So much for the face.

Thar. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon?

Lys. None, but fortune send you well to wear it: for she best knows how you got it.

Thar. Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers, valour and good cloaths. Marry, if you ask how we come by this new suit, I must take time to answer it: for as the ballad says, *in written books I find it*. Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit; and I will have it said for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lys. Not all?

Thar. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you? My former suits have been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

Lys.

Lys. A thing to be heartily wish'd ; but, brother, take heed you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

Thar. 'Thad been well for me, if you had follow'd that counfel : You were too forward when you stept into the world before me, and gull'd me of the land, that my spirits and parts were indeed born to.

Cyn. May we not have the blessing to know the aim of your fortunes ? what coast, for heaven's love ?

Thar. Nay, 'tis a project of state : you may see the preparation ; but the design lies hidden in the breasts of the wife.

Lys. May we not know't ?

Thar. Not unless you'll promise me to laugh at it ; for without your applause I'll none.

Lys. The quality of it may be such as a laugh will not be ill bestow'd upon't : pray heaven I call not Arface sister.

Cyn. What ! the pand'refs ?

Thar. Know you (as who knows not ?) the exquisite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow ? the rich and haughty countess Eudora ? Were not she a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her ?

Lys. How's that ? how's that ?

Thar. Brother, there is a certain goddess call'd Confidence, that carries a main stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her ; Cupid is at her beck ; she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business.

Lys. But if this deity should draw you up in a basket to your countess's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to shoot at ; how then ?

Thar. If she do, let them shoot their bolts and spare not : I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the bar ? You'll say, I was page to the count her husband. What of that ? I have thereby one foot in her favour already : she has taken note of my spirit, and survey'd my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye : which sleep, I know,

know, can not close till she have embrac'd the substance.

Lys. All this favours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Thur. Why should I despair, but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship; as well as for any other huge lady, whom she hath made stoop gallant, to kiss their worthy followers. In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts led by a brave resolve, are evermore seconded by fortune.

Cyn. But, brother, have I not heard you say, your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him, to preserve till death the unstain'd honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Thar. Tush, sister! suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done, if ever heaven hears your prayers, that you may live to see my brother nobly interred) to feed only upon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lys. I am therein most confident.

Thar. Indeed! you had better believe it than try it: but pray, sister, tell me (you are a woman) do not you wives nod your heads, and smile one upon another when ye meet abroad?

Cyn. Smile! why so?

Thar. As who should say, are not we mad wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? Do you not brag amongst yourselves, how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? How they adore you for saints; and you believe it? While you adorn their temples, and they believe it not? How you vow widow-hood in their life time, and they believe you, when even in the sight of their breathless corse, e'er they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new Hymeneal bonds with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian?

Lys. As for example.—

Thar.

Thar. And make him the top of his house, and sovereign lord of the palace? As for example; look you, brother, this glass is mine—

Lys. What of that?

Thar. While I am with it, it takes impressiion from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any other? will it not do his office to you, or you, and as well to my groom as to myself? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe, when I have conquer'd that fort of chastity the great countess, that if another man of my making and metal shall assault her, her eyes and ears should lose their function, her other parts their use; as if nature had made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters?

Cyn. Brother, I fear me, in your travel you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poison'd the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses, that, whatsoever enters there, takes from them contagion, and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself perhaps is spotless.

Thar. No, sister, it hath refin'd my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem; and through their mask to discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-liv'd widows tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolv'd to burn in that faith. And in that resolution do I march to the great lady.

Lys. You lose time, brother, in discourse; by this, had you bore up with the lady and clapt her aboard; for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service.

Thar. No; I will perform it in the conqueror's stile. Your way is, not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprize. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelve-month's siege. It would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure

procure a stand at the palace, to see with what alacrity I'll accost her countessship, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lys. It shall go hard but we'll hear your entertainment, for your confidence sake.

Thar. And having won her, nephew, this sweet face, Which, all the city says, is so like me, Like me shall be preferr'd; for I will wed thee To my great widow's daughter and sole heir, The lovely spark, the bright Laodice.

Lys. A good pleasant dream!

Thar. In this eye I see That fire that shall in me inflame the mother, And that in this shall set on fire the daughter. It goes, fir, in a blood: believe me, brother, These destinies go ever in a blood.

Lys. These diseases do, brother: take heed of them. Fare you well: take heed you be not baff'd.

[*Exeunt Lys. Cyn. Hyl. Ero. Manet Tharsalio.*]

Thar. Now thou that art the third blind deity That governs earth in all her happiness, The life of all endowments, Confidence; Direct and prosper my intention. Command thy servant deities, Love and Fortune, To second my attempts for this great lady, Whose page I lately was; that she, whose board I might not sit at, I may board a-bed, And under bring, who bore so high her head. [Exit.]

Enter Lysander and Lycus.

Lycus. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me, fir: he come to woo our lady mistress for his wife?

Lys. 'Tis a frenzy he is possess'd with, and will not be cur'd but by some violent remedy. And you shall favour me so much to make me a spectator of the scene. But is she (say you) already accessible for suitors? I thought she would have stood so stify on her widow vow, that she would not endure the sight of a suitor.

Lycus. Faith, fir, Penelope could not bar her gates against her woers, but she will still be mistress of herself.

It is, as you know, a certain itch in female blood, they love to be fued to ; but she'll hearken to no suitors.

Lys. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope is not so wise as her husband Ulysses; for he fearing the jaws of the Siren, stopt his ears with wax against her voice. They that fear the adder's sting, will not come near her hissing. Is any suitor with her now?

Lyc. A Spartan lord, dating himself our great viceroy's skinfman; and two or three other of his country lords, as spots in his train. He comes armed with his altitude's letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a duchess, if she embrace the match. This is no mean attraction to her high thoughts; but yet she disdains him.

Lys. And how then shall my brother presume of acceptance? yet I hold it much more under her contentment, to marry such a nasty braggart, than under her honour to wed my brother: A gentleman (tho' I say it) more honourably descended than that lord; who perhaps, for all his ancestry, would be much troubled to name you the place where his father was born.

Lyc. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother and him. And the Venerean disease, to which, they say, he has been long wedded, shall, I hope, first rot him, e'er she endure the favour of his sulphurous breath. Well, her ladyship is at hand; y'are best take you to your stand.

Lys. Thanks, good friend Lycus. [Exit.]

Enter Argus bareheaded, with whom another usher Lycus joins, going over the stage; Hiarbas, and Pforabeus next, Rebus single before Eudora, Laodice, Sthenia bearing her train, Ianthe following.

Reb. I admire, madam, you cannot love whom the viceroy loves.

Hiar. And one whose veins swell so with his blood, madam, as they do in his lordship.

Pfo. A near and dear kinsman his lordship is to his altitude, the viceroy; in care of whose good speed here,
I know

I know his altitude hath not slept a sound sleep since his departure.

Eud. I thank Venus I have, ever since he came.

Reb. You sleep away your honour, madam, if you neglect me.

Hiar. Neglect your lordship! that were a negligence no less than disloyalty.

Eud. I much doubt that, sir; it were rather a presumption to take him, being of the blood vice-royal.

Reb. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eud. But offered ware is not so sweet, you know. They are the graces of the viceroy that woo me, not your lordship's; and I conceive it should be neither honour nor pleasure to you, to be taken in for another man's favours.

Reb. Taken in, madam! you speak as I had no house to hide my head in.

Eud. I have heard so indeed, my lord, unless it be another man's.

Reb. You have heard untruth then; these lords can well witness I want no houses.

Hiar. Nor palaces neither, my lord.

Pso. Nor courts neither.

Eud. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe, we shall have a god of him.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. See the bold fellow! whither will you, sir?

Thar. Away— All honour to you, madam.

Eud. How now, base companion?

Thar. Base, madam! he's not base that fights as high as your lips.

Eud. And does that beseem my servant?

Thar. Your court-servant, madam.

Eud. One that waited on my board?

Thar. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam.

Eud. How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

Thar.

Thar. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loved shadows. And would any way make terrible the access of my love to you——

Eud. Love me? love my dog.

Thar. I am bound to that by the proverb, madam.

Eud. Kennel without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presum'st on?

Thar. On your judgment, madam, to chuse a man, and not a giant; as these are that come with titles, and authority, as they would conquer, or ravish you. But I come to you with the liberal and ingenuous graces, love, youth, and gentry, which (in no more deform'd a person than myself) deserve any princess.

Eud. In your saucy opinion, sir, and sirrah too, get gone; and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for afore heaven I'll have thee tost in blankets.

Thar. In blankets, madam! you must add your sheets, and you must be the tosser.

Reb. Nay then, sir, y'are as gross as you're saucy.

Thar. And all one, sir, for I am neither.

Reb. Thou art both.

Thar. Thou liest; keep up your smiter, lord Rebus.

Hiar. Ufest thou thus his altitude's cousin?

Reb. The place thou know'st protects thee.

Thar. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me loose to you; you are the lord (I take it) that woo'd my great mistress here with letters from his Altitude; which while she was reading, your lordship (to entertain time) straddl'd, and scal'd your fingers; as you would shew what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheets.

Hiar. 'Slight, why does your ladyship endure him?

Reb. The place, the place, my lord.

Thar. Be you his attorney, sir?

Hiar. What would you do, sir?

Thar. Make thee leap out at window, at which thou cam'st in—whore's son, bag-pipe lords!

Eud. What rudeness is this?

Thar,

Thar. What tamenefs is it in you, madam, to ftick at the difcarding of fuch a fuitor ? a lean lord, dubb'd with the lard of others : A difeafed lord too, that opening certain magick characters in an unlawful book, up ftart as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in his fkin. Send him. (miftrefs) to the widow your tenant, the virtuous panderefs, Arface. I perceive he has crowns in's purfe, that make him proud of a string ; let her pluck the gofoe therefore, and her maids drefs him.

Pfo. Still, my lord, fuffer him ?

Reb. The place, fir, believe it, the place !

Thar. O good lord Rebus ! the place is never like to be your's, that you need refpect it fo much.

Eud. Thou wrong'ft the noble gentleman.

Thar. Noble gentleman ! a tumor, an impofthume he is, madam ; a very haut-boy, a bag-pipe ; in whom there is nothing but wind, and that none of the fweeteft neither.

Eud. Quit the houfe of him, by th' head and fhoulders.

Thar. Thanks to your honour, madam, and my lord coufin the viceroy fhall thank you.

Reb. So fhall he indeed, fir.

Lyc. Arg. Will you be gone, fir ?

Thar. Away, poor fellows !

Eud. What is he made of ? or what devil fees your childish and effeminate fpirits in him, that thus ye fhun him ? Free us of thy fight ; begone, or I proteft thy life fhall go.

Thar. Yet fhall my ghofit ftay ftill, and haunt thofe beauties, and glories, that have render'd it immortal.

But fince I fee your blood runs (for the time)

High in that contradiction that fore-runs

Trueft agreements (like the elements,

Fighting before they generate ;) and that time

Must be attended moft, in things moft worth ;

I leave your honour freely ; and commend

That life you threaten, when you please, to be

Adventur'd in your fervice ; fo your honour

Require it likewise.

Eud. Do not come again.

Thar. I'll come again, believe it, and again. [*Exit.*]

Eud. If he shall dare to come again, I charge you shut the doors upon him.

Arg. You must shut them (madam)
To all men else then, if it please your honour ;
For if that any enter, he'll be one.

Eud. I hope, wise sir, a guard will keep him out.

Arg. Afore heaven, not a guard (a'nt please your honour.)

Eud. Thou liest, base ass ; one man enforce a guard !
I'll turn ye all away (by our isle's goddess)
If he but set a foot within my gates.

Lord. Your honour shall do well to have him poison'd.

Hiar. Or begg'd of your cousin the viceroy. [*Exit.*
Lysander from his stand.]

Lys. This braving wooer hath the success expected ;
the favour I obtain'd, made me witness to the sport ;
and let his confidence be sure, I'll give it him home.
The news, by this, is blown through the four quarters of
the city. Alas, good confidence ! but the happiness is,
he has a forehead of proof ; the stain shall never stick there,
whatsoever his reproach be.

Enter Tharsalio.

Lys. What, in discourse ? -

Thar. Hell and the furies take this vile encounter !
Who would imagine this Saturnian peacock
Could be so barbarous, to use a spirit
Of my erection with such low respect ?
Fore heaven it cuts my gall ; but I'll dissemble it.

Lys. What, my noble lord ?

Thar. Well, sir, that may be yet, and means to be.

Lys. What means your lordship then to hang that head,
that hath been so erected ? it knocks, sir, at your bosom,
to come in and hide itself.

Thar. Not a jot.

Lys. I hope by this time it needs fear no horns.

Thar. Well, sir, but yet that blessing runs not always
in a blood.

Lys.

Lys. What, blanketed? O the gods! spurn'd out by grooms like a base bisogno? thrust out by th' head and shoulders?

Thar. You do well, sir, to take your pleasure of me: (I may turn tables with you e'er long.)

Lys. What, has thy wit's fine engine taken cold? art stuff'd in th' head? can't answer nothing?

Thar. Truth is, I like my entertainment the better, that 'twas no better.

Lys. Now the gods forbid that this opinion should run in a blood!

Thar. Have not you heard this principle, *All things by strife engender?*

Lys. Dogs and cats do.

Thar. And men and women too.

Lys. Well, brother, in earnest, you have now set your confidence to school, from whence I hope 't has brought home such a lesson; as will instruct his master never after, to begin such attempts as end in laughter.

Thar. Well, sir, you lesson my confidence still; I pray heavens your confidence have not more shallow ground (for that I know) than mine you reprehend so.

Lys. My confidence, in what?

Thar. May be you trust too much.

Lys. Wherein?

Thar. In human frailty.

Lys. Why, brother, know you aught that may impeach my confidence, as this success may your's? hath your observation discovered any such frailty in my wife? (for that is your aim I know) then let me know it.

Thar. Good, good.—Nay, brother, I write no books of observations, let your confidence bear out itself, as mine shall me.

Lys. That's scarce a brother's speech. If there be aught wherein your brother's good might any way be question'd, can you conceal it from his bosom?

Thar. So, so—Nay, my saying was but general; I glanc'd at no particular.

Lys. Then must I press you farther. You spake, (as to yourself, but yet I over-heard) as if you knew some

disposition of weakness where I most had fix'd my trust.
I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Thar. Brother, are you wise ?

Lys. Why ?

Thar. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Aëteon ?

Lys. What then ?

Thar. Curiosity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he must needs dog her to her retir'd pleasures, and see her in her nakedness. Do you enjoy the sole privilege of your wife's bed ? have you no pretty Paris for your page ? no young Adonis to front you there ?

Lys. I think none : I know not.

Thar. Know not still, brother. Ignorance and credulity are your sole means to obtain that blessing. You see your greatest clerks, your wisest politicians, are not that way fortunate ; your learned lawyers would lose a dozen poor mens causes to gain a lease on't but for a term. Your physician is jealous of his. Your sages in general, by seeing too much, oversee their happiness. Only your blockheadly tradesman, your honest-meaning citizen ; your knot-headed country gentleman ; your unapprehending stinkard, is blest with the sole prerogative of his wife's chamber ; for which he is yet beholden, not to his stars, but to his ignorance : for if he be wise, brother, I must tell you, the case alters.

How do you relish these things, brother ?

Lys. Passing ill.

Thar. So do sick men solid meats. Heark ye, brother, are you not jealous ?

Lys. No : do you know cause to make me ?

Thar. Hold you there ; did your wife never spice your broth with a dram of sublimate ? hath she not yielded up the fort of her honour to a staring soldado ? and (taking courage from her guilt) plaid open bankrupt of all shame, and run the country with him ? Then bless your stars, bow your knees to Juno. Look where she appears.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus.

Cyn. We have sought you long, sir; there's a messenger within, hath brought you letters from the court, and desires your speech.

Lys. I can discover nothing in her looks.—Go, I'll not be long.

Cynth. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer says; and besides, much hastens his departure.—Honourable brother, cry mercy! what, in a conqueror's stile? but come and overcome?

Thar. A fresh course.

Cynth. Alas! you see of how slight metal widows vows are made.

Thar. And that shall you prove too e'er long.

Cynth. Yet for the honour of our sex, boast not abroad this your easy conquest; another might perhaps have staid longer below stairs; but it was your confidence, that surpriz'd her love.

Hyl. My uncle hath instructed me how to accost an honourable lady; to win her, not by suit, but by surprize.

Thar. The whelp and all!

Hyl. Good uncle, let not your near honours change your manners; be not forgetful of your promise to me, touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs so upon't, that I dream every night of her.

Thar. A good chicken! go thy ways, thou hast done well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cyn. Come, sir, will you in?

Lys. I'll follow you.

Cyn. I'll not stir a foot without you. I cannot satisfy the messenger's impatience.

Lys. [*He takes Thar. aside.*] Will you not resolve me, brother?

Thar. Of what?

Lysan. stamps, and goes out vex'd with Cyn. Hyl. Ero.
So, there's veny for veny; I have given't him i'the speeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth, than my baffling. It shall go hard, but I'll make my constant sister act as famous a scene as Virgil did his mistress,

mistress, who caus'd all the fire in Rome to fail, so that none could light a torch, but at her nose. Now forth : At this house dwells a virtuous dame, sometime of worthy fame ; now, like a decay'd merchant, turn'd broker, and retails refuse commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I must employ upon this business, to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split.—Ho, madam Arface—pray heaven the oister wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongst their stale pilchards.

Enter Arface, Tomasin.

Arf. What, my lord of the palace?

Thar. Look you—

Arf. Why, this was done like a beaten soldier.

Thar. Hark, I must speak with you. I have a share for you, in this rich adventure. You must be the ass charg'd with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the conqueror to follow and seize it. Seest thou this jewel?

Arf. Is't come to that? why, Tomasin.

Tom. Madam.

Arf. Did not one of the countess's serving men tell us that this gentleman was sped?

Tom. That he did, and how her honour grac'd and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Arf. And brought him down stairs herself.

Tom. Ay, forsooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors.

Thar. 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs!

Arf. Nay more, that he had already possess'd her sheets.

Tom. No indeed, mistress, 'twas her blankets.

Thar. Out, you young hedge-sparrow, learn to tread afore you be fledg'd! [He kicks her out.

Well, have you done now, lady.

Arf. O, my sweet kill-buck.

Thar. You now, in your shallow pate, think this a disgrace to me; such a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a soldier's head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I use thee?

Arf.

Arf. Use me!

Thar. O holy reformation! how art thou fallen down from the upper-bodies of the church to the skirts of the city! Honesty is stripp'd out of his true substance into verbal nicety. Common sinners startle at common terms; and they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white o'the eye. Thou art the lady's tenant.

Arf. For term, sir.

Thar. A good induction: be successful for me, make me lord of the palace, and thou shalt hold thy tenement to thee and thine heirs for ever, in free smockage, as of the manor of panderage: provided always——

Arf. Nay, if you take me unprovided——

Thar. Provided, I say, that thou mak'st thy repair to her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for thy surer access to her greatness, thou shalt present her, as from thyself, with this jewel.

Arf. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

Thar. Fear not that.

Presents are present cures for female grudges:

Make bad seem good; alter the case—with judges.

[*Exit.*]



ACT. II. Scen. I.

Lysander, and Tharsalio.

Lys. SO, now we are ourselves. Brother, that ill re-
lish'd speech you let slip from your tongue,
hath taken so deep hold of my thoughts, that they will
never give me rest, till I be resolv'd what 'twas you said,
you know, touching my wife.

Thar. Tush! I am weary of this subject, I said not so.

Lys. By truth itself you did! I over-heard you: Come; it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be; pr'ythee, unfold briefly what you know.

Thar. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth, and the envy of the heavens; virtuous, loyal, and what not. Briefly, I know she hath vow'd, that till death, and after death, she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue; all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother; I have other irons on th'anvil.

Lysand. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied; tell me what it is you know.

Thar. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almanacks for after-times, whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion; or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch till Atropos cut her thread? Beware of curiosity, for who can resolve you? you'll say, perhaps, her vow.

Lys. Perhaps, I shall.

Thar. Tush! herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow. You are now a sober and staid gentleman: but if Diana, for your curiosity, should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambolds you should play? your only way to be resolv'd, is to die, and make trial of her.

Lys. A dear experiment! then I must rise again to be resolv'd.

Thar. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next ripier that rides that way with mackrell. And so I leave you.

[Exit *Thar.*

Lys. All the furies in hell attend thee; he as giv'n me a bone to tire on with a pestilence. 'Slight! know? What can he know? what can his eye observe More than mine own, or the most piercing sight That ever viewed her? by this light, I think Her privatest thought may dare the eye of heaven,

And

And challenge th' envious world to witness it.
I know him for a wild corrupted youth,
Whom profane ruffians, 'squires to bawds, and strumpets,
Drunkards, spew'd out of taverns into th' sinks
Of tap-houses and stews, revolts from manhood,
Debauch'd perdu's, have by their companies
Turn'd devil, like themselves, and stuff'd his soul
With damn'd opinions, and unhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood, of all humanity,
Nay deity itself.

Enter Lycus.

Lys. Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lyc. Have you met with your capricious brother?

Lys. He parted hence but now.

Lyc. And has he yet resolv'd you of that point you
brake with me about?

Lys. Yes, he bids me die for farther trial of her con-
stancy.

Lyc. That were strange physick for a jealous patient;
to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith, fir,
discharge your thoughts on't; think 'twas but a buz de-
vis'd by him to set your brains a work, and divert your
eye from his disgrace. The world hath written your
wife in highest lines of honour'd fame; her virtue's so
admir'd in this isle, as the report thereof sounds in foreign
ears; and strangers oft arriving here (as some rare sight)
desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the pic-
ture with the original. Nor think he can turn so far re-
bel to his blood,

Or to the truth itself, to misconceive

Her spotless love and loyalty: perhaps

Oft having heard you hold her faith so sacred,

As you being dead, no man might stir a spark

Of virtuous love, in way of second bonds;

As if you at your death should carry with you

Both branch and root of all affection:

'Tmay be, in that point he's an infidel,

And thinks your confidence may over-ween,

Lys. So think not I.

Lyc. Nor I : if ever any made it good,
I am resolv'd, of all, she'll prove no changling.

Lys. Well, I must yet be farther satisfied ;
And vent this humour by some strain of wit.
Somewhat I'll do ; but what, I know not yet.

[*Excunt.*

Enter Sthenia, Ianthe.

Sthe. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this panderefs, that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a panderefs?

Ian. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting women.

Sthe. A shrew take your comparison.

Ian. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does, or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

Sthe. Who, an't please your honour? None so fit to fet on any dangerous exploit.

Ho ! Argus ?

Enter Argus bare

Arg. What's the matter, wenches?

Sthe. You must tell my lady, here's a gentlewoman call'd Arface, her honour's tenant, attends her, to impart important business to her.

[*Exit Arg.*

Arg. I will presently.

Iant. Well, she has a welcome present, to bear out her unwelcome presence ; and I never-knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest—Arface!

Enter Arface.

Arf. Ay, mistress.

Sthe. Give me your present, I'll do all I can, to make way both for it and yourself.

Arf. You shall bind me to your service, lady.

Sthe. Stand unseen.

Enter Lyc. Eudora, Laod. Reb. Hiar. Pfor.
coming after, Argus coming to Eudora.

Arg. Here's a gentlewoman (an't please your honour) one of your tenants, Desires access to you.

Exit.

Eud. What tenant? what's her name?

Arg. Arface, she says, madam.

Eud. Arface! what, the bawd?

Arg. The bawd, madam? [*she strikes*] that's without my privity.

Eud. Out, afs! know'st not thou the pand'refs Arface?

Stb. She presents your honour with this jewel.

Eud. This jewel? how came she by such a jewel?
She has had great customers.

Arg. She had need, madam, she sits at a great rent.

Eud. Alas! for your great rent: I'll keep her jewel, and keep you her out, ye were best: speak to me for a pand'refs?

Arg. What shall we do?

Stb. Go to; let us alone—Arface.

Arg. Ay, lady.

Stb. You must pardon us, we cannot obtain your access.

Arg. Mrs. Sthenia, tell her honour, if I get not access to her, and that instantly, she's undone.

Stb. This is something of importance—Madam, she swears your honour is undone, if she speak not with you instantly.

Eud. Undone!

Arg. Pray her, for her honour's sake, to give me instant access to her.

Stb. She makes her business your honour, madam, and entreats, for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

Eud. How comes my honour in question? Bring her to me.

Enter Arface.

Arg. Our Cyprian goddess save your good honour!

Eud. Stand you off, I pray—How dare you, mistress, importune access to me thus, considering the last warning I gave for your absence?

Arg. Because, madam, I have been mov'd by your honour's last most chaste admonition, to leave the offensive life I led before.

Eud. Ay! have you left it then?

Arf. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the pleasure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights to their husbands.

Eud. Out on thee, impudent!

Arf. Alas, madam! we would all be glad to live in our callings.

Eud. Is this the reform'd life thou talk'st on?

Arf. I beseech your good honour mistake me not; I boast of nothing but my charity; that's the worst.

Eud. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endanger'd, I pray?

Arf. In care of that, madam, I have presum'd to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth, and generally, that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio——

Eud. I take him to husband?

Arf. If your honour does, you are utterly undone; for he's the most incontinent, and insatiate man of women, that ever Venus blest with ability to please them.

Eud. Let him be the devil, I abhor his thought; and could I be inform'd particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

Arf. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's known virtue resist and defy it for him; for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me) I wink'd at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in a night made mad with his love.

Eud. What, tell'st thou me of his love? I tell thee, I abhor him; and destiny must have another mould for my thoughts, than nature or mine honour; and a witchcraft above both, to transform me to another shape, as soon as to another concept of him.

Arf. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you; and good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole
woman-

womanhood against him. He will so inchant you, as never man did woman: Nay, a goddes (say his light housewives) is not worthy of his sweetness.

Eud. Go to, be gone.

Arf. Dear, madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the fill.

Eud. Manhood, quoth you?

Arf. Nay, beastlyhood I might say, indeed madam, but for saving your honour; nine in a night, said I?

Eud. Go to, no more.

Arf. No more, madam? that's enough one would think.

Eud. Well be gone, I bid thee.

Arf. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city; and to whom shall I complain of these in chastities, (being your ladyship's reform'd tenant) but to you that are chastest?

Eud. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Arf. I humbly thank your good honour, that was first cause of it.

Eud. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor.

Arf. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eud. Yet again?

Arf. All my duty to your excellence. [Exit *Arf.*

Eud. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world, to dispraise faults and use them, that so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings: Beshrew her, would she had spared her news. [Exit.

Reb. See if she take not a contrary way to free herself of us.

Hiar. You must complain to his altitude.

Pfor. All this for trial is; you must indure,
That will have wives; nought else with them is sure.

[*Exit.*

Enter Tharsalio, Arface.

Thar. Hast thou been admitted then?

Arf. Admitted! Ay, into her heart, I'll able it; never was man so prais'd with a dispraise; nor so spoken for, in being rail'd on. I'll give you my word, I have set her heart upon as ticklish a pin as the needle of a dial, that will never let it rest till it be in the right position.

Thar. Why dost thou imagine this?

Arf. Because I saw Cupid shoot in my words, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart; and these changes, I can tell you, are shrewd tell-tales.

Thar. Thou speak'st like a doctress in thy faculty; but howsoever, for all this foil, I'll retrieve the game once again; he's a shallow gamester that for one displeasing cast gives up so fair a game for lost.

Arf. Well, 'twas a villainous invention of thine, and had a swift operation; it took like sulphur. And yet this virtuous countess hath to my ear spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sisters thread against concupiscence; but ever with such an affected zeal, as my mind gave me, she had a kind of secret titillation to grace my poor house sometimes, but that she fear'd a spice of the sciatica; which, as you know, ever runs in the blood—

Thar. And, as you know, soaks into the bones. But to say truth, these angry heats, that break out at the lips of these freight-lac'd ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustful fever that boils within them; for wherefore rage wives at their husbands so, when they fly out; for zeal against the sin?

Arf. No; but because they did not purge that sin.

Thar. Thou'rt a notable firen; and I swear to thee, if I prosper, not only to give thee thy manor-house gratis, but to marry thee to some one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyship: Go, be gone.

[*Exit Arf.*

Enter

Enter Lycus.

Thar. What news, Lycus? where's the lady?

Lyc. Retir'd into her orchard.

Thar. A pregnant badge of love; she's melancholy.

Lyc. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartan woer; but howsoever it is with her, you have practis'd strangely upon your brother.

Thar. Why so?

Lyc. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That spark jealousy falling into his dry melancholy brain, had well near set the whole house on fire.

Thar. No matter, let it work; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with such a volley of unseason'd scoffs, as would have made patience itself turn ruffian, attiring itself in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified then?

Lyc. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the sickness. You know how strange his dotage ever was on his wife, taking special glory to have her love and loyalty to him so renown'd abroad: To whom she oftentimes hath vow'd constancy after life, till her own death had brought, forsooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he joy'd in strangely, and was therein of infallible belief; till your surmise began to shake it; which hath loos'd it so, as now there's nought can settle it but a trial, which he's resolv'd upon.

Thar. As how, man? as how?

Lyc. He is resolv'd to follow your advice, to die, and make trial of her stableness, and you must lend your hand to it.

Thar. What, to cut's throat?

Lyc. To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumstance, maintain a publick face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

Thar. Ay, but the means, man; what time? what probability?

Lyc. Nay, I think he has not lick'd his whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly hear on't.

Thar. And when shall this strange conception see light?

Lyc

Lyc. Forthwith; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up, lest perhaps his absence, by occasion of his intended trial, be prolonged above his aims.

Thar. Thanks for this news, i'faith. This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well, and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues; but she hath so possess'd my brother's heart with vows and disavowings, seal'd with oaths, of second nuptials, as in that confidence he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family, and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion; so as he dead, and she matching (as I am resolv'd she will) with some young prodigal; what must ensue, but her post-issue begger'd, and our house already sinking, buried quick in ruin? But this trial may remove it; and since 'tis come to this, mark but the issue, Lycus; for all these solemn vows, if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travel. This resolution then has set his wits in joint again, he's quiet?

Lyc. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner, listens after your speed.

Thar. Nay, he's passing kind; but I am glad of this trial for all that.

Lyc. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Thar. But he will change that thought e'er long. My bird you saw even now, sings me good news, and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lyc. Somewhat can I say too; since your messenger's departure her ladyship hath been something alter'd, more pensive than before, and took occasion to question of you what your addictions were? of what taste your humour was? of what cut you wore your wit? and all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Thar. Good calendars, Lycus. Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

Thy wishes shall assist me.

Lyc. And my means.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Argus, Clinias, Sthenia, Iantbe.

Arg. I must confess I was ignorant what it was to court a lady till now.

Sthe. And I pray you what is it now?

Arg. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from court; for so this Spartan lord's court-discipline teacheth.

Sthe. His lordship hath procur'd a new packet from his altitude.

Clin. If he bring no better ware than letters in's packet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ian. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

Clin. Well, these retired walks of her's are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenia?

Sthe. Nay, 'twould trouble Argus, with his hundred eyes, to descry the cause.

Ian. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is, that some of these serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood; if they do, good night to our good days.

Sthe. 'Twere a sin to suspect her; I have been witness to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course; to her infinite oaths imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression; to her open and often detestation of that incestuous life (as she term'd it) of widows marriages, as being but a kind of lawful adultery; like usury, permitted by the law, not approv'd. That to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first; That women would entertain wedlock as one body, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vows should

should not restrain her, yet the world's shame to break such a constant resolution should repress any such motion in her.

Arg. Well, for her vows, they are gone to heaven with her husband; they bind not upon earth: And as for womens resolutions, I must tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolomy says) the winds have a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning, if her late strangeness and exorbitant solitude be not hatching some new monster.

Ian. Well applied, Argus; make you husbands monsters?

Arg. I spoke of no husbands; but you wenches have the pregnant wits to turn monsters into husbands, as you turn husbands into monsters.

Stb. Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in, to part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

Ian. We shall appear to her like the two fortunate stars in a tempest, to save the shipwreck of her patience.

Stb. Ay, and to him too, I believe; for by this time he hath spent the last dram of his news.

Arg. That is, of his wit.

Stb. Just, good wittals.

Ian. If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall hear from his lordship, what such a lord said of his wife the first night he embrac'd her; to what gentleman such a count was beholden for his fine children; what young lady such an old count should marry; what revels; what presentments are towards, and who penn'd the pegmas, and so forth: And yet for all this, I know her harsh suitor hath tir'd her to the uttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will do more, unless we two, like a pair of sheers, cut asunder the thread of his discourse.

Stb. Well then, let's in; but my masters, wait you on your charge at your perils; see that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

Ian. Excepting young Tharsalio.

Stb. True, excepting him indeed; for a guard of men is not able to keep him out, an't please your honour.

Arg.

Arg. O wenches, that's the property of true valour, to promise like a pigmy, and perform like a giant. If he come, I'll be sworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon him.

Ian. What, beat him out?

Stb. If he should, Tharsalio would not take it ill at his hands; for he does but his lady's commandment.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. Well, by Hercules he comes not here.

Stb. By Venus but he does; or else she hath heard my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Thar. There stand her centinels.

Arg. 'Slight, the ghost appears again!

Thar. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms; save ye, my women.

Stb. Your women, sir?

Thar. 'Twill be so. What, no courtesies? no preparation of grace? Observe me, I advise you for your own sakes.

Ian. For your own sake I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think.

Clin. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio?

Arg. Well said, Clinias, talk to him.

Clin. I wonder, that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatnings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again.

Thar. Come, y'are a widgeon; off with your hat, sir, acknowledge forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-ey'd? can you not see afore you? A little foresight, I can tell you, might sted you much, as the stars shine now.

Clin. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is aham'd on you; but sir, you must know, we are charg'd to bar your entrance.

Thar. But whifler, know you, that who so shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Arg.

Arg. By Jove, Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Thar. Well, I see this house needs reformation; here's a fellow stands behind now, of a forwarder insight than ye all. What place hast thou?

Arg. What place you please, sir.

Thar. Law you, sir! Here's a fellow to make a gentleman-usher, sir. I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room; make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office, come, usher me to thy lady; and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Arg. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship.

Thar. Go to, thou do'st well, but pocket it for all that; 'tis no impair to thee, the greatest do't.

Arg. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect; but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming. [Exit Arg.]

Thar. How say by this? Have not I made a fit choice, that hath so soon attain'd the deepest mystery of his profession? Good sooth, wenches, a few courtesies had not been cast away upon your new lord.

Stb. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting.

Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiar. Psor.

Eud. What's the matter? whose that you say is come?

Arg. The bold gentleman, an't please your honour.

Eud. Why, thou fleeing afs thou!

Arg. An't please your honour—

Eud. Did not I forbid his approach, by all the charge and duty of thy service?

Thar. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly understood your command, according to the stile of the court of Venus; that is, by contraries; when you forbid, you bid.

Eud. By heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all.

Thar.

Thar. You shall not need, madam; for I have already cashier'd your officious usher here, and chose this for his successor.

Eud. O incredible boldness!

Thar. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforced letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandfire cried coneyskins in Sparta.

Reb. Whom mean you, sir?

Thur. Sir, I name none but him who first shall name himself.

Reb. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form upon't.

Thar. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an answer.

Arg. Answer's Latin for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eud. Well noted, gander; and what of that?

Arg. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he said he would make his lordship an answer.

Eud. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor.—Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, did'st thou (when thou had'st means to note me best) ever observe so base a temper in me, as to give any glance at stooping to my vassal?

Thar. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eud. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors, that may advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot my head?

Thar. No, but your side, to keep you warm a-bed. But madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's serious answer; though I confess, to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable, my person more gracious, my mind more adorn'd with noble and heroical virtues; yet, madam (that you think not your blood disparag'd by mixture with mine) deign to know this: Howsoever I once, only for your love,
dis-

disguis'd myself in the service of your late lord and mine; yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartan attempters; why by unknown quills or conduits under ground, draws his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe, to the viceroy's little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave itching.

Reb. 'Tis well, sir, presume still of the place.

Thar. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage that hath stoop'd to disguises for love? what think you of our country-man Hercules; that for love put on Omphale's apron, and sat spinning amongst her wenches, while his mistress wore his lion's skin, and lamb-skin'd him, if he did not his business?

Eud. Most fitly thou resembl'st thyself to that violent outlaw, that claim'd all other mens possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? Come into my house, beat away these honourable persons.

Thar. That I will, madam.—Hence, ye Sparta-velvets.

Pfor. Hold, she did not mean so.

Thar. Away, I say, or leave your lives I protest here.

Hiar. Well, sir, his altitude shall know you.

Reb. I'll do your errand, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Thar. Do, good cousin Altitude; and beg the reversion of the next lady: for Dido has betroth'd her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Caledonian boar.

Eud. O most prodigious audaciousness!

Thar. True, madam; O fye upon 'em, they are intolerable. And I can not but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex; and must therefore carry with it some rare indowment of other masculine and heroical virtues. To hear a rude Spartan court so ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens, or the viceroy's court; how many dogs were spoil'd at the last bull-baiting; what ladies dubb'd their husbands knights, and so forth.

Eud. But hast thou no shame? no sense of what disdain I shew'd thee in my last entertainment? chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty, not to attempt

tempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner? No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

Thar. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name; term it not boldness, which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eud. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Thar. No, madam, that proves I am no fool: then had I been here a fool, and a base low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely pluck'd by a profane finger— No, madam; first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eud. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Thar. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration; know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eud. What would'st thou have me know? what seeks thy coming? why dost thou haunt me thus?

Thar. Only, madam, that the *Ætna* of my sighs, and *Nilus* of my tears, pour'd forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour, from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducive to your divine contentment.

Eud. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee. This you learn'd when you were a serving-man.

Thar. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other title, or state,
than

than your servant's: not approaching your board, but bidden: not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known, if you will command me any service.

Eud. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths; as common as the air; and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light housewives, thy muses, hath thy love promis'd this service besides, I pray thee?

Thar. Compare shadows to bodies, madam; pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eud. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety: keep back; no one foot follow me farther; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past let's pass a prepar'd ambush to thy latest breath.

[*Exit. Eudora.*]

Thar. This for your ambush. [*He draws.*] Dare my love with death!

Clin. 'Slight; follow, an't please your honour.

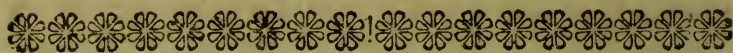
Arg. Not I, by this light.

Clin. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthe. Not we, sir; we are no parters of frays.

Clin. Faith, nor will I be any breaker of customs.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT, III. Scen. I.

Enter Lyfander and Lycus booted.

Lyc. **W**ould any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocence as you intend to do? It was a strange curiosity in that emperor, that ript his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come, do not load me with volumes of persuasion; I am resolv'd, if she be gold she may abide the test, let's away; I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.

Cynthia. Sir!

Lys. I pray thee, wife, shew but thyself a woman ; and be silent : question no more the reason of my journey, which our great viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cyn. Let me but see that letter ; there is something in this presaging blood of mine tells me, this sudden journey can portend no good ; resolve me, sweet, have not I given you cause of discontent, by some misprision, or want of fit observance ? Let me know, that I may wreck myself upon myself.

Lys. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and staid, And must not wanton it in tricks of court, Nor interchang'd delights of melting lovers ; Hanging on sleeves, sighing, loth to depart ; These toys are past with us ; our true love's substance Hath worn out all the shew : let it suffice, I hold thee dear ; and think some cause of weight, With no excuse to be dispens'd withal, Compels me from thy most desir'd embraces.

I stay but for my brother, came he not in last night ?

Hyl. For certain no, sir ; which gave us cause of wonder, what accident kept him abroad.

Cyn. Pray heaven it prove not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the countess.

Lys. Trust me, I something fear it ; this insatiate spirit of aspiring, being so dangerous and fatal ; desire mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

Hyl. Sir, sir, here's my uncle.

Enter Tharsalio.

Lys. What, wrapt in careless cloak, face hid in hat unbanded ? these are the ditches, brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themselves and their riders.

Thar. Well, we must get out as well as we may ; if not, there's the making of a grave saved.

Cyn. That's desperately spoken, brother : had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in ?

Thar. True, sister; but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lys. This is your blind goddess's Confidence!

Thar. Alas, brother, our house is decay'd, and my honest ambition to restore it, I hope, is pardonable. My comfort is, the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*; which in our native idiom, lets you know, his mind was high, tho' fortune was his foe.

Lys. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you: let's in.

Thar. Good brother, stay a little, help this ragged colt out of the ditch.

Lys. How now?

Thar. Now I confess my oversight; this have I purchas'd by my confidence.

Lys. I like you, brother; 'tis the true garb, you know: What wants in real worth, supply in show.

Thar. In show! alas, 'twas even the thing itself. I op't my compting-house, and took away
These simple fragments of my treasury:
Husband; my countess cry'd, take more, more yet;
Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store,
Kiss'd and came off; and this time took no more.

Cyn. But, good brother——

Thar. Then were our honour'd 'spousal rites perform'd,
We made 'all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lys. He's rapt!

Thar. Then did my ushers and chief servants stoop;
Then made my women curt'ies, and envied
Their lady's fortune: I was magnified.

Lys. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Thar. Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true; and the conclusion is, the great countess is mine; the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honour'd nuptials.

Lys.

Lys. Can this be credited?

Thar. Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate atchievement?

Lys. Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable.

Thar. Good.

Lys. If the issue were successful.

Thar. A good state-conclusion! happy events make good the worst attempts. Here are your widow-vows, sister! thus are ye all in your pure naturals! certain moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your busk-points; which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? poor naked sinners, God wot! weak paper walls, thrust down with a finger! This is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them down in the nick.

Cyn. Is there probability in this; that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop?

Thar. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the lure she stoop'd at: greatness! think you that can curb affection? no, it whets it more; they have the full stream of blood to bear them; the sweet gale of their sublimed spirits to drive them; the calm of ease to prepare them; the sun-shine of fortune to allure them; greatness to waft them safe through all rocks of infamy: when youth, wit, and person come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you chuse but hoist sail, and put forward to the main?

Lys. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; would she in so short time wear out his memory? so soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, still remember with grief, the impression of his loss taking worthily such root in us? how think you, wife?

Cyn. I am asham'd on't, and abhor to think, So great and vow'd a pattern of our sex Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed, (O stain to woman-hood!) a second love.

Lys. In so short time ?

Cyn. In any time.

Lys. No, wife.

Cyn. By Juno, no; sooner a loathsome toad.

Thar. High words, believe me, and I think she'll keep them : next turn is yours, nephew ; you shall now marry my noblest lady-daughter ; the first marriage in Paphos, next my nuptials, shall be yours. These are strange occurrences, brother ; but pretty and pathetical : if you see me in my chair of honour, and my countess in mine arms ; you will then believe, I hope, I am lord of the palace ; then shall you try my great lady's entertainment, see your hands free'd of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

Lys. Well, all this rids not my business : wife, you shall be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way, to think of your revels and nuptial sports : brother, my stay hath been for you ; wife, pray thee be gone, and soon prepare for the solemnity ; a month returns me.

Cyn. Heavens guide your journey.

Lys. Farewell.

Thar. Farewell, nephew ; prosper in virility : but do you hear ? keep your hand from your voice, I have a part for you in our Hymeneal show.

Hyl. You speak too late for my voice ; but I'll discharge the part. [*Exit Cynthia and Hylus.*]

Lys. Occurrents call ye them ? foul shame confound them all ! that impregnable fort of chastity and loyalty, that amazement of the world—O ye deities, could nothing restrain her ? I took her spirit to be too haughty for such an impression.

Thar. But who commonly more short heel'd, than they that are high i'the instep ?

Lys. Methinks yet shame should have controul'd so sudden an appetite.

Thar. Tush ! shame doth extinguish lust as oil doth fire ;

The blood once hot, shame doth enflame the more ;

What

What they before by art dissembled most,
They act more freely; shame once found, is lost.
And to say truth, brother, what shame is due to't? or what
congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant, vi-
gorous, full of spirit and complexion; her appetite new
whetted with nuptial delights; to be confined to the spe-
culation of a death's head, or for the loss of a husband,
(the world affording flesh enough) make the noon-tide of
her years, the sun-set of her pleasures?

Lyc. And yet there have been such women.

Thar. Of the first stamp perhaps, when the metal was
purer than in these degenerate days; of later years, much
of that coin hath been counterfeit, and besides so crack'd
and worn with use, that they are grown light, and indeed
fit for nothing, but to be turn'd over in play.

Lyc. Not all, brother.

Thar. My matchless sister only excepted: for she, you
know, is made of another metal, than that she borrow'd
of her mother—But do you, brother, sadly intend the
pursuit of this trial?

Lyc. Irrevocably.

Thar. It's a high project: if it be once rais'd, the earth
is too weak to bear so weighty an accident, it cannot be
conjur'd down again without an earthquake; therefore be-
lieve she will be constant.

Lyc. No, I will not.

Thar. Then believe she will not be constant.

Lyc. Neither: I will believe nothing but what trial
enforces. Will you hold your promise for the governing
of this project with skill and secrecy?

Thar. If it must needs be so—But hark you, brother;
have you no other Capricorns in your head, to entrap my
sister in her frailty, but to prove the firmness of her widow-
vows after your supposed death?

Lyc. None in the world.

Thar. Then here's my hand; I'll be as close as my
lady's shoe to her foot, that pinches and pleases her, and
will bear on with the plot till the vessel split again.

Lyc. Forge any death, so you can force belief: Say
I was poison'd, drown'd —

Thar. Hang'd.

Lyc. Any thing, so you assist it with likely circumstance ; I need not instruct you ; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lyc. Well, fir.

Thar. But, brother, you must set in too : to countenance truth out, a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions ; I have mark'd a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse, and weep devoutly.

Lyc. All those things leave to me.

Lyc. But, brother, for the bestowing of this hearse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral——

Thar. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions : that being done, I'll come to visit the distress'd widow ; apply old ends of comfort to her grief ; but the burden of my song shall be to tell her, words are but dead comforts, and therefore counsel her to take a living comfort ; that might ferrit out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepared with choice of suitors ; either my Spartan lord, for grace at the viceroy's court, or some great lawyer, that may solder up her crack'd estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival ?

Lyc. By this hand, split her wezand.

Thar. Well, forget not your wager ; a stately chariot with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove victor ; but, well remember'd, where will you lurk the whiles ?

Lyc. Mew'd up close, some short day's journey hence ; Lycus shall know the place ; write still how all things pass : brother, adieu ; all joy attend you.

Thar. Will you not stay, our nuptial now so near ?

Lyc. I should be like a man that hears a tale
And heeds it not ; one absent from himself : my wife
Shall attend the countess, and my son.

Thar.

Thar. Whom you shall hear at your return call me father. Adieu : Jove be your speed.
My nuptials done, your funerals succeed. [Exeunt.]

Enter Argus, bareheaded.

Arg. A hall, a hall : who's without there?

[Enter two or three with cushions.]

Come on ; y'are proper grooms, are ye not? 'Slight, I think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so : A company of dormice. Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready. Rushes and seats instantly.

Thar. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumber'd with an office !

Arg. Perfume, firrah ; the room's dampish.

Thar. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies ; they'll perfume it sufficiently.

Arg. Cry mérey, fir, here's a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, curvetting and tripping o'th' toe, as the ground they trod on were too hot for their feet. The device is rare ; and there's your young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds, deified with Hymen's shape.

Thar. Is he perfect in's part? has not his tongue learned of the Sylvans to trip o'th' toe?

Arg. Sir, believe it, he does it, preciously for accent and action, as if he felt the part he play'd : he ravishes all the young wenches in the palace. Pray Venus my young lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her, she's so diligent at's rehearsals.

Thar. No force ; so my next vows be heard, that if Cupid have prick'd her, Hymen may cure her.

Arg. You mean your nephew, fir, that presents Hymen.

Thar. Why so? I can speak nothing, but thou art within me : fye of this wit, of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But howsoever you please to understand, Hymen send the boy no worse fortune. And where's my lady's honour?

Arg. At hand, fir, with your unparagon'd sifter : please you take your chair of honour, fir?

Thar. Most serviceable Argus, the Gods reward thy service ; for I will not.

Enter Eudora, leading Cynthia ; Laodice, Sthenia, Iantbe, Ero, with others following.

Eud. Come, sister, now we must exchange that name
For stranger titles : let's dispose ourselves
To entertain these Sylvan revellers,
That come to grace our loved nuptials.
I fear me, we must all turn nymphs to night,
To side those sprightly wood-gods in their dances ;
Can you do't nimbly, sister ? 'sight what ail you ? are you
not well ?

Cyn. Yes, madam.

Eud. But your looks, methinks, are cloudy ; unsuiting
all the sun-shine of this clear honour to your husband's
house.

Is there aught here that sorts not with your liking ?

Thar. Blame her not, mistress, if her looks shew care,
Excuse the merchant's sadness, that hath made
A doubtful venture of his whole estate,
His livelyhood, his hopes, in one poor bottom,
To all encounters of the sea and storms.
Had you a husband that lov'd you as well,
Would you not take his absent plight as ill ?
Cavil at every fancy ? Not an object
That could present itself, but it would forge
Some vain objection, that did doubt his safety ;
True love is ever full of jealousy.

Eud. Jealous ! of what ? of every little journey ?
Mere fancy then is wanton ; and doth cast
At those sleight dangers there, too doating glances ;
Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances :
Shines not the sun in his way bright as here ?
Is not the air as good ? what hazard doubt you ?

Arg. His horse may stumble, if it please your honour ;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him ;
Many shrewd hazards watch poor travellers.

Eud. True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckon'd us.
Good-sister, these cares fit young married wives.

Cyn.

Cyn. Wives should be still young in their husbands loves.

Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him.
Our lives he may cut short, but not our loves.

Thar. Sister, be wise, and ship not in one bark
All your ability : if he miscarry,
Your well-try'd wisdom should look out for new.

Cyn. I wish them happy winds that run that course,
From me 'tis far ; one temple seal'd our troth ;
One tomb ; one hour shall end, and shroud us both.

Thar. Well, y'are a phœnix ; there, be that your cheer ;
Love with your husband be, your wisdom here.
Hark ! our sports challenge it ; sit, dearest mistress.

Eud. Take your place, worthiest servant.

Thar. Serve me, heaven, [Musick.
As I my heavenly mistress : sit, rare sister.

[Musick. Hymen descends ; and six Sylwans enter beneath, with torches.

Arg. A hall, a hall : let no more citizens in there.

Laod. O, not my cousin, see ! but Hymen's self.

Stbe. He does become it most enflamingly.

Hymen. Hail, honour'd bridegroom, and his princely
bride,

With the most fam'd for virtue, Cynthia ;
And this young lady, bright Laodice,
One rich hope of this noblest family.

Stbe. Hark how he courts ! he is enamour'd too.

Laod. O grant it, Venus, and be ever honour'd.

Hymen. In grace and love of you, I Hymen search'd.
The groves and thickets that embrace this palace,
With this clear-flam'd and good aboding torch,
For summons of these fresh and flow'ry Sylwans
To this fair presence ; with their winding ways,
Active and antique dances, to delight
Your frolick eyes, and help to celebrate
These noblest nuptials ; which great Destiny,
Ordain'd past custom and all vulgar object,
To be the readvancement of a house,
Noble and princely, and restore this palace
To that name, that six hundred summers since

Was in possession of this bridegroom's ancestors,
 The antient and most virtue-fam'd Lyfandri.
 Sylvans, the courtships you make to your Dryads,
 Use to this great bride, and these other dames,
 And heighten, with your sports, my nuptial flames.

Laod. O would himself descend, and me command!

Stbe. Dance; and his heart catch in another's hand.

*[Sylvans take out the bride and the rest; they dance;
 after which, all sit in their places.]*

Hym. Now, what the power and my torch's influence
 Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys,
 (Great bride and bridegroom) you shall amply part
 Betwixt your free loves, and forgoe it never.

Omn. Thanks to great Hymen, and fair Sylvans ever.

[Exeunt.]



ACT. IV. Scen. I.

*Tharsalio, Lycus with his arm in a scarf, a night-cap
 on's head.*

Lyc. I Hope, fir, by this time——

Thar. Put on, man, by ourselves.

Lyc. The edge of your confidence is well taken off;
 would you not be content to withdraw your wager?

Thar. Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager were weakly
 built, this unexpected accident might stagger it. For
 the truth is, this strain is extraordinary, to follow her
 husband's body into the tomb, and there for his compa-
 ny to bury herself quick: 'tis new and stirring; but for all
 this, I'll not despair of my wager.

Lyc. Why, fir, can you think such a passion dissem-
 bled?

Thar. All's one for that, what I think, I think; in
 the mean time forget not to write to my brother, how
 the plot hath succeeded, that the news of his death hath
 taken;

aken; a funeral solemnity perform'd; his suppos'd corpse bestowed in the monument of our family; thou and I horrible mourners: But above all, that his intolerable virtuous widow, for his love; and (for her love) Ero her handmaid, are descended with his corpse into the vault; there wipe their eyes time out of mind, drink nothing but their own tears, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it, (for you say 'tis true) where left you him?

Lyc. At Dipolis, sir, some twenty miles hence.

Thar. He keeps close.

Lyc. Ay, sir, by all means; skulks unknown under the name of a strange knight.

Thar. That may carry him without descrying; for there's a number of strange knights abroad. You left him well?

Lyc. Well, sir, but for this jealous humour that haunts him.

Thar. Well, this news will absolutely purge that humour. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discovery of his slaughter. Did she perform it well for her husband's wager?

Lyc. Perform it, call you it? you may jest; men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for your pleasure, but she takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I never saw such an extasy of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew up to her head like furies, hid all her beauties in her dishevel'd hair, and wept as she would turn fountain. I would you and her husband had been behind the arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in despite of my discretion, I was forc'd to turn woman, and bear a part with her: Humanity broke loose from my heart, and stream'd thro' mine eyes.

Thar. In prose thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play; when the story was but a mere fiction.—And did't act the Nuntius well? would I had heard it: could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit?

Lyc. Not without preparation, fir; no more than my speech; 'twas a plain acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the part.

Thar. As how, for heaven's sake?

Lyc. Phœbus addrest his chariot towards the west,
To change his wearied courfers, and so forth.

Thar. Nay on, and thou lov'st me.

Lyc. Lysander and myself beguil'd the way
With interchang'd discourse; but our chief theme
Was of your dearest self, his honour'd wife;
Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy.

Thar. Then was her cue to whimper—on.

Lyc. When suddenly appear'd, as far as sight,
A troop of horse, arm'd, as we might discern,
With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements.
He doubted nought, (as innocence ever
Is free from doubting ill.)

Thar. 'I here dropt a tear.

Lyc. My mind misgave me,
They might be mountainers. At their approach
They us'd no other language but their weapons,
To tell us what they were; Lysander drew,
And bore himself Achilles like in fight;
And as a mower sweeps off th' heads of bents,
So did Lysander's sword shave off the points
Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him;
I, seeing I could not rescue, us'd my spurs
To flie away.

Thar. What, from thy friend?

Lyc. Ay, in a good quarrel, why not?

Thar. Good; I am answer'd.

Lyc. A lance pursued me, brought me back again;
And with these wounds left me t'accompany
Dying Lysander: Then they ris'd us,
And left us.

They gone; my breath not yet gone, 'gan to strive:
And revive sense: I with my feeble joints
Crawl'd to Lysander, stirr'd him, and withall
He gasp'd; cried Cynthia! and breath'd no more.

Thar.

Thar. O then she howl'd outright.

Lyc. Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us
Streight to a neighbour town; where I forthwith
Coffin'd my friend in lead; and so convey'd him
To this sad place.

Thar. 'Twas well; and could not show but strangely:

Lyc. Well, fir, this tale pronounc'd with terror, suited
with action cloathed with such likely circumstance; my
wounds in shew, her husband's hearse in sight, think
what effect it wrought: And if you doubt, let the sad
consequence of her retreat to his tomb be your woful
instructor.

Thar. For all this, I'll not despair of my wager:

These griefs, that sound so loud, prove always light;
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

This strain of mourning with sepulcher, like an over-
doing actor, affects grossly, and is indeed so far forc'd
from the life, that it bewrays itself to be altogether arti-
ficial. To set open a shop of mourning! 'Tis palpable.
Truth, the substance, hunts not after the shadow of po-
pular fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow con-
demns her sincerity. When did ever woman mourn so
unmeasurably, but she did dissemble?

Lyc. O Gods! a passion thus born; thus apparell'd
with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true
sorrow, to be dissembl'd! by Venus I am sorry I ever
set foot in't. Could she, if she dissembl'd, thus dally
with hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite,
not having these four days reliev'd nature with one
dram of sustenance?

Thar. For this does she look to be deified, to have
hymns made of her, nay to her: the tomb, where she is,
to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our fa-
mily the *Lysandriæ*, but the new-erected altar of *Cynthia*:
To which all the Paphian widows shall, after their hus-
bands funerals, offer their wet muckinders, for monu-
ments of the danger they have past, as seamen do their
wet garments at Neptune's temple after a shipwreck.

Lyc. Well, I'll apprehend you at your pleasure: I,
for my part, will say, that if her faith be as constant, as
her

her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may justly challenge a deity to enshrine them.

Thar. Ay, there's another point too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the brain of the west, were in the heads of the learned, then might parish-clerks be common-council-men, and poets aldermens deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love; but till Niobe be turn'd to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove a woman. Let the trial run on; if she do not outrun it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but woodmongers. *[Exit.]*

Lyc. A sweet gentleman you are! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't! Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail:
But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,
Her tears are true, tho' women's truths are weak. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lysander like a soldier disguised at all parts, with a half pike, gorget, &c. he discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, &c.

Lys. **O** Miracle of nature! women's glory!
Men's shame! and envy of the deities!
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,
Accus'd, condemn'd?
Now, by th' immortal gods,
They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
'Than love and courtship.
Yet see, the queen of these lies here interr'd,
Tearing her hair, and drowned in her tears.
Which Jove should turn to crystal, and a mirrour
Make of them: wherein men may see and wonder
At womens vertues. Shall she famish then?
Will men (without dissuasions) suffer thus
So bright an ornament to earth, tomb'd quick
In earth's dark bosom?—Ho!
Who's in the tomb there?

Ero. Who calls? whence are you?

Lys. I am a soldier of the watch, and must enter.

Ero. Amongst the dead?

Lys. Do the dead speak? ope, or I'll force it open.

Ero. What violence is this? what seek you here,
Where nought but death and her attendants dwell?

Lys. What wretched souls are you, that thus by night
lurk here amongst the dead?

Ero. Good soldier, do not stir her;
She's weak, and quickly seiz'd with swooning and pas-
sions, and with much trouble shall we both recall her
fainting spirits.

Five days thus hath she wasted; and not once season'd
her palate with the taste of meat; her powers of life are
spent; and what remains of her famish'd spirit, serves not
to breathe, but sigh.

She hath exil'd her eyes from sleep, or sight, and given
them wholly up to ceaseless tears over that ruthless hearse
of her dear spouse, slain by Banditto's, nobly-born Ly-
sander.

Lys. And hopes she with these heavy notes and cries
to call him from the dead? in these five days hath she but
made him stir a finger, or fetch one gasp of that forsaken
life she mourns?

Come, honour'd mistress, I admire your virtues;

But must reprove this vain excess of moan.

Rouse yourself, lady, and look up from death.

Well said, 'tis well; stay by my hand, and rise.

This face hath been maintain'd with better housewifery.

Cyn. What are you?

Lys. Lady, I am centinel,

Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard

On forfeit of my life, these monuments

From rape, and spoil of sacrilegious hands;

And save the bodies, that without you see,

Of crucified offenders; that no friends

May bear them hence to honour'd burial.

Cyn. Thou seem'st an honest soldier; pray thee then

Be as thou seemest; betake thee to thy charge,

And leave this place; add not affliction

To the afflicted.

Lys. You misname the children.

For what you term affliction now, in you
Is but self-humour; voluntary penance
Impos'd upon yourself: and you lament
As did the Satyr once, that ran affrighted
From that horn's sound that he himself had winded.
Which humour to abate, my counsel tending your term'd
affliction,

What I for physick give, you take for poison.
I tell you, honour'd mistress, these ingredients
Are wholesome, tho' perhaps they seem untoothsome.

Ero. This soldier, sure, is some decay'd 'pothecary.

Lys. Dear ghost, be wise, and pity your fair self,
Thus by yourself unnaturally afflicted:
Chide back heart-breaking groans, clear up those lamps,
Restore them to their first creation;
Windows for light, not sluices made for tears.
Beat not the senseless air with needless cries,
Baneful to life, and bootless to the dead.
This is the inn, where all Deucalion's race,
Sooner or later, must take up their lodging;
No privilege can free us from this prison;
No tears, no prayers, can redeem from hence,
A captiv'd soul; make use of what you see:
Let this affrighting spectacle of death
Teach you to nourish life:

Ero. Good, hear him: this is a rare soldier:

Lys. Say, that with abstinence you should unloose the
knot of life: suppose, that in this tomb for your dear
spouse, you should entomb yourself a living corse; say,
that before your hour, without due summons from the
fates, you send your hasty soul to hell: can your dear
spouse take notice of your faith and constancy? shall your
dear spouse revive to give you thanks?

Cyn. Idle discourser!

Lys. No, your means are idle:
Go to, I say; be counsel'd; raise yourself:
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you.
Now; live for a better husband.
Na! will you none?

Ero. For love of courtesy, good mistress, eat ;
Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer.
Who knows but this may be some Mercury
Disguis'd, and sent from Juno to relieve us ?
Did ever any lend unwilling ears
To those that came with messages of life ?

Cyn. I pray thee leave thy rhetoric.

Ero. By my soul, to speak plain truth, I could rather
wish t'employ my teeth than my tongue, so your example
would be my warrant.

Cyn. Thou hast my warrant.

Lys. Well then, eat, my wench,
Let obstinacy starve.

Fall to.

Ero. Persuade my mistress first.

Lys. 'Slight, tell me, lady,
Are you resolv'd to die ? If that be so,
Chuse not (for shame) a base and begger's death :
Die not for hunger, like a Spartan lady ;
Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink
Noble death, expell your grief with poison,
There 'tis, seize it.—Tush ! you dare not die.
Come, wench, thou hast not lost a husband ;
Thou shalt eat ; th'art now within
The place where I command.

Ero. I protest, sir——

Lys. Well said ; eat, and protest ; or I'll protest,
And do thou eat ; thou eat'st against thy will,
That's it thou would'st say.

Ero. It is.

Lys. And under such a protestation
Thou lost thy maiden-head.
For your own sake, good lady, forget this husband ;
Come, you are now become a happy widow,
A blessedness that many would be glad of.
That and your husband's inventory together,
Will raise you up husbands enow.
What think you of me ?

Cyn. Trifler, pursue this wanton theme no farther ;
Lest (which I would be loth) your speech provoke

Uncivil

Uncivil language from me: I must tell you,
One joint of him I lost, was much more worth
Than the rack'd value of thy intire body.

Ero. O, I know what joint she means.

Lys. Well, I have done.

And well done, frailty; profess, how lik'ft thou it?

Ero. Very toothsome ingredients surely, fir,
Want but some liquor to incorporate them.

Lys. There 'tis, carouse.

Ero. I humbly thank you, fir.

Lys. Hold, pledge me now:

Ero. 'Tis the poison, fir,

That preserves life, I take it.

[*She drinks.*]

Lys. Do so, take it.

Ero. Sighing has made me something short-winded.
I'll pledge y'at twice.

Lys. 'Tis well done; do me right.

Ero. I pray, fir, have you been a 'pothecary?

Lys. Marry have I, wench; a woman's 'pothecary.

Ero. Have you good ingredients?

I like your bottle well. Good mistress, taste it:

Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up.

The roses in your cheeks again:

Dr. Verolle's bottles are not like it:

There's no guaicum here, I can assure you.

Lys. This will do well anon.

Ero. Now fye upon't!

O I have lost my tongue in this same limbo.

The spring of't's spoil'd, methinks; it goes not off

With the old twang.

Lys. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill make it
slide well.

Ero. Aristotle says, fir, in his Posterionds——

Lys. This wench is learned: and what says he?

Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moves
is his heart, in a woman her tongue.

Lys. Right; and adds farther, that you women are a
kind of spinners; if their legs be pluck'd off, yet still
they'll wag them; so will you your tongues.

With what an easy change does this same weakness

Of women slip from one extrem t'another !
All these attractions take no hold of her ;
No, not to take refection : 't must not be thus.
Well said, wench ; tickle that Helicon.

But shall we quit the field with this disgrace
Given to our oratory ? both not gain
So much ground of her as to make her eat ?

Ero. Faith, the truth is, fir, you are no fit organ.
For this business ;

'Tis quite out of your element :

Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear ;
A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear.

Jove never did employ Mercury,
But Iris, for his messenger to Juno.

Lys. Come, let me kiss thee, wench ; wilt undertake
To make thy mistress eat ?

Ero. It shall go hard, fir,
But I will make her turn flesh and blood,
And learn to live as other mortals do.

Lys. Well said : the morning hastes ; next night expect me.

Ero. With more provision, good fir.

Lys. Very good !

[*Is going.*

Ero. And bring more wine. [*She shuts up the tomb.*

Lys. What else ? shalt have enough.

O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity,
Whose name thou do'st inherit ; thou disdain'st
(Sever'd from all concretion) to feed
Upon the base food of gross elements.

Thou all art soul ; all immortality.

Thou fasts for Nectar and Ambrosia,

Which, till thou find'st, and eat'st above the stars,

To all food here thou bid'st celestial wars.

[*Exit.*

Cynthia, Ero ; the tomb opening.

Ero. So ; let's air our dampish spirits, almost stiff'd in
this gross muddy element.

Cyn. How sweet a breath the calmness of the night in-
spires the air withall !

Ero. Well said ! now y'are yourself ; did not I tell you
how sweet an operation the soldier's bottle had ? And if
there

there be such virtue in the bottle, what is there in the soldier? Know, and acknowledge his worth when he comes, in any case, mistress.

Cyn. So, maid!

Ero. God's my patience! did you look, forsooth, that Juno should have sent you meat from her own trencher, in reward of your widow's tears? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, I'll able't.

Cyn. I fear me, thy lips have gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith, the truth is, my tongue hath been so long tied up, that 'tis cover'd with rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we do suspected coins, to try whether it be current or no. But now, mistress, for an upshot of this bottle; let's have one carouse to the good speed of my old master, and the good speed of my new.

Cyn. So, damsel!

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Do me right, I pray.

Cyn. You say, I must.

Ero. Must! what else?

Cyn. How excellent ill this humour suits our habit!

Ero. Go to, mistress, do not think but you and I shall have good sport with this jest, when we are in private at home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withall; for I'll no more on't; I'll not turn salt-peter in this vault for never a man's company living; much less for a woman's. Sure I am, the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endur'd this; and so o'my conscience did you. Never deny it.

Cyn. Nay, pr'ythee take it to thee.

Enter Lyfander.

Cyn. Hark! I hear some footing near us.

Ero. God's-me! 'tis the soldier, mistress: by Venus, if you fall to your late black Santus again, I'll discover you.

Lyf. What's here? The maid hath certainly prevail'd with her: methinks those clouds that last night cover'd her looks are now dispers'd: I'll try this farther—Save you, lady.

Ero.

Ero. Honourable soldier! y'are welcome: please you step in, sir?

Lys. With all my heart, sweet heart: by your patience, lady. Why, this bears some shape of life yet. Damfel, thou'lt perform'd a service of high reckoning, which cannot perish unrewarded.

Ero. Faith, sir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cyn. Your bottle has poisoned this wench, sir.

Lys. A wholesome poison it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordained to raise such hearts as sink;

Whom woful stars distemper, let him drink.

I am most glad I have been some mean to this part of your recovery, and will drink to the rest of it.

Ero. Go to, mistress, pray simper no more; pledge the man of war here.

Cyn. Come, y'are too rude.

Ero. Good.

Lys. Good sooth, lady, y'are honour'd in her service; I would have you live, and she would have you live freely, without which life is but death. To live freely is to feast our appetites freely, without which humans are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cyn. I'll pledge you, sir.

Ero. Said like a mistress, and the mistress of yourself! pledge him in love too: I see he loves you. She's silent, she consents, sir.

Lys. O happy stars! And now, pardon, lady; methinks these are all of a piece.

Ero. Nay, if you kiss all of a piece, we shall ne'er have done—Well, it was well offer'd, and as well taken.

Cyn. If the world should see this.

Lys. The world! should one so rare as your self respect the vulgar world?

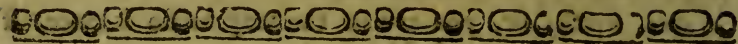
Cyn. The praise I have had I would continue.

Lys. What, of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deserves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is!

Ero.

Ero. Comfortable doctrine, mistress, edify.
Methinks even thus it was when Dido
And Æneas met in the cave: And heark,
Methinks I hear some of the hunters.

[*She shuts the tomb.*]



Act. V. Scen. I.

Enter Tharsalio, Lycus.

Lyc. **T**IS such an obstinacy in you, sir,
As never was conceited, to run on
With an opinion against all the world,
And what your eyes may witness; to adventure
The famishment for grief of such a woman,
As all mens merits met in any one
Could not deserve.

Thar. I must confess it, Lycus;
We'll therefore now prevent it, if we may,
And that our curious trial hath not dwelt
Too long on this unnecessary haunt,
Grief, and all want of food, not having wrought
Too mortally on her divine disposurè.

Lyc. I fear they have, and she is past our cure.

Thar. I must confess, with fear and shame, as much.

Lyc. And that she will not trust in any thing
What you persuade her to.

Thar. Then thou shalt haste,
And call my brother from his secret shroud,
Where he appointed thee to come, and tell him
How all things have succeeded.

Lyc. This is well.

If (as I say) the ill be not so grown,
That all help is denied her. But I fear
The matchless dame is famish'd.

[*Thar. looks into the tomb.*]

Thar. 'Slight, whose here?

A soldier with my sister? wipe, wipe, see—
Kissing, by Jove! she, as I lay, 'tis she.

Lyc. What, is she well, sir?

Thar. O no, she is famish'd;
She's past our comfort, she lies drawing on.

Lyc. The Gods forbid!

Thar. Look thou, she's drawing on.

How say'st thou?

Lyc. Drawing on? Illustrious witchcrafts!

Thar. Lies she not drawing on?

Lyc. She draws on fairly.

Our sister, sir! This she? can this be she?

Thar. She, she, she, and none but she.

[He dances and sings.]

She, only queen of love and chastity.

O chastity! This women be.

Lyc. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious.

Thar. Horse, horse, horse!

Four chariot-horses of the Thracian breed,
Come bring me, brother. O the happiest evening,
That ever drew her veil before the sun!

Who is't? can't tell?

Lyc. The soldier, sir, that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place.
Of which to lose one, it is death to him;
And yet the lustful knave is at his venery,
While one might steal one.

Thar. What a slave was I,
That held not out my wind's strength constantly,
'That she would prove thus? O incredible!
A poor eightpenny soldier! She that lately
Was at such height of interjection,
Stoop now to such a base conjunction!
By heaven I wonder, now I see't in act,
My brain could ever dream of such a thought.
And yet 'tis true: Rare! peerless! is't not, Lycus?

Lyc. I know not what it is, nor what to say.

Thar. O had I held out (villain that I was)
My blessed confidence but one minute longer,
I should have been eterniz'd. Gods my fortune!

What

What an unspeakable sweet sight it is !
O eyes, I'll sacrifice to your dear sense,
And consecrate a fane to Confidence.

Lyc. But this you must at no hand tell your brother,
'Twill make him mad ; for he that was before
So scourg'd but only with bare jealousy,
What wou'd he be if he should come to know it ?

Thar. He would be less mad ; for your only way
To clear his jealousy, is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes, suspicion vanishes.
The sun-beams breaking forth, swallow the mists.
But as for you sir, gallant, howsoever
Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorish palate,
It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw ;
Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without.

Lyc. To what ?

Thar. No booty serve you, sir Soldado,
But my poor sister ? Come, lend me thy shoulder,
I'll climb the cross ; it will be such a cooler
To my Venerean gentleman's hot liver,
When he shall find one of his crucified bodies
Stol'n down, and he to be forthwith made fast
In place thereof, for the sign
Of the lost centinel. Come, glorify
Firm Confidence in great inconstancy.
And this believe (for all-prov'd knowledge swears)
He that believes in error, never errs. [*Exeunt.*

The tomb opens, Lysander, Cynthia, Ero.

Lys, 'Tis late ; I must away.

Cyn. Not yet, sweet love !

Lys. Tempt not my stay, 'tis dangerous. The law is
strict, and not to be dispens'd with ; if any centinel be too
late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified
bodies should be stol'n from the cross, his life buys it.

Cyn. A little stay will not endanger them.
The day's proclaimer has not yet given warning,
The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lys. What, shall we ever dwell here amongst th'Anti-
podes ? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in
publick, sit in Lysander's chair, reign in his wealth ?

Cyn.

Cyn. Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my love to thee
Hath prov'd thus sudden, and for haste leapt over
The compliment of wooing; yet only for the world's
opinion——

Lys. Mark that again.

Cyn. I must maintain a form in parting hence.

Lys. Out upon't!—Opinion, the blind goddess of fools,
foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeserving per-
sons, condemn it. Thou know'st thou hast done vir-
tuously; thou hast strangely sorrow'd for thy husband,
follow'd him to death, farther thou could'st not, thou
had buried thy self quick.—(O that it were true!)—spent
more tears over his carcass than would serve a whole city
of saddest widows in a plague time, besides sighings and
swoonings not to be credited.

Cyn. True; but those compliments might have their
time, for fashion sake.

Lys. Right, opinion and fashion! 'Sfoot, what call
you time? thou hast wept these four whole days.

Ero. Nay, by'r lady, almost five.

Lys. Look you there, near upon five whole days!

Cyn. We'll go and see; Return, we'll go home.

Lys. Hell be thy home, huge monsters damn ye and
your whole creation! O ye Gods, in the height of her
mourning, in a tomb, within sight of so many deaths!
her husband's believed body in her eye; he dead a few
days before: This mirrour of nuptial chastity, this vo-
tress of widow constancy, to change her faith, exchange
kisses, embraces, with a stranger; and but my shame
withstood, to give the utmost earnest of her love to an
eightpenny centinel; in effect, to prostitute herself upon
her husband's coffin! Lust, impiety, hell, womanhood it
self; add, if you can, one step to this.

Enter captain, with two or three soldiers.

Cap. One of the crucified bodies taken down?

Lys. Enough.

[Slinks away.]

Cap. And the centinel not to be heard of?

Sol. No, sir,

Cap. Make out ; haste, search about for him ; does none of you know him, nor his name ?

2 Sol. He's-but a stranger here of four day's standing ; and we never set eye on him but at setting the watch.

Cap. For whom serves he ? you look well to your watch, masters.

1 Sol. For signior Stratio ; and whence he is 'tis ignorant to us ; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Cap. Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me have him. [*Exeunt.*

This negligence will by the governor be wholly cast on me ; he hereby will suggest to the viceroy, that the city-guards are very carelessly attended. He loves me not, I know, because of late I knew him but of mean condition ; but now by fortune's injudicious hand, guided by bribing courtiers, he is rais'd to this high seat of honour ; nor blushes he to see himself advanc'd over the heads of ten times higher worths, but takes it all, forsooth, to his merits, and looks (as all upstarts do) for most huge observance. Well, my mind must stoop to his high place, and learn within itself to sever him from that, and to adore Authority the Goddess, however born by an unworthy beast ; and let the beast's dull apprehension take the honour done to Isis done to himself. I must sit fast, and be sure to give no hold to these fault-hunting enemies.

[*Exit.*

[*Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along.
Cynthia and Ero.*

Lys. Pray thee disturb me not ; put out the lights.

Ero. Faith I'll take a nap again.

Cyn. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolved
What happy wind hath driven thee back to harbour :
Was it my love ?

Lys. No.

Cyn. Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof
I may enjoy all that I wish on earth.

Lys. I am fought for. A crucified body is stol'n while
I loiter'd here ; and I must die for't.

Cyn.

Cyn. Die? all the Gods forbid! O this affright torments me ten parts more than the sad loss of my dear husband.

Lys. Damnation! I believe thee.

Cyn. Yet hear a woman's wit;

Take counsel of necessity and it.

I have a body here, which once I lov'd

And honour'd above all; but that time's past—

Lys. It is; revenge it heaven.

Cyn. That shall supply at so extreme a need the vacant gibbet.

Lys. Cancro! What, thy husband's body?

Cyn. What hurt is't, being dead it saves the living?

Lys. O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion!

Cyn. Vex not thy self, dear love, nor use delay.

Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.

Lys. I cannot do't; my heart will not permit

My hands to execute a second murder:

The truth is, I am he that slew thy husband.

Cyn. The Gods forbid!

Lys. It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword

In his life blood, while he cry'd out for mercy;

But I remorseless, panch'd him, cut his throat,

He with his last breath crying Cynthia.

Cyn. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart!

Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner

This bloody story!—yet see, note my truth,

Yet I must love thee.

Lys. Out upon the monster!

Go, tell the governor; let me be brought

To die for that most famous villainy;

Not for this miching base transgression

Of truant negligence.

Cyn. I cannot do't.

Love must salve any murder: I'll be judge

Of thee, dear love; and these shall be thy pains,

Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains.

Lys. O I am infinitely oblig'd!

Cyn. Arise, I say, thou savor of my life,

Do not with vain affrighting conscience

Betray a life that is not thine, but mine :
Rise and preserve it.

Lys. Ha ! thy husband's body ?
Hang't up you say, instead of that that's stol'n ;
Yet I his murderer—is that your meaning ?

Cyn. It is my love.

Lys. Thy love amazes me ;
The point is how we shall get it thither,
Ha ? tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gal-
lows ; shall I, my love ?

Cyn. So you may do, indeed ;
Or if your own strength will not serve, we'll add
Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place ;
For heaven's love come, the night goes off apace.

Lys. All the infernal plagues dwell in thy soul. [*Aside.*
I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.

Cyn. Do, love ; be speedy.

Lys. As I wish thy damnation. [*Shuts the tomb.*
O I could tear myself into atoms ; off with this antick ;
the shirt that Hercules wore for his wife, was not more
baneful. Is't possible there should be such a latitude in
the sphere of this sex, to entertain such an extension of
mischief, and not turn devil ? What is a woman ? what
are the worst, when the best are so past naming ? As men
like this, let them try their wives again ; put women to
the test, discover them, paint them ; paint them ten
parts more than they do themselves, rather than look on
them as they are ; their wits are but painted that dislike
their painting. Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets
and ills abroad, look home, and store and choak thee ;
there sticks an Achelöus' horn, of all copia enough ;
As much as Alizon of streams receives,
Or lofty Ida shows of shady leaves.

Enter Tharsalio.

Who's that ?

Thar. I wonder Lycus fails me ; nor can I hear what's
become of him. He would not certain ride to Dipolis
to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

Lys. My brother's voice ! what makes he here about
so untimely ? I'll slip him.

[*Is going.*
Thar.

Thar. Who goes there ?

Lys. A friend.

Thar. Dear friend, let's know you. A friend least look'd for, but most welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted ? have you been long arriv'd ?

Lys. Not long ; some two hours before night.

Thar. Well, brother, y'have the most rare, admirable, unmatchable wife, that ever suffer'd for the sin of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeed now, it is built on such infallible ground : Lycus, I think, is gone to call you to the rescue of her life ; why she ! O incomprehensible !—

Lys. I have heard all related since my arrival ; we'll meet to morrow.

Thar. What haste, brother ? But was it related with what intolerable pains I and my mistress, her other friends, matrons and magistrates, labour'd her diversion from that course ?

Lys. Yes, yes.

Thar. What streams of tears she pour'd ou ? what tresses of her hair she tore, and offered on your supposed hearse ?

Lys. I have heard all.

Thar. But above all, how since that time her eyes never harbour'd wink of slumber these six days ; no, nor tasted the least dram of any sustenance ?

Lys. How is that assured ?

Thar. Not a scruple.

Lys. Are you sure there came no soldier to her, nor brought her victuals ?

Thar. Soldier ! what soldier ?

Lys. Why, some soldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies—Well, brother, I am in haste, to-morrow shall supply this night's defect of conference. Adieu.

[*Exit Lys.*

Thar. A soldier of the watch bring her victuals ? Go to, brother, I have you in the wind ; he's unharnes'd of all his travelling accoutrements : I came directly from's house, no word of him there ; he knows the

whole relation; he's passionate; all collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this, that he is stol'n hither into a soldier's disguise? he should have staid at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantick, capricious devil jealousy, hath tost him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture; but the case is clear, he's the soldier.—Sister, look to your fame, your chastity's uncovered. Are they here still? here, believe it, both most wofully weeping over the bottle.

[*He knocks.*]

Ero. Who's there?

Thar. Tharsalio, open.

Ero. Alas! sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion; she is very weak.

Thar. Here's a true bred chamber-maid.—Alas! I am sorry for't; I have brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

Ero. O the very naming on't will drive her into a swoon; good sir, forbear.

Thar. Yet open, sweet, that I may bless mine eyes with sight of her fair shrine; and of thy sweetest self (her famous pandress) open, I say. Sister, you hear me well; paint not your tomb without; we know too well what rotten carcasses are lodg'd within; open, I say. [*Ero opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin, &c.*] Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery.

Ero. Alas! she's faint, and speech is painful to her.

Thar. Well said, frubber, was there no soldier here lately?

Ero. A soldier! when?

Thar. This night, last night, t'other night; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cyn. Who's there?

Ero. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here?

Cyn. Here was no soldier.

Ero.

Ero. Yes, mistress, I think here was such a one, tho' you took no heed of him.

Thar. Go to, sister; did not you join kisses, embraces, and plight indeed with him, the utmost pledge of nuptial love? Deny't, deny't; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguis'd husband; dispute it not. That you see yonder, is but a shadow, an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it, 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test; y'are warn'd, be arm'd. [Exit.

Ero. O fie o' these perils!

Cyn. O Ero! we are undone.

Ero. Nay, you'd ne'er be warn'd; I ever wish'd you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lyfander.

Cyn. Thou did'st, thou did'st.

Ero. Now you may see th' event. Well, our safety lies in our speed; he'll do us mischief, if we prevent not his coming. Let's to your mother's; and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villainy on your sex to intrap your frailties.

Cyn. Nay I resolve to sit out one brunt more; to try to what aim he'll enforce his project; were he some other man, unknown to me, his violence might awe me; but knowing him as I do, I fear him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should prove outrageous. Despair, they say, makes cowards turn couragious. Shut up the tomb.

She shuts the tomb.

Enter one of the soldiers sent out before to seek the Centinel.

1. *Sol.* All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier; his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tir'd hounds.—Who goes there?

Enter 2. Soldier another way.

2. *Sol.* A friend.

1. *Sol.* O! your success and mine touching this cæstinel, tells, I suppose, one tale; he's far enough I undertake, by this time.

2. *Sol.* I blame him not: the law's severe, (tho' just, and cannot be dispens'd.)

1. *Sol.* Why should the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, pursue offenders? that not pleas'd with their lives forfeit, exact a justice of them after death? And if a soldier in his watch forsooth lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't: It seems the state needed no soldiers when that was made a law.

2. *Sol.* So we may chide the fire for burning us; or say the bee's not good because she stings: 'Tis not the body the law respects, but the soldier's neglect; when the watch (the guard and safety of the city) is left abandon'd to all hazards. But let him go; and tell me if your news sort with mine, for Lycus is apprehended, they say, about Lyfander's murder.

1. *Sol.* 'Tis true; he's at the captain's lodge under guard, and 'tis my charge in the morning to unclose the leaden coffin, and discover the body; the captain will assay an old conclusion often approv'd; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again, and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty 'gainst the murderer.

2. *Sol.* O world, if this be true! his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd out for his bosom!

1. *Sol.* Tush, man; in this topsy-turvy world, friendship and bosom kindness are but made covers for mischief, means to compass ill. Near-allied trust, is but a bridge for treason. The presumptions cry aloud against him; his answers found disjointed, cross-legg'd, tripping up one another. He names a town whither he brought Lyfander murder'd by mountaineers; that's false; some of the dwellers have been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show, are such as shrews closely give their husbands, that never bleed, and find to be counterfeit.

2. *Sol.*

2. *Sol.* O that jade Falshood is never found of all; but halts of one leg still.

Truth pace is all upright, found every where,
And, like a die, sets ever on a square.

And how is Lycus his bearing in this condition ?

1. *Sol.* Faith, (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point) careless and confident, laughing at all that seem to pity him. But leave it to th'event. Night, fellow foldier, you'll not meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your hand to the unrigging of Lyfander's herse ?

2. *Sol.* I care not if I do, to view heaven's power in this unbottom'd cellar.

Blood, tho' it sleep a time, yet never dies.

The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

Lyfander solus, with a crow of iron, and a halter, which he lays down, and puts on his disguise again.

Lyf. Come, my borrow'd disguise, let me once more
Be reconciled to thee, my trustiest friend ;
Thou that in truest shape hast let me see
That which my truer self hath hid from me.
Help me to take revenge on a disguise,
Ten times more false and counterfeit than thou.
Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me ;
The seeming true, hath prov'd more false than her.
Assist me to behold this act of lust,
Note with a scene of strange impiety.
Her husband's murder'd corse ! O more than horror !
I'll not believe 't untry'd ; if she but list
A hand to act it ; by the fates, her brains flie out,
Since she has madded me ; let her beware my horns.
For tho' by goring her, no hope be shown
To cure myself, yet I'll not bleed alone. [*He knocks.*]

Ero. Who knocks ?

Lyf. The foldier ; open. [*She opens, and he enters.*]
See, sweet, here are the engines that mu't do't,
Which, with much fear of my discovery,
I have at last procur'd.

Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
Will overtake's; my stay hath been prolong'd
With hunting obscure nooks for these implements:
The night wears away; come, art resolv'd?

Cyn. Ay, you shall find me constant.

Lys. Ay, so I have, most prodigiously constant.
Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Ero. Better you and I join our hands and bear him
thither; you take his head.

Cyn. Ay, for that was always heavier than his whole
body besides.

Lys. You can tell best; that loaded it.

Ero. I'll be at the feet; I am able to bear against
you, I warrant you.

Lys. Hast thou prepar'd weak nature to digest
A fight so much distasteful? hast fear'd thy heart
It bleed not at the bloody spectacle?
Hast arm'd thy fearful eyes against th' affront
Of such a direful object?
'Thy murder'd husband ghastly staring on thee?
His wounds gaping to affright thee? his body soil'd with
Gore? 'fore heaven my heart shrugs at it!

Cyn. So does not mine.

Love's resolute; and stands not to consult
With petty terror; but in full career
Runs blind-fold through an army of misdoubts,
And interposing fears; perhaps I'll weep,
Or so, make a forc'd face, and laugh again.

Lys. O most valiant love!

I was thinking with myself as I came, how if this
Break to light? his body known,
(As many notes might make it) would it not fix
Upon thy fame an unremoved brand
Of shame, and hate? they that in former times
Ador'd thy virtue, would they not abhor
Thy loathed memory?

Cyn. All this I know.

But yet my love to thee
Swallows all this, or whatsoever doubts

Can come against it.

Shame's but a feather, ballanc'd with thy love.

Lys. Neither fear nor shame? you are steel to th'
Proof (but I shall iron you:) Come then, let's to work!

Alas, poor corpse! how many martyrdoms
Must thou endure? mangl'd by me a villain,
And now expos'd to the foul shame of the gibbet?

'Fore piety, there is somewhat in me strives

Against the deed, my very arm relents

To strike a stroke so inhumane,

To wound a hallow'd herse? suppose 'twere mine,

Would not my ghost start up and fly upon thee?

Cyn. No, I'd maul it down again with this.

[*She snatches up the crow.*]

Lys. How now?

[*He catches at her throat.*]

Cyn. Nay, then I'll essay my strength; a soldier, and
afraid of a dead man? A soft-toed milk-sop! Come,
I'll do't myself.

Lys. And I look on? give me the iron.

Cyn. No, I'll not lose the glory on't. This hand, &c.

Lys. Pr'ythee sweet, let it not be said the savage act
was thine; deliver me the engine.

Cyn. Content yourself, 'tis in a fitter hand.

Lys. Wilt thou first? art not thou the most—

Cyn. Ill-destin'd wife of a transformed monster;
Who to assure himself of what he knew,
Hath lost the shape of man!

Lys. Ha! cross-capers?

Cyn. Poor soldier's case! do not we know you, sir?
But I have given thee what thou cam'st to seek.

Go, Satyr, run affrighted with the noise

Of that harsh sounding horn thyself hast blown;

Farewell; I leave thee there my husband's corpse,

Make much of that.

[*Exit with Er.*]

Lys. What have I done? O let me lie and grieve, and
speak no more!

Captain, Lycus with a guard of three or four soldiers.

Cap. Bring him away; you must have patience, sir:
If you can say aught to quit you of those presumptions

that lie heavy on you, you shall be heard. If not, 'tis not your braves, nor your affecting looks can carry it. We must acquit our duties.

Lyc. Y'are captain o' th' watch, sir?

Cap. You take me right.

Lyc. So were you best do me; see your presumptions be strong; or be assured that shall prove a dear presumption, to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you have been suborn'd by some close villain to defame me.

Cap. 'Twill not be so put off, friend Lycus, I could wish your soul as free from taint of this foul fact, as mine from any such unworthy practice.

Lyc. Conduct me to the governor himself, to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Cap. First, sir, I'll bear you to Lyfander's tomb, to confront the murder'd body; and see what evidence the wounds will yield against you.

Lyc. Y'are wise, captain. But if the body should chance not to speak; if the wounds should be tonguetied, where's then your evidence, Captain? will not you be laugh'd at for an officious captain?

Cap. Y'are gallant, sir.

Lyc. Your Captainship commands my service no farther.

Cap. Well, sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not; we'll try what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

Lyc. Say you so, Captain? but heark ye, Captain, Might it not concur with the quality of your office, e'er this matter grow to the height of a more threat'ning danger, to wink a little at a by slip or so?

Cap. How's that?

Lyc. To send a man abroad under guard of one of your sillyest shack-rags; that he may beat the knave, and run's way. I mean this on good terms, Captain; I'll be thankful.

Cap. I'll think on't hereafter. Mean time I have other employment for you.

Lyc.

Lyc. Your place is worthily replenish'd, Captain. My duty, sir; heark ye, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army; I'll go raise the governor. [Is going.]

Cap. No haste, sir; he'll soon be here without your summons.

Soldiers thrust up Lysander from the tomb.

1. Sol. Bring forth the knight o' th' tomb; have we met with you, sir?

Lys. Pr'ythee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

2. Sol. Come, convey him to the lord governor.

1. Sol. Afore the Captain, sir. Have the heavens nought else to do, but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man?

2. Sol. Captain, here's the centinel we fought for; he's some new-pres'd soldier, for none of us know him.

Cap. Where found you him?

1. Sol. My truant was mich't, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Cap. Well said; guard him safe—but for the corpse.

1. Sol. For the corpse, sir? bare misprision; there's no body; nothing. A mere blandation; a *deceptio visus*. Unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lyc. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain; the body was born away piece-meal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas seen whole o' th' other side the Downs, upon a colestaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal. Which was a miracle, Captain.

Cap. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom; and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of the newest stamp. Know you what it is to forsake your stand? There's one of the bodies in your charge stol'n away; how answer you that? See, here comes the governor.

Enter

Enter a guard bare after the governor; Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias, before Eudora; Cynthia, Laodice, Sibenia, Iantbe, Ero, &c.

Guard. Stand aside there.

Cap. Room for a strange governor. The perfect draught of a most brainless, imperious upstart. O desert! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of governor?

Guard. Peace, masters; hear my lord.

Thar. All wisdom be silent; now speaks authority.

Gover. I am come in person to discharge justice.

Thar. Of his office.

Gover. The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this. A villain, whose very sight I abhor; where is he? Let me see him.

Cap. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

Gover. Go to, sirrah, y'are too malapert; I have heard of your centinel's escape; look to't.

Cap. My lord, this is the centinel you speak of.

Gover. How now, fir? what time a day is't?

Arg. I cannot shew you precisely, an't please your honour.

Gover. What? shall we have replications? rejoinders?

Thar. Such a creature, fool is, when he bestrides the back of authority.

Gover. Sirrah, stand you forth. It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconvenient murder upon the body of Lyfander.

Lyc. My good lord, I have not.

Gover. Peace, varlet; do't chop with me? I say, it is imagin'd thou hast murdered Lyfander. How it will be prov'd I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution, as justice in such cases requireth. Soldiers, take him away; bring forth the centinel.

Lyc. Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Gover. Sirrah, I'll no fending nor proving. For my part I am satisfied, it is so: that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

Thar.

Thar. A most excellent apprehension ! He's able, you see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

Eud. Hear him, my lord ; presumptions oftentimes (Tho' likely grounded) reach not to the truth. And truth is oft abus'd by likelihood. Let him be heard, my lord.

Gover. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice ; I will not hear him. Your late lord, was my honourable predecessor : but your ladyship must pardon me ; in matters of justice I am blind.

Thar. That's true.

Gov. I know no persons. If a court-favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest : I am seated in the throne of justice ; and I will do justice ; I will not hear him.

Eud. Not hear him, my lord ?

Gov. No, my lady : and moreover put you in mind, in whose presence you stand ; if you parrot to me long—go to.

Thar. Nay, the vice must snap his authority at all he meets ; how shalt else be known what part he plays ?

Gov. Your husband was a noble gentleman ; but, alas ! he came short, he was no statesman ; he has left a foul city behind him.

Thar. Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship, and all his honourable assistants of scavengers to sweep it clean.

Gov. It's full of vices, and great ones too.

Thar. And thou none of the meanest.

Gov. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy ; and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perish'd members.

Thar. That's the surgeon's office.

Gov. Cast out these rotten stinking carcases for infecting the whole city.

Arg. Rotten they may be ; but their wenches use to
pepper

pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your honour.

Gov. Peace, firrah, peace; and yet 'tis well said too. A good pregnant fellow, 'faith. But to proceed: I will spew drunkenness out o'th' city——

Thar. Into th' country.

Gov. Shifters shall cheat and starve; and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head; and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip lechery out o'th' city, there shall be no more euckolds. They that heretofore were arrant cornutos, shall now be honest shop-keepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion.

Thar. Do you hear, brother?

Gov. It shall be the only note of love to the husband, to love the wife: and none shall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckolds him.

Thar. Believe it, a wholesome reformation!

Gov. I'll have no more beggers. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by his wits. I'll have no more bankrupts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure: and the rest shall make a virtue of imprisonment; and their wives shall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows spaded for marrying again. For the old and wither'd, they shall be confiscated to unthrifty gallants and decay'd knights. If they be poor, they shall be burnt to make soap-ashes, or given to surgeons-hall, to be stamp'd to salve for the French measles. To conclude, I will cart pride out o'th' town.

Arg. An't please your honour, pride, an't be ne'er so beggarly, will look for a coach.

Gov. Well said, o' my honour. A good significant fellow, 'faith: what is he? he talks much: does he follow your ladyship?

Arg. No, an't please your honour, I go before her.

Giv. A good undertaking presence; a well-promising forehead, your gentleman-usher, madam?

Eud. Yours if you please, my lord.

Gov. Born i'th' city?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour; but begot i'th' court.

Gov. Tressel-legg'd?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour.

Gov. The better; it bears a breadth; makes room o' both sides. Might I not see his pace?

Arg. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Argus stalks.*]

Gov. 'Tis well, 'tis very well. Give me thy hand: madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it thread-bare for your sake. Fall in there, firrah. And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I must tell you, you are shallow: there's a state-point in't: hark you; the viceroy has given him, and we must uphold correspondence. He must walk; say one man goes wrongfully out o'th' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into the world.

Eud. Your lordship will give me but a word in private.

Thar. Come, brother; we know you well: what means this habit? why staid you not at Dipolis as you resolv'd, to take advertisement for us of your wife's bearing?

Lys. O brother, this jealous frensy has born me headlong to ruin.

Thar. Go to; be comforted; uncase yourself; and discharge your friend.

Gov. Is that Lysander, say you? and is all his story true?

By'r lady, madam, that jealousy will cost him dear: he undertook the person of a soldier; and as a soldier must have justice. Madam, his altitude in this case cannot dispense. Lycus, this soldier hath acquitted you.

Thar. And that acquittal I'll for him requite; the body lost, is by this time restor'd to his place.

Sol. It is, my lord.

Thar. These are state-points, in which your lordship's time has not yet train'd your lordship; please your lordship to grace a nuptial we have now in hand

Hylus and Laodice stand together.

'Twixt this young lady and this gentleman?

You

Your lordship there shall hear the ample story.
 And how the ass wrapt in a lyon's skin
 Fearfully roar'd; but his large ears appear'd,
 And made him laugh'd at, that before was fear'd.

Gov. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at an
 non-plus.

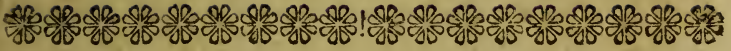
[Eudora whispers with Cynthia.]

Thar. Come, brother, thank the countess: she hath
 sweat to make your peace. Sister, give me your hand.

So, brother, let your lips compound the strife,
 And think you have the only constant wife.

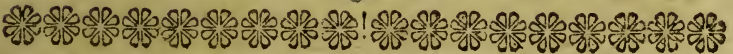
[Exeunt.]





THE
Revenger's Tragedy.

BY
Mr. *CYRIL TURNEUR.*



ALL



ALL that I can learn of this Author is, that he liv'd in the Reign of James the First, and wrote another Play call'd the Atheist's Tragedy. Mr. Winstanly quotes a Distich from some of his Cotemporaries, in Relation to our Author, which testifies that

His Fame unto that Pitch was only rais'd,
As not to be despis'd, nor over-prais'd.





Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE.
Dutchess.

Vindici. } Brothers to *Castiza*.
Hippolito. }

Lusurioso, the Dutchess's son.

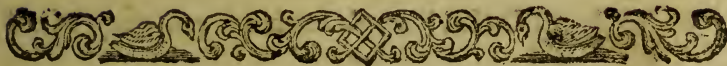
Spurio, a bastard.

Ambitioso, } the Dutchess's sons.
Supervacua, }

Antonio.

Dondolo.

Castiza.






THE

Revenger's Tragedy.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Vindici. The Duke, Dutchess, Lufurioso her son, Spurio the bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torch-light.

Vin.  UKE! royal lecher! go, grey-hair'd
adultery!

And thou his son, as impious steep'd as
he:

And thou his bastard, true begot in evil:

And thou his dutchess, that will do with devil:

Four exc'llent characters.---O that marrowless age

Should stuff the hollow bones with damn'd desires!

And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires

Within

Within the spend-thrift veins of a dry duke,
A parch'd and juiceless luxur. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon;
And he to riot it, like a son and heir!
O, the thought of that
Turns my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou fallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings,——then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,
That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
Oh, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,
To have consum'd, and yet his suit been cold.
But oh, accursed palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparel'd in thy flesh,
The old duke poison'd,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsey-lust; for old men lustful,
Do shew like young men angry; eager, violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances.
O 'ware an old man hot and vicious!
“Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous.”
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shew'st thyself tennant to tragedy;
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determin'd. Hum---who e'er knew
Murder unpaid? faith, give revenge her due,
Sh'as kept touch hitherto:---be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks!
To have their costly three-pil'd flesh worn off
As bare as this---for banquets, ease, and laughter,

Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay ;
But wise men little, are more great than they.

Enter his brother Hippolito.

Hip. Still fighting o'er death's vizard ?

Vin. Brother, welcome !

What comfort bring'st thou ? how go things at court ?

Hip. In silk and silver, brother : never braver.

Vin. Puh !

Thou play'st upon my meaning. Pr'ythee say,
Has that bald madam, Opportunity,
Yet thought upon's ? Speak, are we happy yet ?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.

Hip. It may prove happiness.

Vin. What is't may prove ?

Give me to taste.

Hip. Give me your hearing then.

You know my place at court ?

Vin. Ay, the duke's chamber :

But 'tis a marvail thou'rt not turn'd out yet !

Hip. Faith, I have been shov'd at ; but 'twas still my
hap

To hold by th' dutchefs' skirt : you guefs at that ;
Whom such a coat keeps up, can ne'er fall flat.

But to the purpose :

Last evening, predecessor unto this,

The duke's son warily enquir'd for me,

Whose pleasure I attended : he began

By policy to open and unhusk me,

About the time and common rumour :

But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts

Up in their built houses ; yet afforded him

An idle satisfaction without danger.

But the whole aim and scope of his intent,

Ended in this ; conjuring me in private

'To seek some strange digested fellow forth,

Of ill-contented nature, either disgrac'd

In former times, or by new grooms displac'd,

Since his step-mother's nuptials ; such a blood,

A man that were for evil only good ;

To give you the true word, some base-coin'd pander.

Vin. I reach you ; for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many concubines as ladies,
He would not be contain'd ; he must fly out.
I wonder how ill-featur'd, vile-proportion'd,
That one should be, if she were made for woman,
Whom, at the insurrection of his lust,
He would refuse for once. Heart, I think none :
Next to a skull, tho' more unsound than one,
Each face he meets he strongly doats upon.

Hip. Brother, y'ave truly spoke him.
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.

Vin. And therefore I'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o'th' time ;
For to be honest is not to be o'th' world.
Brother, I'll be that strange-compos'd fellow.

Hip. And I'll prefer you, brother.

Vin. Go to, then :
The small'st advantage fattens wronged men :
It may point out occasion ; if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the fore-top fast enough ;
Or, like the French Moale, heave up hair and all.
I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
Here comes our mother,

Hip. And sister.

Vin. We must coin :
Women are apt, you know, to take false money ;
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
Only excuse excepted, that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.

Enter Mother and Castiza.

Moth. What news from court, son Carlo ?

Hip. Faith, mother,
'Tis whisper'd there the dutchefs' youngest son
Has play'd a rape on lord Antonio's wife.

Moth. On that religious lady !

Cast. Royal blood ! monster, he deserves to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.

Vin. Sister, y'ave sentenc'd most direct and true,
The law's a woman, and would she were you.
Mother, I must take leave of you.

Moth. Leave! for what?

Vin. I intend speedy travel.

Hip. That he does, madam.

Moth. Speedy indeed!

Vin. For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnatural to me, e'en compell'd;
As if I liv'd now, when I should be dead.

Moth. Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.

Vin. The duke did much deject him.

Moth. Much?

Vin. Too much:

And tho' disgrace oft smother'd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent, the noble man's consumption.

Moth. Most sure he did.

Vin. Did he? lack!---you know all;
You were his midnight secretary.

Moth. No,

He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.

Vin. 'Yfaith then, father, thou wast wise indeed;
"Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."

Come, mother, sister: you'll bring me onward, brother.

Hip. I will.

Vin. I'll quickly turn into another. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the old Duke, Luffurioso, his son, the Dutchess: the Bastard, the Dutchess' two sons Ambitioso and Super-
vacuo, the third her youngest brought out with Officers
for the rape. Two Judges.*

Duke. Dutchess, it is your youngest son, we're sorry,
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours;
'Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state;
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs.
For that which would seem treason in our lives,
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,
With loud words and broad pens, our closest shame?

Jud.

Jud. Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,
Full of confirm'd gravity ;—for what is it to have
A flattering false insculption on a tomb,
And in mens hearts reproach ? the bowel'd corps
May be fear'd in, but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their fear-clothes break.

Duke. They do ; we're sorry for't, it is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.

I leave him to your sentence, doom him, lords,
The fact is great ; whilst I sit by and sigh.

Dutch. My gracious lord, I pray be merciful :
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own, as I am yours ;
Call him not son in law : the law, I fear,
Will fall too soon upon his name and him :
Temper his fault with pity.

Luf. Good my lord,
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the judge's palate ; for offences
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which wash'd off, no so
is uglier.

Amb. I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not relentless law
Look with an iron forehead on our brother.

Spu. He yields small comfort yet : hope he shall die ;
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turn'd into a corse.

Dutch. No pity yet ? must I rise fruitless then ?
A wonder in a woman ! are my knees
Of such low metal---that without respect---

1st Jud. Let the offender stand forth :
'Tis the duke's pleasure, that impartial doom
Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
A rape ! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double adultery.

Jun. So, sir.

2d Jud. And, which was worse,
Committed on the lord Antonio's wife,
That general honest lady. Confess, my lord,

What mov'd you to't ?

Jun. Why flesh and blood, my lord ;
What should move men unto a woman else ?

Luf. O do not jest thy doom ! trust not an ax
Or sword too far : the law is a wise serpent,
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
Tho' marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy death.

Jun. I thank you, troth ; good admonitions, faith,
If I'd the grace now to make use of them.

1st Jud. That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all Italy, that if our tongues
Were sparing toward the fact, judgment itself
Would be condemn'd, and suffer in men's thoughts.

Jun. Well then, 'tis done ; and it would please me
well,

Were it to do again : sure she's a goddess,
For I'd no power to see her, and to live.
It falls out true in this, for I must die ;
Her beauty was ordain'd to be my scaffold.
And yet, methinks, I might be easier 'sefs'd,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.

1st Jud. This be the sentence----

Dutch. Oh keep't upon your tongue ; let it not slip ;
Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
Be not so cruel-wife !

1st Jud. Your grace must pardon us ;
'Tis but the justice of the law.

Dutch. The law
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.

Spu. New, now he dies ! rid 'em away.

Dutch. O, what it is to have an old cool duke,
To be as slack in tongue as in performance !

1st Jud. Confirm'd, this be the doom irrevocable.

Dutch. Oh !

1st Jud. To-morrow early—

Dutch. Pray be a-bed, my lord.

1st Jud. Your grace much wrongs yourself.

Amb. No, 'tis that tongue,
Your too much right, does do us too much wrong.

1st Jud.

1st Jud. Let that offender——

Dutch. Live, and be in health.

1st Jud. Be on a scaffold——

Duke. Hold, hold, my lord.

Spu. Pox on't,

What makes my dad speak now ?

Duke. We will defer the judgment till next sitting :
In the mean time, let him be kept close prisoner.

Guard, bear him hence.

Amb. Brother, this makes for thee ;

Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.

Jun. Brother, I will expect it from you both ; and in
that hope I rest.

Sup. Farewell, be merry. [Exit with a guard.

Spu. Delay'd ! deferr'd ! nay then, if judgment have
cold blood,

Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it, then, my lords, with your best
powers :

More serious business calls upon our hours. [Exeunt.

Manet Dutchess.

Dutch. Was it ever known step-dutchess was so mild

And calm as I ? Some now would plot his death

With easy doctors, those loose-living men,

And make his wither'd grace fall to his grave,

And keep church better.

Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

Her double-loath'd lord at meat or sleep.

Indeed, 'tis true, an old man's twice a child ;

Mine cannot speak ; one of his single words

Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son

From death or durance, and have made him walk

With a bold foot upon the thorny law,

Whose prickles should bow under him ; but 'tis not,

And therefore wedlock-faith shall be forgot :

I'll kill him in his forehead ; hate there feed ;

That wound is deepest, tho' it never bleed.

And here comes he, whom my heart points unto,

His bastard son, but my love's true begot ;

Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,

Swell'd up with jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind.

That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his master's chilness and vain fear.
H'as spy'd me now.

Enter Spurio.

Spu. Madam, your grace so private?
My duty on your hand.

Dutch. Upon my hand, sir! troth, I think you'd
fear

To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.

Spu. Witness I would not, madam.

Dutch. 'Tis a wonder,

For ceremony has made many fools!

It is as easy way unto a dutchefs,

As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:

But that by timorous honours, pale respects,

Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways

Hard of themselves—What have you thought of me

Spu. Madam, I ever think of you in duty,

Regard, and——

Dutch. Puh! upon my love I mean.

Spu. I would 'twere love; but 'tis a fouler name
'Than lust: you are my father's wife—your grace may
guess now

What I could call it.

Dutch. Why, th'art his son but falsly;

'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

Spu. 'Ifaith, 'tis true: I'm an uncertain man,
Of more uncertain woman. May be his groom o'th'
stable begot me; you know I know not; he could ride
a horse well, a shrewd suspicion, marry!—he was won-
d'rous tall: he had his length, i'faith; for peeping over
half-shut holy-day windows, men would desire him light,
when he was a-foot.

He made a goodly show under a pent-house;

And, when he rid, his hat would check the signs, and
clatter

Barbers basons.

Dutch. Nay, let you a horse-back once,

You'll

You'll ne'er light off.

Spu. Indeed, I am a begger.

Dutch. That's more the sign thou'rt great.—But to our love :

Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mind,
'That the duke was thy father, as no doubt
He bid fair for't, thy injury is the more ;
For had he cut thee a right diamond,
Thou had'st been next set in the dukedom's ring,
When his worn self, like age's easy slave,
Had dropt out of the collet into th' grave.
What wrong can equal this ? Canst thou be tame,
And think upon't ?

Spu. No ; mad, and think upon't.

Dutch. Who would not be reveng'd of such a father,
E'en in the worst way ? I would thank that sin
That could most injure him, and be in league with it.
Oh, what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once i'th' world, and then to live a bastard !
The curse o'the womb, the thief of nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half damn'd in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Spu. Oh, I'd a hot-back'd devil to my father.

Dutch. Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood
rough ?

Who but an eunuch would not sin ? his bed,
By one false minute, disinherited.

Spu. Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was
wrapt in !

I'll be reveng'd for all : now hate begin,
I'll call foul incest but a venial sin.

Dutch. Cold still ! in vain then must a dutchefs woo ?

Spu. Madam, I blush to say what I will do.

Dutch. Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and
farewell.

Spu. Oh, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.

Dutch. Faith now, old duke, my vengeance shall
reach high,

I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry.

[Exit.

Spu.

Spz. Duke, thou didst do me wrong; and, by thy act,

Adultery is my nature.

Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
Were merrily dispos'd to fall again.

In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept centinel at stair-head,
Was I stol'n softly:—oh—damnation meet,

The sin of feasts, drunken adultery,

I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!

I was begot in impudent wine and lust.

Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;

I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,

And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,

Death, and disgrace, may be their epitaphs.

As for my brother, the duke's only son,

Whose birth is more beholden to report

Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown,

(Women must not be trusted with their own)

I'll loose my days upon him, hate all; I,

Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:

For, indeed, a bastard by nature should make cuckold,

Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker. [Exit.]

Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici in disguise, to attend L. Luffurioso, the duke's son.

Vin. What, brother, am I far enough from myself?

Hip. As if another man had been sent whole
Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vin. It will confirm me bold, the child o'th' court;
Let blushes dwell i'th' country. Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfum'd people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady saphires. Turn my visage;

And,

And, if I must needs glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool bashfulness;
That maid in the old time, whose flush of grace
Would never suffer her to get good cloaths.
Our maids are wiser, and are less ashamed;
Save Grace the bawd, I seldom hear grace nam'd!

Hip. Nay, brother, you reach out o'th' verge now—
'Sfoot, the duke's son! settle your looks.

Vin. Pray, let me not be doubted.

Hip. My lord—— [Enter *Luffu.*

Luf. Hippolito!—be absent, leave us.

Hip. My lord, after long search, wary inquiries,
And politick siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments:
This our age swims within him; and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,
He is so near kin to this present minute.

Luf. 'Tis enough;

We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks;
Gold, tho' it be dumb, does utter the best thanks.

Hip. Your plenteous honour—An excellent fellow,
my lord.

Luf. So, give us leave—welcome, be not far off;
we must be better acquainted: pish, be bold with us—
thy hand.

Vin. With all my heart, i'faith: how dost, sweet
musk-cat?

When shall we lie together?

Luf. Wond'rous knave!

Gather him into boldness! 'sfoot, the slave's
Already as familiar as an ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure.—Friend, I can
Forget myself in private; but elsewhere,
I pray do you remember me.

Vin. Oh! very well, sir—I construe myself saucy.

Luf. What hast been?

Of what profession?

Vin. A bone-setter.

Luf. A bone-setter!

Vin. A bawd, my lord,
One that sets bones together.

Luf. Notable bluntness !
Fit, fit for me ; e'en train'd up to my hand :
Thou hast been scrivener to much knavery then ?

Vin. Fool to abundance, fir : I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins ;
And not so little.

I have seen patrimonies wash'd a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turn'd into bastards,
And in a world of acres,
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to,
As would well gravel a petition.

Luf. Fine villain ! troth I like him wonderously :
He's e'en shap'd for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
I'th' world strange lust ?

Vin. O Dutch lust ! fulsome lust !
Drunken procreation ! which begets so many drunkards :
Some fathers dread not (gone to bed in wine) to slide
from the mother,

And cling the daughter-in-law ;
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces ;
Brothers with brothers wives. O hour of incest !
Any kin now, next to the rim o'th' sister,
Is man's meat in these days ; and in the morning,
When they are up and drest, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
'That sees thro' flesh and all ? Well, if any thing be
damn'd,

It will be twelve o'clock at night ; that twelve
Will never 'scape ;

It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betray'd to sin.

Luf. In troth, it is true : but let this talk glide ;
It is our blood to err, tho' hell gape wide.

Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, fir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle,
And deeply fathom'd into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment ;
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able

To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

Vin. My lord,

Secret! I ne'er had that disease o'th' mother,
I praise my father: why are men made close,
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'th' morning.
But, my lord—

Luf. So, thou'rt confirm'd in me,
And thus I enter thee.

Vin. This Indian devil

Will quickly enter any man, but a usurer;
He prevents that, by entering the devil first.

Luf. Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are level'd at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have convey'd by messenger
Many wax'd lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels, that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She, foolish chaste, sent back; the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.

Vin. Possible!

'Tis a rare Phoenix, who e'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth, my lord, I'd be reveng'd and marry her.

Luf. Pish! the dowry of her blood, and of her for-
tunes,

Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage is good; yet rather keep a friend.
Give me my bed by stealth—there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night?

Vin. A very fine religion!

Luf. Therefore, thus

I'll trust thee in the business of my heart;
Because I see thee well experienc'd
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe:
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue,
Bewitch her ears, and cozen her of all grace:

Enter upon the portion of her soul,
 Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
 And bring it into expence ; for honesty
 Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
 Which ne'er so little broke, does never keep.

Vin. You have gi'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord :
 Make known the lady to me, and my brain
 Shall swell with strange invention : I will move it,
 Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
 Without a word to save me—but I'll work——

Luf. We thank thee, and will raise thee—Receive her
 name ; it is the only daughter to madam Gratiana, the
 late widow.

Vin. Oh, my sister, my sister !—

Luf. Why dost walk aside ?

Vin. My lord, I was thinking how I might begin :
 As thus, oh lady—or twenty hundred devices ;
 Her very bodkin will put a man in.

Luf. Ay, or the wagging of her hair.

Vin. No, that shall put you in, my lord.

Luf. Shall't ? why, content—Do't know the daugh-
 ter, then ?

Vin. O excellent well, by sight.

Luf. That was her brother

That did prefer thee to us.

Vin. My lord, I think so ;

I knew I had seen him somewhere—

Luf. And therefore, pr'ythee, let thy heart to him
 Be as a virgin, close.

Vin. Oh, my good lord.

Luf. We may laugh at that simple age within him,

Vin. Ha, ha, ha !

Luf. Himself being made the subtle instrument
 To wind up a good fellow.

Vin. That's I, my lord.

Luf. That's thou,

To entice and work his sister.

Vin. A pure novice !

Luf. 'Twas finely manag'd.

Vin. Gallantly carried !

A pretty perfum'd villain!

Luf. I've bethought me,
If she prove chaste still, and immoveable,
Venture upon the mother; and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.

Vin. Oh, fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord.
'Tis meer impossible, that a mother, by any gifts, should
become a bawd to her own daughter!

Luf. Nay, then, I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtle
mystery of a woman.—Why 'tis held now no dainty
dish: the name

Is so in league with age, that now a-days
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother.

Vin. Does it so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth.

Luf. Why, well said—come, I'll furnish thee; but first
Swear to be true in all.

Vin. True!

Luf. Nay, but swear.

Vin. Swear!—I hope your honour little doubts my
faith.

Luf. Yet, for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing.

Vin. 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.

Luf. Why enough!

E'er long look to be made of better stuff.

Vin. That will do well indeed, my lord.

Luf. Attend me.

Vin. Oh!

Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison;
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains!
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st thou?
I'faith thou shalt: swear me to foul my sister!
Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee;
Thou shalt disheir him; it shall be thine honour.
And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy,
In this disguise, to try the faith of both.
Another might have had the self-same office;
Some slave, that would have wrought effectually,
Ay, and perhaps o'er-wrought 'em; therefore I,

Being

Being thought travel'd, will apply myself
 Unto the self-same form, forget my nature,
 As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
 So touch 'em ;—tho' I durst almost for good,
 Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood. [Exit.

Enter the discontented lord Antonio, whose wife the dutchess's youngest son ravish'd; he discovering the body of her dead to certain lords, and Hippolito.

Ant. Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
 Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
 Being falsely undermin'd. Violent rape
 Has play'd a glorious act: behold, my lords,
 A sight that strikes man out of me.

Piero. That virtuous lady!

Ant. Precedent for wives!

Hip. The blush of many women, whose chaste presence

Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,
 And make pale wanton sinners have good colours.—

Ant. Dead!

Her honour first drank poison, and her life,
 Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.

Pier. O grief of many!

Ant. I mark'd not this before:

A prayer-book, the pillow to her cheek:
 This was her rich confectiion; and another
 Plac'd in her right hand, with a leaf tuck'd up,
 Pointing to these words;

Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere:

True, and effectual it is indeed.

Hip. My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
 Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
 As to ourselves, we may relieve your wrongs:
 We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue;
Curæ leves loquantur, majores stupent.

Ant. You deal with truth, my lord.

Lead me but your attentions, and I'll cut
 Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
 When torch-light made an artificial noon

About the court, some courtiers in the mask,
 Putting on better faces than their own,
 Being full of fraud and flattery; amongst whom
 The dutchefs' youngest son (that moth to honour)
 Fil'd up a-room, and with long lust to eat
 Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
 Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd
 As cold in lust as she is now in death,
 (Which that step-dutchefs monster knew too well;)
 And therefore, in the height of all the revels,
 When musick was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
 And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute!
 Unfit but for relation to be spoke of:
 Then, with face more impudent than his vizard,
 He hurry'd her amidst a throng of panders,
 That live upon damnation of both kinds,
 And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
 (O death to think on't!) she, her honour forc'd,
 Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
 To die with poison, than to live with shame.

Hip. A wond'rous lady! of rare fire compact;
 Sh'as made her name an emprefs by that act.

Pier. My lord, what judgment follows the offender?

Ant. Faith none, my lord, it cools, and is deferr'd.

Pier. Delay the doom for rape!

Ant. O, you must note who 'tis should die,
 The dutchefs' son; she'll look to be a faver;
 "Judgment, in this age, is near kin to favour."

Hip. Nay, then, step forth thou bribeless officer:
 I'll bind you all in steel, to bind you surely;
 Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
 Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade;
 Strengthen my vow, that if, at the next sitting,
 Judgment speak all in gold, and spare the blood
 Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats
 To let his soul out, which long since was found
 Guilty in heaven.

All. We swear it, and will act it.

Ant. Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.

Hip. 'Twere pity

The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipt in the defacer's blood.

Picr. Her funeral shall be wealthy ; for her name
Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes ;
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.

Ant. That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be call'd a miracle at last,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste. [*Exeunt.*]



Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter Castiza the sister.

Cast. **H**OW hardly shall that maiden be beset,
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts!
'That has no other child's part but her honour,
'That keeps her low and empty in estate!
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners ;
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer finners :
Why had not virtue a revenue ? Well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverish'd hell.

Enter Dondolo.

How now, Dondolo ?

Don. Madona, there is one, as they say, a thing of
flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard, that
would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

Cast. What's that ?

Don. Show his teeth in your company.

Cast. I understand thee not.

Don. Why speak with you, madona..

Cast. Why, say so, madman, and cut off a great deal
of dirty way : had it not been better spoke in ordinary
words, that one would speak with me ?

Don.

Don. Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings. I would strive a little to show myself in my place; a gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of a serving-man.

Cast. Yours be your own, sir; go, direct him hither; I hope some happy tidings from my brother, That lately travell'd, whom my soul affects. Here he comes.

Enter Vindice her brother, disguised.

Vin. Lady, the best of wishes to your sex. Fair skins and new gowns.

Cast. Oh they shall thank you, sir. Whence this?

Vin. Oh, from a dear and worthy friend.

Cast. From whom?

Vin. The duke's son!

Cast. Receive that. [*A box o'the ear to her brother.*]
I swore I'd put anger in my hand,
And pass the virgin limits of my self,
To him that next appear'd in that base office,
To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't;
Tell him, my honour shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame.
Farewel; commend me to him in my hate. [*Exit.*]

Vin. It is the sweetest box,
That e'er my nose came nigh;
The finest draw-work cuff that e'er was worn;
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still hence-forward take the wall of this.
Oh, I'm above my tongue: most constant sifter,
In this thou hast right honourable shown;
Many are call'd by their honour, that have none;
Thou art approv'd for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point, I will lay
Hard siege unto my mother, tho' I know,
A Siren's tongue could not bewitch her so.

Mafs, fitly here ſhe comes ! thanks, my diſguiſe—
Madam, good afternoon.

Moth. Y'are welcome, fir.

Vin. The next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the duke's ſon.

Moth. I think myſelf much honour'd, that he pleaſes
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vin. So may you, lady :
One that is like to be our ſuddain duke ;
The crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How bleſt were they now that could pleaſure him,
E'en with any thing almoſt !

Moth. Ay, ſave their honour.

Vin. Tut, one would let a little of that go too,
And ne'er be ſeen in't : n'er be ſeen in't, mark you,
I'd wink and let it go——

Moth. Marry but I would not.

Vin. Marry but I would, I hope ; I know you would
too,

If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about ;
That man that muſt be all this, perhaps e'er morning,
(For his white father do's but mould away)
Has long deſir'd your daughter.

Moth. Deſir'd ?

Vin. Nay, but hear me,
He deſires now, that will command hereafter :
Therefore be wiſe, I ſpeak as more a friend
To you than him ; madam, I know you're poor,
And (lack the day !) there are too many poor ladies al-
ready ;

Why ſhould you wax the number ? 'tis deſpis'd.
Live wealthy, rightly underſtand the world,
And chide away that fooliſh country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chaſtity.

Moth. O fie, fie ! the riches of the world cannot hire a
mother to ſuch a moſt unnatural taſk.

Vin. No, but a thouſand angels can ;
Men have no power, angels muſt work you to't :

The world descends into such base-born evils,
That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
There will be fools still I perceive—still fool?
Would I be poor, dejected, scorn'd of greatness,
Swept from the palace, and see others daughters
Spring with the dew o'the court, having mine own
So much desir'd and lov'd—by the duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast;
And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks;
Take coach upon her lip; and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.

You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho' it be but some;
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home.

Moth. O heavens! this o'ercomes me!

Vin. Not I hope already? [*Aside.*

Moth. It is too strong for me; men know that know
us, [*Aside.*

We are so weak their words can overthrow us:
He touch'd me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.

Vin. I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge,
I fear me she's unmother'd, yet I'll venture.

“ That woman is all male, whom none can enter.

[*Aside.*

What think you now, lady? speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? thus it said,
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not madam? but I'll swear it does

In many places: tut, this age fears no man,
“ 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.

Moth. Ay, that's the comfort on't.

Vin. The comfort on't!

I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven—and—

Moth. Ay, these are they—

Vin. Oh!

Moth. That enchant our sex;

These

These are the means that govern our affections,—that
woman

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you :
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do.

Vin. O suffering heaven ! with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see myself. [*Aside.*

Moth. Look you, sir.

Vin. Hollo.

Moth. Let this thank your pains.

Vin. O you're a kind madam.

Moth. I'll see how I can move.

Vin. Your words will sting.

Moth. If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.

Vin. Spoke truer than you meant it.

Moth. Daughter Castiza.

Cast. Madam.

Vin. O, she's yonder,

Meet her : troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.

Cast. Madam, what makes yon evil-offic'd man
In presence of you ?

Moth. Why ?

Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the duke's son,
To tempt me to dishonourable act.

Moth. Dishonourable act ?—good honourable fool,
That would'st be honest, cause thou would'st be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.

And 't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom ? poor people ; ignorant people ;
The better sort, I'm sure, cannot abide it.

And by what rule should we square out our lives,
But by our betters actions ? oh, if thou knew'st
What t'were to lose it, thou would never keep it !

But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids,
Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades,
Virginity is paradise lock'd up.

You cannot come by yourselves without see :

And 'twas decreed, that man should keep the key !
Deny advancement ! treasure ! the duke's son !

Cast. I cry you mercy ! lady, I mistook you,
Pray did you see my mother, which way went you ?
Pray God I have not lost her.

Vin. Prettily put by !

Moth. Are you as proud to me, as coy to him ?
Do you not know me now ?

Cast. Why, are you she ?
The world's so chang'd, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother.

Vin. Most right, i'faith.

Moth. I owe your cheek my hand
For that presumption now, but I'll forget it ;
Come, you shall leave those childish haviours,
And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a girl ?
If all fear'd drowning that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the merchants poor.

Cast. It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but me,
thinks now

It does not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

Vin. Faith, bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less.

[*Aside.*]

I wonder, lady, your own mother's words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.

'Tis honesty you urge ; what's honesty ?

'Tis but heaven's begger ; and what woman is so foolish
to keep honesty,

And be not able to keep herself ? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge.
A maid that has small portion now intends
'To break up house, and live upon her friends ;
How blest are you ! you have happiness alone ;
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazle the world with jewels ; and petitionary people
Start at your presence.

Moth. Oh, if I were young, I should be ravish'd.

Cast.

Cast. Ay, to lose your honour!

Vin. 'Slid, how can you lose your honour,
To deal with my lord's grace?
He'll add more honour to it by his title;
Your mother will tell you how.

Moth. That I will.

Vin. O think upon the pleasure of the palace!
Secur'd ease and state! the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken
when they're eaten!

Banquets abroad by torch-light! musick! sports!
Bare-headed vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
'To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em!
Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry—

Cast. Ay, to the devil.

Vin. Ay, to the devil! to th' duke, by my faith.

Moth. Ay, to the duke: daughter, you'd scorn to think
o'the devil, and you were there once.

Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his
heart, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-liv'd beauty to the pictures,
That are as uselefs as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself,
Walk with a hundred acres on their backs,
Fair meadows cut into green fore-parts?—oh!
It was the greatest blessing ever happen'd to women;
When farmers sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up gentlemen!
The common-wealth has flourish'd ever since:
Lands that were mete by the rod, that labour's spar'd,
Taylors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely fore-tops of the field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires—much untold—
All thrives but chastity, she lies a cold.

Nay, shall I come nearer to you? mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis
the poorer profession: that's accounted best, that's best
follow'd; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not
honesty,

honesty, believe it; and do but note the love and dejected price of it:

Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it :

But that once gone, who is so mad to look it ?

Moth. Troth he says true.

Cast. False, I defy you both :

I have endur'd you with an ear of fire ;

Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.

Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Moth. Where ?

Cast. Do you not see her ? she's too inward then :

Slave, perish in thy office: you heavens please,

Henceforth to make the mother a disease,

Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you.

[*Exit.*

Vin. O angels, clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this virgin crystal plaudities !

Moth. Peevish, coy, foolish !—but return this answer,
My lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way ; I will sway mine own,
Women with women can work best alone.

[*Exit.*

Vin. Indeed I'll tell him so.

O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world ?—why does not earth start up,
And strike the fins that tread upon't ?—oh,
Wer't not for gold and women, there would be no
damnation.

Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen, without fire
in't.

But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch at man. [*Exit.*

Enter Luffurioso, with Hippolito, Vindici's brother.

Luf. I much applaud thy judgment, thou art well
read in a fellow,

And 'tis the deepest art to study man.

I know this, which I never learnt in schools,

The world's divided into knaves and fools.

Hip. Knave in your face, my lord, behind your back.

[*Aside.*

Luf. And I much thank thee, that thou hast prefer'd,
A fellow of discourse—well mingled,
And whose brain time hath season'd.

Hip. True, my lord,
We shall find season once, I hope—O villain!
'To make such an unnatural slave of me!—but— [*Aside.*

Luf. Mafs, here he comes.

Hip. And now shall I have free leave to depart.

Luf. Your absence, leave us.

Hip. Are not my thoughts true? [*Aside.*
I must remove; but, brother, you may stay.
Heart, we are both made bawds a new-found way!

Luf. Now we're an even number, a third man's dan-
gerous,

Especially her brother;—say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward—

Vin. Oh, my lord!

Luf. Ravish me in thine answer; art thou rare?
Hast thou beguil'd her of salvation,
And rubb'd hell o'er with honey? is she a woman?

Vin. In all but in desire.

Luf. Then she's in nothing—I bate in courage now.

Vin. The words I brought,

Might well have made indifferent honest, naught.
A right good woman, in these days, is chang'd
Into white money with less labour far:
Many a maid has turn'd to Mahomet,
With easier working; I durst undertake
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife.
But she is close and good;—yet 'tis a doubt by this time,
oh the mother, the mother!

Luf. I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?

Vin. Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
Or shame the woman that receiv'd me first.
I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclaim,
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame. [*Aside.*
My lord.

Luf.

Luf. Who's that ?

Vin. Here's none but I, my lord.

Luf. What would thy haste utter ?

Vin. Comfort.

Luf. Welcome.

Vin. The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,
But set spurs to the mother ; golden spurs,
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.

Luf. Is't possible that in this,
The mother shou'd be damn'd before the daughter ?

Vin. Oh, that's good manners, my lord, the mother
for her age must go foremost, you know.

Luf. Thou'lt spoke that true ! but where comes in this
comfort ?

Vin. In a fine place, my lord,——the unnatural mo-
ther

Did with tongue so hard beset her honour,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder ;
Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath,
Did blow fire on her cheeks : the girl departed,
But the good antient madam, half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply note of ;
My lord shall be most welcome.

Luf. Faith, I thank her.

Vin. When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Luf. That shall be soon, i'faith.

Vin. I will sway mine own—

Luf. She does the wiser, I commend her for't.

Vin. Womep with women can work best alone.

Luf. By this light, and so they can ; give 'em their due,
men are not comparable to 'em.

Vin. No that's true, for you shall have one woman
knit more in an hour, than any man can ravel again in
seven and twenty year.

Luf. Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em free-
men now.

Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee ;
Be wise and make it thy revenue ; beg, beg ;

What office could'st thou be ambitious for?

Vin. Office, my lord! marry if I might have my wish, I would have one that was never begg'd yet.

Luf. Nay, then thou can'st have none.

Vin. Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet, nay and keep a horse and drab upon't.

Luf. Pr'ythee, good bluntnefs, tell me.

Vin. Why I would desire but this, my lord, to have all the fees behind the arras; and all the farthingales that fall plump about twelve a clock at night upon the rushes.

Luf. Thou'rt a mad, apprehensive knave, dost think to make any great purchase of that?

Vin. Oh 'tis an unknown thing, my lord, I wonder t'has been mis'd so long.

Luf. Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then
A year in my desires—farewell, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment. [Exit.

Vin. My lov'd lord!

Oh shall I kill him o'th'wrong side now? no!
Sword, thou was't never a back-biter yet;
I'll pierce him to his face, he shall die looking upon me.
Thy veins are swell'd with lust, this shall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggers could not kill 'em.
Forgive, me heaven, to call my mother wicked!
Oh lessen not my days upon the earth,
I cannot honour her. By this, I fear me,
Her tongue has turn'd my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be forsworn
To this our lecherous hope, the duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines and all,
Count beneficial perjury a sin small,
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour,
And keep the ports sure.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Brother, how goes the world? I would know
news of you,
But I have news to tell you.

Vin. What, in the name of knavery?

Hip. Knavery, faith;
This vicious old duke's worthily abused,

The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold !

Vin. His bastard ?

Hip. Pray believe it; he and the dutchefs,
By night meet in their linen; they have been seen
By stair-foot panders.

Vin. Oh sin foul and deep !

Great faults are wink'd at when the duke's asleep.
See, see, here comes the Spurio.

Hip. Monstrous luxur !

Vin. Unbrac'd ! two of his valiant bawds with him !
O there's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear.
Stay, let's observe his passage——

Enter Spu. and Servant.

Spu. Oh, but are you sure on't ?

Ser. My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the duke's son's lust,
'That he intends within this hour to steal
Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use.

Spu. Sweet word ! sweet occasion ! faith then, brother,
I'll disinherit you in as short time,

As I was when I was begot in haste.

I'll damn you at your pleasure : precious deed !

After your lust, oh 'twill be fine to bleed.

Come, let our passing out be soft and wary. [*Exeunt.*]

Vin. Mark, there, there, that step; now to the dutchefs;

This their second meeting writes the duke cuckold,
With new additions; his horns newly reviv'd.

Night ! thou that look'st like funeral heralds fees,

Torn down betimes i'th' morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.

Now 'tis full sea a-bed over the world,

There's juggling of all sides; some that were maids

E'en at sun-set, are now perhaps i'th' toll-book.

This woman in immodest thin apparel,

Lets in her friend by water; here a dame,

Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door,

To avoid proclamation.

Now cuckolds are coining, apace, apace, apace, apace !

And careful sisters spin that thread i'th'night,
That does maintain them and their bawds i'th' day.

Hip. You flow well, brother.

Vin. Puh, I'm shallow yet ;

Too sparing and too modest ; shall I tell thee ?
If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.

Hip. I am of that belief too.

Vin. Who's this comes ?

Hip. The duke's son up so late !—brother, fall back,
And you shall learn some mischief —My good lord !

Enter Luf.

Luf. Piato ! why the man I wish'd for. Come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.

Vin. Heart and hell !

Hip. Damn'd villain !

Vin. I have no way now to cross it, but to kill him.

Luf. Come only thou and I.

Vin. My lord ! my lord !

Luf. Why dost thou start us ?

Vin. I'd almost forgot—the bastard !

Luf. What of him ?

Vin. This night, this hour—this minute, now.

Luf. What? what?

Vin. Shadows the dutchess—

Luf. Horrible word !

Vin. And like strong poison, eats
Into the duke your father's forehead.

Luf. Oh !

Vin. He makes horn royal.

Luf. Most ignoble slave !

Vin. This is the fruit of two beds.

Luf. I am mad.

Vin. That passage he trod warily.

Luf. He did !

Vin. And hush'd his villains every step he took.

Luf. His villains ? I'll confound them.

Vin. Take 'em finely, finely, now.

Luf. The dutchess' chamber-door shall not controul me.

[*Exeunt.*

Hip. Good, happy, swift: there's gunpowder i'th' court,

Wild-fire at midnight. In this heedless fury

He may show violence to cross himself.

I'll follow the event.

[*Exit.*

Enter again.

Luf. Where is that villain?

Vin. Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.

Luf. I care not how.

Vin. Oh! 'twill be glorious

To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd. Be soft, my lord.

Luf. Away, my spleen is not so lazy: thus, and thus I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword

Shut 'em again for ever. — Villain! strumpet! —

Duke. You upper guard defend us.

Dutch. Treason! treason!

Duke. Oh, take me not in sleep! I have great sins; I must have days,

Nay, months, dear son, with penitential heaves

To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear:

O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.

Luff. I am amaz'd to death.

Duke. Nay, villain, traitor,

Worse than the foulest epithet; now I'll gripe thee

E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head

Amongst the lawyer's guard.

Enter Nobles and Sons.

1 *Noble.* How comes the quiet of your grace disturb'd?

Duke. This boy, that should be myself after me,

Would be myself before me; and in heat

Of that ambition bloodily rush'd in,

Intending to depose me in my bed.

2 *Noble.* Duty and natural loyalty forefend!

Dutch. He call'd his father villain, and me strumpet;

A word that I abhor to fill my lips with.

Amb. That was not so well done, brother:

Luf. I am abus'd — I know there's no excuse can do me good.

Kind. 'Tis now good policy to be from sight;

His vicious purpose to our sister's honour,
Is cross'd beyond our thought.

Hip. You little dreamt his father slept here.

Vind. Oh, 'twas far beyond me;

But since it fell so,—without frightful words,
Would he had kill'd him, 'twould have eas'd our swords.

Duke. Be comforted our dutcheffs, he shall die.

[*Dissemble a flight.*]

Luff. Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine
eye,

Guilty of this abuse.

Enter Spurio, with his villains.

Spu. Y'are villains! fblers!

You have knaves chins and harlots tongues; you lie;
And I will damn you with one meal a day.

1 *Serv.* O, good my lord!

Spu. 'Sblood, you shall never sup.

2 *Serv.* O, I beseech you, sir!

Spu. To let my sword catch cold so long, and miss
him!

1 *Serv.* Troth, my lord, 'twas his intent to meet
there.

Spu. 'Heart, he's yonder!

Ha, what news here? is the day out o'th'socket,
That it is noon at midnight? the court up!
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?

Luff. The bastard here?

Nay, then the truth of my intent shall out;
My lord and father, hear me.

Duke. Bear him hence.

Luff. I can with loyalty excuse.

Duke. Excuse? to prison with the villain!
Death shall not long lag after him.

Spu. Good, i'faith, then 'tis not much amiss.

Luff. Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues;
I pray persuade for me.

Amb. It is our duties; make yourself sure of us.

Sup. We'll sweat in pleading.

Luff. And I may live to thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Amb. No, thy death shall thank me better.

Spu.

Spu. He's gone; I'll after him,
And know his trespass; seem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a puritan heart.

[*Exit.*

Amb. Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtly together, that in speaking one word for his
life,

We may make three for his death:
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

Sup. Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.

Duke. Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as
the sword? it is the highest, he can go no farther:

Amb. My gracious lord, take pity—

Duk. Pity, boys!

Amb. Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too
much;

We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural.

Sup. In a son, oh monstrous!

Amb. Yet, my lord,
A duke's soft hand stroaks the rough head of law,
And makes it lie smooth.

Duke. But my hand shall ne'er do't.

Amb. That as you please, my lord.

Sup. We must needs confess,
Some fathers would have entered into hate
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes
He would ha' seen the execution found,
Without corrupted favour.

Amb. But, my lord,
Your grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offence, which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon.

Duke. How's this?

Amb. Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own son;
And I must needs say 'twas the viler done.

Sur. He's the next heir: yet this true reason gathers,
None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
Be merciful!—

Duke. Here's no stepmother's wit;
I'll trie them both upon their love and hate.

Amb. Be merciful—altho'—

Duke. You have prevailed ;
My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself ;
I know 'twas but some peevish mood in him ; go, let
him be releas'd.

Sup. 'Sfoot, how now, brother ?

Amb. Your grace doth please to speak beside your
spleen ; I would it were for happy.

Duke. Why go, release him.

Sup. O my good lord ! I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing ; too inhumane,
Rather by all mens voices worthy death.

Duke. 'Tis true too ; here then, receive this signet,
Doom shall pass ;

Direct it to the judges ; he shall die
E'er many days. Make haste.

Amb. All speed that may be.

We could have wish'd his burden not so fore :
We knew your grace did but delay before. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. Here's envy with a poor thin cover on't,
Like scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through.
This their ambition by the mother's side,
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purg'd.
I will prevent their envies ; sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon.
He shall be releas'd suddenly.

Enter Nobles.

1 Noble. Good morning to your grace.

Duke. Welcome, my lords.

2 Noble. Our knees shall take away the office of our
feet, for ever,

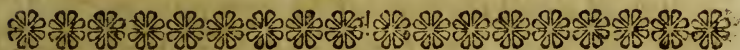
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.

Duke. How seriously their loves and honours woe
For that which I am about to pray them do !
Arise, my lords, your knees sign his release ;
We freely pardon him.

1. Noble.

Noble. We owe your grace much thanks, and he
much duty. [*Exeunt.*]

Duke. It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery ;
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turn'd to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen ;
My hairs are white, and yet my fins are green.



ACT. III. Scen. I.

Enter Ambitioso and Superuacuo.

Sup. **B**Rother, let my opinion sway you once ;
I speak it for the best, to have him die :
Surest and soonest, if the signet come
Unto the judges hands, why then his doom
Will be deferr'd till sittings and court-days,
Juries, and farther.—Faiths are bought and sold ;
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Amb. In troth 'tis true too !

Sup. Then let's set by the judges,
And fall to the officers ; 'tis but mistaking
The duke our father's meaning ; and where he nam'd ;
E'er many days, 'tis but forgetting that,
And have him die i'th' morning.

Amb. Excellent !

Then am I heir.—Duke in a minute.

Sup. Nay,
And he were once puff'd out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.

Amb. Blest occasion !
He being packt, we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,

That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And peoples thoughts will soon be buried.

Sup. We may with safety do't, and live and feed,
The dutchefs's sons are too proud to bleed.

Amb. We are i'faith, to say true—come let's not
linger:

I'll to the officers ; go you before,
And set an edge upon the executioner.

Sup. Let me alone to grind him. [*Exit.*

Amb. Farewell ;

I am next now, I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off ; upon thy neck, kind brother ;
The falling of one head lifts up another. [*Exit.*

Enter with the nobles, Luffurioso from prison.

Luff. My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this delivery.

1 Noble. But our duties, my lord, unto the hopes
that grow in you.

Luff. If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.

O liberty ! thou sweet and heavenly dame,
But hell for prison is too mild a name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ambitioso and Superwacuo, with officers.

Amb. Officers, here's the duke's signet, your firm war-
rant,

Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the duke's son ; we are sorry,
That we are so unnaturally employ'd
In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

Sup. But you know,

The duke's command must be obey'd.

1 Off. It must and shall, my lord—this morning then
So suddenly ?

Amb. Ay, alas, poor, good soul !

He must breakfast betimes ; the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2 Off. Already ?

Sup. Already, i'faith.—O fir, destruction lies,
And that is least impudent, soonest dies.

1. *Off.* Troth, you say true. My lord, we take our leaves :

Our office shall be found, we'll not delay
The third part of a minute.

Amb. Therein you show
Yourselfes good men, and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may ;
Do him that favour ; for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind ?

1. *Off.* It shall be done, my lord.

Amb. Why, we do thank you ; if we live to be,
You shall have a better office.

2. *Off.* Your good lordship—

Sup. Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

1. *Off.* We'll weep, and do your commendations.

[*Exeunt.*]

Amb. Fine fools in office !

Sup. Things fall out so fit !

Amb. So happily ! Come, brother, e'er next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger block. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter in prison junior brother.

Jun. Keeper !

Keep. My lord.

Jun. No news lately from our brothers ?

Are they unmindful of us ?

Keep. My lord, a messenger came newly in, and
brought this from 'em.

Jun. Nothing but paper-comforts ?
I look'd for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths.—Pr'ythee be from us.
Now what say you, forsooth, speak out I pray.

Letter.] Brother, be of good cheer ;
'Slud, it begins like a whore with good cheer.

Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.

Not five and thirty years, like a bankrupt—I think so.

*We have thought upon a device to get thee out
by a trick !*

By a trick ! pox o' your trick, an' it be so long a playing.

And so rest comforted, be merry, and expect it suddenly!

Be merry! hang merry, draw and quarter merry; I'll be mad.

Is't not strange, that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman? Well, we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their promise. I must expect still a trick: I shall not be long a prisoner. How now, what news?

Keep. Bad news, my lord, I am discharg'd of you.

Jun. Slave! call'st thou that bad news? I thank you, brothers.

Keep. My lord, 'twill prove so:--Here come the officers,

Into whose hands I must commit you.

Jun. Ha, officers! what? why?

1. *Off.* You must pardon us, my lord;

Our office must be found: here is our warrant,
The signet from the duke; you must strait suffer.

Jun. Suffer! I'll suffer you to be gone; I'll suffer you
To come no more: what would you have me suffer?

2. *Off.* My lord, those words were better chang'd to
prayers.

'The time's but brief with you: prepare to die.

Jun. Sure 'tis not so!

3. *Off.* It is too true, my lord.

Jun. I tell you 'tis not; for the duke, my father,
Deferr'd me till next sitting; and I look
E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.

1. *Off.* A trick, my lord! if you expect such comfort,
Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death,

Jun. My brothers! no, no.

2. *Off.* 'Tis most true, my lord.

Jun. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death!
How strange this shows?

3. *Off.* There's no delaying time.

Jun. Desire 'em hither: call 'em up—my brothers!
They shall deny it to your faces.

1. *Off.* My lord,
They're far enough by this, at least at court ;
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,
When grief swam in their eyes, they show'd like bro-
thers,
Brimfull of heavy sorrow ; but the duke
Must have his pleasure.

Jun. His pleasure !

1. *Off.* These were their last words, which my memo-
ry bears,
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

Jun. Pox dry their tears ! what should I do with
tears ?

I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
Can hate salt-water.—Here came a letter now,
New bleeding from their pens, scarce tinted yet,
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it :
Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort,
Not long a prisoner.

1. *Off.* It says true in that, sir ; for you must suffer
presently.

Jun. A villainous Duns upon the letter, knavish expo-
sition !

Look you then here, sir : *We'll get thee out by a trick,*
says he.

2. *Off.* That may hold too, sir ; for you know a trick
is commonly four cards, which was meant by us four
officers.

Jun. Worse and worse dealing.

1. *Off.* The hour beckons us ;
The headsmen waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

Jun. I thank you, faith ; good pretty wholsome
counsel !

I should look up to heaven, as you said,
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head.
Ay, that's the trick.

3. *Off.* You delay too long, my lord.

Jun. Stay, good authority's bastards ; since I must,
'Thro' brothers perjury, die, O let me venom
Their souls with curses.

1. *Off.*

3. *Off.* Come, 'tis no time to curse.

Jun. Must I bleed then, without respect of sight?
well———

My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vindici, with Hippolito his brother.

Vind. O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!

Hip. Why, what's the matter, brother?

Vind. O 'tis able to make a man spring up and knock
his forehead against yon' silver ceiling.

Hip. Pr'ythee tell me,

Why may not I partake with you? You vow'd once
To give me share to every tragick thought.

Vind. By th'mafs, I think I did too;
Then I'll divide it to thee.—The old duke
Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
Are cut out of one piece; (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o'th' outside) hires me by price
To greet him with a lady,
In some fit place, veil'd from the eyes o'th' court,
Some darken'd blushless angel, that is guilty
Of his fore-father's lust, and great folk's riots;
To which I easily (to maintain my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unfunnd lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon: and here the rather,
Because unto the torturing of his soul,
The bastard and the dutchess have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hip. 'Twill, i'faith! Most dreadfully digested!
I see not how you could have miss'd me, brother.

Vind. True; but the violence of my joy forgot it.

Hip. Ay, but where's that lady now?

Vind. Oh! at that word

I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet,
I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
He's suited for a lady; I have took care

For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye ;
 You shall be witness, brother :
 Be ready ; stand with your hat off.

[Exit.

Hip. Troth, I wonder what lady it should be !
 Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
 To have a lady stoop to a duke, that stoops unto his men.
 'Tis common to be common, through the world :
 And there's more private common shadowing vices,
 Than those who are known, both by their names and
 prices.

'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
 To the duke's concubine——and here she comes.

Enter Vindici, with the skull of his love dress'd up in tires.

Vind. Madam, his grace will not be absent long.
 Secret ! ne'er doubt us, madam ; 'twill be worth
 Three velvet gowns to your ladyship——known !
 Few ladies respect that disgrace : a poor thin shell ;
 'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
 I'll save your hand that labour, I'll unmask you !

Hip. Why, brother, brother !

Vind. Art thou beguil'd now ? tut, a lady can,
 As thus all hid, beguile a wiser man.
 Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
 With a quaint piece of beauty ? Age and bare bone
 Are e'er ally'd in action. Here's an eye,
 Able to tempt a great man——to serve God :
 A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
 Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble ;
 A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
 'To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
 Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle :
 Spout rain, we fear thee not : be hot or cold,
 All's one with us ; and is not he absurd,
 Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
 That fear no other God but wind and wet ?

Hip. Brother, you've spoke that right :
 Is this the form that living shone so bright ?

Vind. The very same.

And now methinks I cou'd e'en chide myself,

For doating on her beauty, tho' her death
 Shall be reveng'd after no common action.
 Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
 For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
 Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,
 For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
 Why does yon' fellow falsify highways,
 And put his life between the judge's lips;
 To refine such a thing, keep's horse and men
 To beat their valours for her?
 Surely we're all mad people, and they
 Whom we think are, are not: we mistake those;
 'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

Hip. Faith, and in clothes too we, give us our due.

Vind. Does every proud and self-affecting dame
 Camphire her face for this? and grieve her maker
 In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
 For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
 Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
 Musick, perfumes, and sweet meats? All are hush'd.
 Thou may'st lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
 To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
 And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
 And make him a good coward: put a reveller
 Out of his antick amble,
 And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
 Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
 Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with
 false forms

You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
 Now to my tragick business. Look you, brother,
 I have not fashion'd this only for shew
 And useles property; no, it shall bear a part
 E'en in its own revenge. This very skull,
 Whose mistress the duke poison'd, with this drug,
 The mortal curse of the earth, shall be reveng'd
 In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death.
 As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:
 What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

Hip.

Hip. Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice, above thought.

Vind. So, 'tis laid on; now come and welcome, duke,
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sign,
As some old gentlewoman in a periwig.

Hide they face now for shame; thou had'st need have a
mask now:

'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets,
This would become graves better than the streets.

Hip. You have my voice in that—hark, the duke's
come.

Vind. Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em; for you know
He'll wish all private.—Brother, fall you back a little,
With the bony lady.

Hip. That I will.

Vind. So, so—now nine years vengeance crowd into a
minute!

Duke. You shall have leave to leave us, with this
charge,
Upon your lives, if we be mis'd by th' dutcheffs,
Or any of the nobles, to give out,
We're privately rid forth.

Vind. Oh happiness!

Duke. With some few honourable gentlemen, you
may say;
You may name those that are away from court.

Gentle. Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord.

Vind. Privately rid forth!

He strives to make sure work on't—your good grace!

Duke. Piato, well done, hast brought her? what lady
is't?

Vind. Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little bashful
at first, as most of them are; but after the first kifs, my
lord, the worst is past with them. Your grace knows
now what you have to do; she's somewhat a grave look
with her—but—

Duke. I love that best; conduct her.

Vind. Have at all.

Duke.

Duke. In graveſt looks the greateſt faults ſeem leſs.
Give me that ſin that's rob'd in holineſs.

Vind. Back with the torch: brother, raiſe the per-
fumes.

Duke. How ſweet can a duke breathe! Age has no
fault,

Pleaſure would meet in a perfum'd miſt.

Lady, ſweetly encounter'd, I came from court, I muſt be
bold with you.—Oh, what's this? oh!

Vind. Royal villain! white devil!

Duke. Oh!

Vind. Brother—place the torch here, that his affrighted
eye-balls

May ſtart into thoſe hollows. Duke, do'ſt know
Yon' dreadfull vizard? View it well; 'tis the ſkull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poiſoned'ſt laſt.

Duke. Oh! 't'as poiſoned me.

Vind. Did'ſt not know that till now?

Duke. What are you two?

Vind. Villains all three—the very ragged bone,
Has been ſufficiently reveng'd.

Duke. Oh, Hippolito! call treason!

Hip. Yes, my lord: treason! treason! treason!

[Stamping on him.]

Duke. Then I'm betray'd.

Vind. Alas, poor letcher, in the hands of knaves,
A ſlavish duke is baſer than his ſlaves.

Duke. My teeth are eaten out.

Vind. Had'ſt any left?

Hip. I think but few.

Vind. Then thoſe that did eat are eaten.

Duke. O my tongue!

Vind. Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiſs cloſer,
Not like a ſlobbering Dutchman. You have eyes ſtill:
Look, monſter, what a lady haſt thou made me!
My once betrothed wife.

Duke. Is it thou, villain! nay then——

Vind. 'Tis I, 'tis Vindici, 'tis I.

Hip. And let this comfort thee: our lord and father

Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And dy'd in sadness: be that thy hope of life.

Duke. Oh! [speechless.

Vind. He had his tongue, yet grief made him die
Puh! 'tis but early yet; now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
Thy spirit grievous fore; it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man tofs in thy breast—(mark
me, duke)

Thou'rt a renowned, high, and mighty cuckold.

Duke. Oh! [brow.

Vind. Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy

Duke. Millions of deaths!

Vind. Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips.
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villains?

Vind. Villain!

Nay, heaven is just; scorns are the hire of scorns:
I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.

Hip. Once e'er they die 'tis quitted.

Vind. Hark! the musick:

Their banquet is prepar'd, they're coming——

Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.

Vind. Thou shalt not lose that fight for all thy
dukedom.

Duke. Traitors! murderers!

Vind. What! is not thy tongue eaten out yet?

Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.

Duke. Treason! murder!

Vind. Nay, faith, we'll have you hush'd. Now with
thy dagger

Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart; if he but gasp, he dies.

We dread not death to quittance injuries —— Brother,
If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,

Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like comets shine through blood;
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.

Hip. Whist, brother, musick's at our ear: they come.

Enter

Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchess.

Spu. Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.

Dutch. Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful.

Spu. True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given;
Best side to us, is the worst side to heaven.

Dutch. Pish! come: 'tis the old duke, thy doubtful
father:

The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way.

But I protest by yonder waxen fire,

Forget him, or I'll poison him.

Spu. Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.

So deadly do I loath him for my birth,

That if he took me hasp'd within his bed,

I would add murder to adultery,

And with my sword give up his years to death.

Dutch. Why, now thou'rt sociable; let's in and feast:
Loud'st musick sound: pleasure is banquet's guest. [*Ex.*

Duke. I cannot brook——

Vind. The brook is turn'd to blood.

Hip. Thanks to loud musick.

Vind. 'Twas our friend, indeed.

'Tis fate in musick for a duke to bleed.

The dukedom wants a head, tho' yet unknown;

As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dutchess's two sons, Ambitioso and Supercivaco.

Amb. Was not his execution rarely plotted?

We are the duke's sons now.

Super. Ay, you may thank my policy for that.

Amb. Your policy! for what?

Super. Why, was't not my invention, brother,

To slip the judges? and in lesser compass,

Did not I draw the model of his death;

Advising you to sudden officers,

And e'en extemporal execution?

Amb. Heart! 'twas a thing I thought on too.

Sup. You thought on't too! 'sfoot, slander not your
thoughts

With glorious untruth, I know 'twas not from you.

Amb. Sir, I say, 'twas in my head.

Spu. Ay, like your brains then,

Ne'er to come out as long as you liv'd.

Amb. You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that
your wit
Led him to the scaffold.

Sup. Since it is my due,
I'll publish't, but I'll ha't in spite of you, [little

Amb. Methinks y'are much too bold: you should a
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.

Sup. Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest; and that's never, i'faith.

Amb. Well, cold he is by this time; and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shar'd equally.

Sup. I am content to that.

Amb. This night our younger brother shall out of
prison——
I have a trick.

Sup. A trick! pr'ythee what is't?

Amb. We'll get him out by a wile.

Sup. Pr'ythee, what wile?

Amb. No, fir; you shall not know it, till it be done;
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.

Enter an Officer.

Sup. How now, what's he?

Amb. One of the officers.

Sup. Desired news.

Amb. How now, my friend?

Off. My lords, under your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head——

Sup. Ha, ha, excellent.

Amb. All's sure our own: brother, canst weep think't
thou?

'Twould grace our flattery much; think of some dame,
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.

Sup. I have thought;—now for yourself.

Amb. Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues; words spoke in tears,
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguish'd.

Sup.

Sup. How died he pray ?

Off. O, full of rage and spleen.

Sup. He died most valiantly then, we're glad to hear it.

Off. We could not woo him once to pray.

Amb. He show'd himself a gentleman in that : give him his due.

Off. But in the stead of prayer, he drew forth oaths.

Sup. Then did he pray, dear heart,

Altho' you understood him not.

Off. My lords,

E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,

He curs'd you both.

Sup. He curs'd us ? 'las, good soul !

Amb. It was not in our powers, but the duke's pleasure.

Finely dissembled a both sides, 'sweet fate,

O happy opportunity !

Enter Lussurioso.

Luf. Now, my lords.

Both. Oh !———

Luf. Why do you shun me, brothers ?

You may come nearer now ;

The favour of the prison has forsook me.

I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.

Amb. Alive !

Luf. I am, much thanks to you.

[*duke.*

Sup. Faith we spar'd no tongue, unto my lord the

Amb. I know your delivery, brother,

Had not been half so sudden but for us.

Sup. O how we pleaded !

Luf. Most deserving brothers !

In my best studies I will think of it.

[*Exit. Luf.*

Amb. O death and vengeance !

Sup. Hell and torments !

Amb. Slave, can'st thou to delude us ?

Off. Delude you, my lords ?

Sup. Ay, villain ! where's his head now ?

Off. Why, here my lord ;

Just after his delivery, you both came

With warrant from the duke to behead your brother.

Amb. Ay, our brother, the duke's son.

Off.

Off. The duke's son, my lord, had his release before you came.

Amb. Whose head's that then? [ther's.

Off. His whom you left command for, your own bro-

Amb. Our brother's? Oh furies! —————

Sup. Plagues!

Amb. Confusions!

Sup. Darknes!

Amb. Devils!

Sup. Fell it out so accursedly?

Amb. So damnedly?

Super. Villain, I'll brain thee with it.

Off. O my good lord!

Super. The devil over-take thee!

Amb. O fatal!

Super. O prodigious to our bloods!

Amb. Did we dissemble?

Super. Did we make our tears women for thee?

Amb. Laugh and rejoice for thee?

Super. Bring warrant for thy death?

Amb. Mock off thy head?

Super. You had a trick; you had a wile, forsooth.

Amb. A murrain meet 'em; there's none of these wiles that ever come to good: I see now, there's nothing sure in mortality, but mortality. Well, no more words: shalt be reveng'd, i'faith.

Come, throw off clouds: now, brother, think of vengeance,

And deeper settled hate: firrah, sit fast,

We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last. [Ex.



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.

Luff. **H**ippolito!

Hip. My lord,

Has your good lordship aught to command me in?

Luff.

Luff. I-pr'ythee leave us.

Hip. How's this? come, and leave us?

Luff. Hippolito!

Hip. Your honour——I stand ready for any duteous employment.

Luff. Heart! what mak'ft thou here?

Hip. A pretty lordly humour!

He bids me be present, to depart: something has stung his honour.

Luff. Be nearer; draw nearer:

Ye're not so good, methinks; I'm angry with you.

Hip. With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.

Luff. You did prefer a goodly fellow to me:

'Twas wittily elected; 'twas. I thought
H'ad been a villain, and he proves a knave;
To me a knave.

Hip. I chose him for the best, my lord;

'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him breed discontent in you.

Luff. Neglect! 'twas will. Judge of it.

Firmly to tell of an incredible act,

'Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,

'Twixt my step-mother and the bastard; of
Incestuous sweets between 'em.

Hip. Fie, my lord!

Luf. I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm; and, in that fury,
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en ras'd my father's bosom;
For which I was within a stroke of death.

Hip. Alack! I'm sorry: 'sfoot, just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother; 'twill be villainous musick.

Enter Vindici.

Vin. My honour'd lord.

Luf. Away, pr'ythee forsake us: hereafter we'll not know thee.

Vin. Not know me, my lord! your lordship cannot chuse.

Luf. Begone, I say, thou art a false knave.

Viv. Why, the easier to be known, my lord.

Luf. Pish, I shall prove too bitter; with a word
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron age upon thee.

Vin. Mum! for there's a doom would make a woman
dumb.

Missing the bastard, next him, the wind's come about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out.

[Exit *Vin.*

Luf. H'as greatly mov'd me.

Hip. Much to blame, i'faith.

Luf. But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me
lately,

I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.

Hip. Who I? yes, my good lord, I have a brother.

Luf. How chance the court ne'er saw him? of what
nature?

How does he apply his hours?

Hip. Faith, to curse fates,

Who, as he thinks, ordain'd him to be poor;
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.

Luf. There's hope in him; for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould a villain of.

[*Aside.*

Hippolito, wish him repair to us:

If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes; for it is in us
To rear up towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so, my lord: he will attend your honour;
But he's a man in whom much melancholy dwells.

Luf. Why the better: bring him to court.

Hip. With willingness and speed:

Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed.

Brother, disguise must off;

In thine own shape now, I'll prefer thee to him:

How strangely does himself work to undo him! [Exit.

Luf. This fellow will come fitly; he shall kill
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,
And made it swell to treason. I have put
Much of my heart into him: he must die.

He that knows great men's secrets, and proves slight,

That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.
 Ay, he shall speed him : I'll employ the brother ;
 Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
 He being of black condition, fuitable
 'To want and ill content, hope of preferment
 Will grind him to an edge.—

The Nobles enter.

1. Good days unto your honour.

Luf. My kind lords, I do return the like.

2. Saw you, my lord the duke ?

Luf. My lord and father ! is he from court ?

1. He's sure from court ;

But where, which way his pleasure took, we know not,
 Nor can we hear on't.

Luf. Here come those should tell.

Saw you my lord and father ?

3. Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
 And then he privately rode forth.

Luf. Oh, he's rid forth.

1. 'Twas wond'rous privately.

2. There's none i'th' court had any knowledge on't.

Luf. His grace is old, and sudden : 'tis no treason
 To say the duke my father has a humour,
 Or such a toy about him ; what in us
 Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.

3. 'Tis oracle, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito. Vindici out of his disguise.

Hip. So, so, all's as it should be, y'are yourself.

Vin. How that great villain puts me to my shifts !

Hip. He that did, lately in disguise reject thee,
 Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.

Vin. 'Twill be the quainter fallacy But, brother,
 'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou ?

Hip. Nay, you must pardon me in that : I know not.
 H'as some employment for you ; but what 'tis,
 He and his secretary, the devil, knows best.

Vin. Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
 What colour soe'er they be ; hoping at last
 To pile up all my wishes on his breast.

Hip. Faith, brother, he himself shews the way.

Vin.

Vin. Now the duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay.

His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are govern'd. Well, thou his son
Art not long-liv'd; thou shalt not joy his death:
To kill thee then, I should most honour thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.

Hip. You fetch about well; but let's talk in present.
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
If you be but once tript, we fall for ever.
It is not the least policy to be double;
You must change tongue:—Familiar was you first.

Vin. Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument that speaks merry things sadly.

Hip. That is as I meant;
I gave you out at first in discontent.

Vin. I'll tune myself, and then—

Hip. 'Sfoot, here he comes—Hast thought upon't?

Vin. Salute him; fear not me. [Enter *Lussurioso*.]

Lus. Hippolito!

Hip. Your lordship—

Lus. What's he yonder?

Hip. 'Tis Vindici, my discontented brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.

Lus. Is that thy brother? Beshrew me, a good presence;

I wonder h'as been from the court so long.
Come nearer.

Hip. Brother, lord *Lussurioso*, the duke's son.

Lus. Be more near to us; welcome; nearer yet.

Vind. How don you? god you god den.

[Snatches off his hat, and makes legs to him.]

Lus. We thank thee.

How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire!
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on't—
heaven!

Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy ?

Vind. Why, going to law.

Luf. Why, will that make a man melancholy ?

Vind. Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram—I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded out of it in *anno sexagesimo tertio*.

Luff. What, three and twenty years in law ?

Vind. I have known those that have been five and fifty, and all about pullen and pigs.

Luff. May it be possible such men should breathe, To vex the terms so much ?

Vin. 'Tis food to some, my lord. There are old men at the present, that are so poison'd with the affectation of law-words, (having had many suits canvass'd) that their common talk is nothing but Barbary latin : they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sins may be remov'd with a writ of error, and their souls fetch'd up to heaven with a *sasarara*.

Hip. It seems most strange to me ;

Yet all the world meets round in the same bent :

Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's consent.

How dost apply thy studies, fellow ?

Vind. Study ? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him. How he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest stand before him, when he lies speechless ; how he will point you readily to all the boxes ; and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations ; nay when to all mens hearings he whurles and rattles in the throat, he's busy threatening his poor tenants. And this would last me now some seven years thinking, or thereabouts. But, I have a conceit a coming in picture upon this ; I draw it myself ; which, i'faith la, I'll present to your honour ; you shall not chuse but like it, for your honour shall give me nothing for it.

Luf. Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am publish'd bountiful enough.

Let's taste of your conceit.

— *Vin.* In picture, my lord ?

Luf. Ay, in picture.

Vin. Marry, this it is—*A usuring father to be boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him.*

Hip. H'as par'd him to the quick. [Aside.]

Luf. The conceit's pretty, i'faith;
But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be lik'd.

Vin. No! why. I'm sure the whore will be lik'd well enough.

Hip. If she were out o' the picture, he'd like her then himself. [Aside.]

Vin. And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eye-fore to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth of gold breeches.

Luf. And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets,
And canst not draw that out.—My thought was this;
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would never like it.

Vin. O true, I cry you heartily mercy; I know the reason; for some of them had rather be damn'd indeed, than damn'd in colours.

Luf. A parlous melancholy! h'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.
I think thou art ill monied.

Vin. Money! ho, ho;
'Tas been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff:
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.

Luf. It hits as I could wish.

Vin. I get good cloaths
Of those that dread my humour; and for table-room,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.

Luf. Somewhat to set thee up withal.

Vin. O mine eyes!

Luf. How now, man?

Vin. Almost struck blind;
This bright unusual shine, to me seems proud;
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.

Luf. I think I shall affect his melancholy.
How art thou now?

Vin. The better for your asking.

Luf. You shall be better yet, if you but fasten

Truly on my intent. Now y'are both present,
 I will unbrace such a close private villain
 Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
 Who hath disgrac'd you much, and injur'd us.

Hip. Disgraced us, my lord?

Luf. Ay, Hippolito.

I kept it here till now, that both your angers
 Might meet him at once.

Vin. I'm covetous

To know the villain.

Luf. You know him, that slave pander,
 Piato, whom we threaten'd last
 With irons in perpetual prisonment.

Vin. All this is I.

[*Aside.*

Hip. Is't he, my lord?

Luf. I'll tell you, you first prefer'd him to me.

Vin. Did you, brother?

Hip. I did indeed.

Luf. And the ingrateful villain,
 To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,
 Being, as you see, a likely man for pleasure,
 With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

Hip. Oh villain!

Vin. He shall surely die that did it.

Luf. I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
 Especially knowing her to be as chaste
 As that part which scarce suffers to be touch'd,
 The eye, would not endure him.

Vin. Would you not, my lord?

'Twas wondrous honourably done.

Luf. But with some five frowns kept him out.

Vin. Out slave!

Luf. What did me he but in revenge of that,
 Went of his own free will to make infirm
 Your sister's honour (whom I honour with my soul,
 For chaste respect) and not prevailing there,
 (As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it)
 In meer spleen, by the way, way-lays your mother,
 Whose honour being a coward, as it seems,
 Yielded by little force.

Vin.

Vin. Coward indeed!

Luf. He, proud of this advantage, (as he thought)
Brought me this news for happy. But I, heaven for-
give me for't!—

Vin. What did your honour?

Luf. In rage push'd him from me,
Trampl'd beneath his throat, spurn'd him, and bruis'd:
Indeed I was too cruel, to say troth.

Hip. Most nobly manag'd!

Vin. Has not heaven an ear? is all the lightning
wasted?

Luf. If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?

Vin. Full mad; he shall not live
To see the moon change.

Luf. He's about the palace;
Hippolito, entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.

Hip. Heart!—that shall not need, my lord,
I can direct him so far.

Luf. Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.

Hip. What now, brother? [*Aside:*

Vin. Nay e'en what you will—y'are put to't, bro-
ther. [*Aside:*

Hip. An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. [*Aside:*
[*Exit Hippol.*

Luf. Thy name? I have forgot it.

Vin. Vindici, my lord.

Luf. 'Tis a good name that.

Vin. Ay, a revenger.

Luf. It does betoken courage; thou should'st be va-
liant,
And kill thine enemies.

Vin. That's my hope, my lord.

Luf. This slave is one.

Vin. I'll doom him.

Luf. Then I'll praise thee.

Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.

*Enter Hippolito.**Vin.* Indeed, I thank you.*Luf.* Now, Hippolito, where's the slave pander?*Hip.* Your good lordship

Would have a loathsome fight of him, much offensive.

He's not in case now to be seen, my lord,

The worst of all the deadly sins is in him:

That beggerly damnation, drunkenness.

Luf. Then he's a double slave.*Vin.* 'Twas well convey'd, upon a sudden wit.*Luf.* What, are you both

Firmly resolv'd? I'll see him dead myself.

Vin. Or else, let not us live.*Luf.* You may direct your brother to take note of him.*Hip.* I shall.*Luf.* Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.*Vin.* Your honour's vassals.*Luf.* This was wisely carried.

Deep policy in us, makes fools of such:

'Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.

*[Exit Luf.]**Vin.* O thou almighty patience! 'tis my wonder,

That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,

Should not be cloven as he stood;

Or with a secret wind burst open!

Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up

In stock for heavier vengeance? there it goes!

Hip. Brother, we lose ourselves,*Vin.* But I have found it;

'Twill hold, 'tis sure; thanks, thanks to my spirit,

That mingl'd it 'mongst my inventions.

Hip. What is't?*Vin.* 'Tis found and good; thou shalt partake it;

I'm hir'd to kill myself.

Hip. True.*Vin.* Pry'thee mark it;

And the old duke being dead, but not convey'd,

For he's already mis'd too, and you know,

Murder will peep out of the closest husk.

Hip. Most true.*Vin.* What say you then to this device,

If we dress'd up the body of the duke ?

Hip. In that disguise of yours ?

Vin. Y'are quick, y'ave reach'd it.

Hip. I like it wonderously.

Vin. And being in drink, as you have publish'd him,
'To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him ?
Which claims most interest in such sluggy men.

Hip. Good yet; but here's a doubt,
We, thought by th' duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the duke.

Vin. Neither, O thanks, it is substantial!
For that disguise being on him, which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander, did
kill the duke, and fled away in his apparel, leaving
him so disguised, to avoid swift pursuit.

Hip. Firmer and firmer.

Vin. Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain, I warrant it holds
colour.

Hip. Let's about it.

Vin. But by the way too, now I think on't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother. [*Exeunt.*
*Enter the Dutchess arm in arm with the Bastard: he
seemeth lasciviously to look on her. After them, enter
Supervacuo, running with a rapier, his brother stops him.*

Spu. Madam, unlock yourself, should it be seen,
Your arm would be suspected.

Dut. Who is't that dares suspect, or this, or these ?
May not we deal our favours where we please ?

Spu. I'm confident you may. [*Exeunt:*

Amb. 'Sfoot, brother, hold.

Sup. Would let the bastard shame us ?

Amb. Hold, hold, brother ! there's fitter time than now.

Sup. Now when I see it !

Amb. 'Tis too much seen already.

Sup. Seen and known ;

The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.

Amb. If she were bent lasciviously (the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft) — O death !
Must she needs chuse such an unequal sinner,
To make ill worse ? —

Sup. A bastard! the duke's bastard! shame heap
on shame!

Amb. O our disgrace!

Most women have small waists the world throughout;
But their desires are thousand miles about. [*Exeunt.*]

Sup. Come, stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, bringing out their mother,
one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with
daggers in their hands.*

Vin. O thou, for whom no name is bad enough!

Moth. What means my sons? what, will you murder
me?

Vin. Wicked unnatural parent!

Hip. Fiend of women!

Moth. Oh! are sons turn'd monsters? help!

Vin. In vain.

Moth. Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck?

Vin. That breast
Is turn'd to quarled poison.

Moth. Cut not your days for't! am not I your mother?

Vin. Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud,
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.

Moth. A bawd? O name far loathsomer than hell!

Hip. It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.

Moth. I hate it.

Vin. Ah! is't possible, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die?

Moth. Dissemble?

Vin. Did not the duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee?
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust?

Moth. Who I?

That had been monstrous. I defy that man
For any such intent! none lives so pure,
But shall be soil'd with slander;—good son, believe it not.

Vin. Oh, I'm in doubt,
Whether I'm myself, or no—

Stay

Stay, let me look again upon this face.

Who shall be fav'd, when mothers have no grace?

Hip. 'Twould make one half despair.

Vin. I was the man;

Defy me now, let's see, do't modestly.

Moth. O hell unto my soul!

Vin. In that disguise, I, sent from the duke's son,
Try'd you, and found you base metal,
As any villain might have done.

Moth. O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitch'd me so.

Vin. O nimble in damnation, quick in turn!

There is no devil could strike fire so soon:

I am confuted in a word.

Moth. Oh sons, forgive me! to myself I'll prove more true;

You that should honour me, I kneel to you.

Vin. A mother to give aim to her own daughter!

Hip. True, brother; how far beyond nature 'tis,
Tho' many mothers do't!

Vin. Nay, and you draw tears once, go you to bed;
Wet will make iron blush and change to red.

Brother, it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, houe it.

Hip. 'Tis done.

Vin. I'faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good,
The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul,
Have been long dry: pour down, thou blessed dew.

Rise, mother; troth this show'r has made you higher.

Moth. O you heavens! take this infectious spot out
of my soul,

I'll rince it in seven waters of mine eyes!

Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.

To weep, is to our sex naturally given:

But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.

Vin. Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother;

Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,

And honourably love her.

Hip. Let it be.

Vin. For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.

O you of easy wax ! do but imagine
 Now the disease has left you, how leproously
 'That office would have cling'd unto your forehead !
 All mothers that had any graceful hue,
 Would have worn masks to hide their face at you :
 It would have grown to this, at your foul name,
 Green colour'd maids would have turn'd red with shame.

Hip. And then our sister, full of hire and baseness—

Vin. There had been boiling lead again,
 'The duke's son's great concubine !

A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut,
 To have her train born up, and her soul trail i'th'dirt !

Hip. To be great, miserable ; to be rich, eternally
 wretched.

Vin. O common madness !

Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
 She'd give the world to make her honour good.
 Perhaps you'll say, but only to the duke's son
 In private ; why she first begins with one,
 Who afterward to thousand proves a whore :

“ Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Moth. Most certainly apply'd !

Hip. Oh, brother, you forget our business.

Vin. And well remember'd ; joy's a subtil elf,
 I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.
 Farewell, once dry, now holy-water'd mead ;
 Our hearts wear feathers, that before wore lead.

Moth. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
 Plead better for, and 'gainst the devil, than you.

Vin. You make me proud on't.

Hip. Commend us in all virtue to our sister.

Vin. Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.

Moth. With my best words.

Vin. Why that was motherly said. [*Exeunt.*

Moth. I wonder now what fury did transport me !
 I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
 Oh with what forehead can I look on her,
 Whose honour I've so impiously beset ?
 And here she comes.

Cast. Now, mother, you have wrought with me so
 strongly, That

That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.

Moth. Content, to what ?

Cast. To do as you have wish'd me ;
To prostitute my breast to the duke's son ;
And put myself to common usury.

Moth. I hope you will not so !

Cast. Hope you I will not ?

That's not the hope you look to be fav'd in.

Moth. Truth but it is.

Cast. Do not deceive yourself,
I am as you, e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now ? are ye not pleas'd yet with me ?
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.

Moth. Strike not me cold.

Cast. How often have you charg'd me on your blessing
To be a curst woman ? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me ; that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy ; where that fights,
Sons set in storm, and daughters lose their lights.

Moth. Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee, oh let my breath
Revive it to a flame !

Put not all out, with woman's wilful follies.

I am recover'd of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers ; kind, forgive me,
Make me not sick in health !—if then
My words prevail'd when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good ?

Cast. I wonder what you mean ! are not you she,
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours reading, to untwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me ?

Moth. 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's
past ;

I'm now your present mother.

Cast. Pish, now 'tis too late.

Moth. Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Cast. No ! deny advancement ! treasure ! the duke's son !

Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they
poison me !

What will the deed do then ?

Advancement, true ; as high as shame can pitch !

For treasure ; who e'er knew a harlot rich ?

Or could build by the purchase of her sin,

An hospital to keep their bastards in ? The duke's son ;

Oh ! when women are young courtiers, they are sure to
be old beggars ;

To know the miseries most harlots taste,

Thoud'st wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.

Cast. O mother, let me twine about your neck,

And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips ;

I did but this to try you.

Mot. O speak truth !

Cast. Indeed I did not ; for no tongue has force to al-
ter me from honest.

If maidens would, men's words could have no power ;

A virgin's honour is a crystal tower,

Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits ;

Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.

Moth. O happy child ! faith, and thy birth hath sav'd me.

'Mongst thousand daughters, happiest of all others :

Buy thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vindici and Hippolito.

Vind. So, so, he leans well ; take heed you wake him
not, brother.

Hip. I warrant you my life for yours.

Vind. That's a good lay, for I must kill myself.

Brother, that's I, that fits for me : do you mark it ?

And I must stand ready here to make away myself yon-

der—I must sit to be kill'd, and stand to kill myself.

I could vary it not so little as thrice over again ; 'thas
some eight returns, like Michaelmas term.

Hip. That's enow o'conscience.

Vind. But, firrah, does the duke's son come single ?

Hip. No ; there's the hell on't : his faith's too feeble
to go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him, that will
buz against supper-time, and hum for his coming out.

Vind.

Vind. Ah the fly-flap of vengeance beat 'em to pieces ! Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him ; shew him the body of the duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a politician, in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it ; and in catastrophe slain him over his father's breast. Oh I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity !

Hip. Nay, pish ! pr'ythee be content ! there's no remedy present ; may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this ?

Vind. They may, if they can paint so well.

Hip. Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the duke's son.

Vind. Content, I'm for any weather. Heart, step close : here he comes.

Enter Luff.

Hip. My honour'd lord !

Luff. Oh me ! you both present ?

Vind. E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship enter'd now : about this place we had notice given he should be ; but in some loathsome plight or other.

Hip. Came your honour private ?

Luff. Private enough for this ; only a few attend my coming out.

Hip. Death rot those few.

Luff. Stay, yonder's the slave.

Vind. Mafs, there's the slave indeed, my lord. 'Tis a good child, he calls his father slave.

[*Aside.*

Luff. Ay, that's the villain, the damn'd villain : softly, Tread easy.

Vind. Puh ! I warrant you, my lord, we'll stifle in our breaths.

Luff. That will do well : Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last ; 'tis policy To have him kill'd in's sleep ; for if he wak'd He would betray all to them.

Vind. But, my lord——

Luff. Ha, what say'st ?

Vind. Shall we kill him now he's drunk ?

Luff. Ay, best of all.

Vind. Why, then he will ne'er live to be sober.

Luff. No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vind. But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire.

Luff. Thou art a mad breast.

Vind. And leave none to warm your lordship's gols withall; for he that dies drunk, falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water; qush, qush.

Luff. Come, be ready, nake your swords, think of your wrongs; this slave has injur'd you.

Vind. Troth, so he has, and he has paid well for't.

Luff. Meet with him now.

Vind. You'll bear us out, my lord?

Luff. Puh! am I a lord for nothing, think you? quick-ly, now.

Vind. Sa, fa, fa, thumpe—there he lies.

Luf. Nimble done.—Ha! Oh, villains! murderers! 'Tis the old duke my father.

Vind. That's a jest.

Luf. What, stiff and cold already?

O pardon me to call you from your names:

'Tis none of your deed,—that villain Piato, Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him, And left him thus disguis'd.

Hip. And not unlikely.

Vin. O rascal! was he not asham'd To put the duke into a greasy doublet?

Luf. He has been cold and stiff, who knows how long?

Vind. Marry, that do I. [*Aside.*]

Luf. No words, I pray, of any thing intended.

Vind. Oh, my lord.

Hip. I would fain have your lordship think that we have small reason to prate.

Luf. Faith, thou say'st true; I'll forthwith send to court For all the nobles, bastard, dutchefs; tell How here by miracle we found him dead, And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vin. That will be the best way, my lord, to clear us all; let's cast about to be clear.

Lui. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

Enter all.

3. My lord.

2. My lord.

Luf. Be witness of a strange spectacle.

Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the duke my father geal'd in blood.

1. My lord the duke ! run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much.

Vind. Thus much by wit, a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man :
We're farthest off, and with as bold an eye
Survey his body, as the standers by.

Luf. My royal father, too basely let blood.
By a malevolent slave !

Hip. Hark ! he calls thee slave again.

[*Aside.*

Vin. H'as lost, he may.

[*Aside.*

Luf. Oh fight ! look hither, see, his lips are gnawn
with poison.

Vin. How !—his lips ; by the mass they be.
O villain !—O rogue !—O slave !—O rascal.

Hip. O good deceit ! he quits him with like terms.

1. Where ?

2. Which way ?

Amb. Over what roof hangs this prodigious comet,
In deadly fire ?

Luf. Behold, behold, my lords, the duke my father's
murder'd by a vassal that owns this habit, and here left
disguis'd.

Dutch. My lord and husband !

2. Reverend majesty !

1. I have seen these cloaths often attending on him.

Vin. That nobleman has been i'th' country, for
he does not lie.

Sup. Learn of our mother ; let's dissemble too :
I am glad he's vanish'd ; so, I hope, are you.

Amb. Ay, you may take my word for't.

Spur. Old dad, dead ?

I, one of his cast sins, will fend the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son ;
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.

Luf. Where be those two that did affirm to us,
My lord the duke was privately rid forth ?

1. O par-

1. O pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were mist at court,
To answer so; he rode not any where;
We left him private with that fellow here.

Vind. Confirm'd.

Luf. O heavens! that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight to execution.

1. My lord!

Luf. Urge me no more.

In this, the excuse may be call'd half the murder.

Vin. You've sentenc'd well.

Luf. Away; see it be done.

Vin. Could you not stick? See what confession doth!
Who would not lie when men are hang'd for truth?

Hip. Brother, how happy is our vengeance! [*Aside.*

Vin. Why, it hits past the apprehension of indifferent wits. [*Aside.*

Luf. My lord, let post-horses be sent
Into all places to intrap the villain.

Vin. Post-horses, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Nob. My lord, we're something bold to know our duty.
Your father's accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him meet you.

Luf. Meet me? I'm not at leisure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to dispatch out o'th' way.
Welcome sweet titles.— [*Aside.*

Talk to me, my lords,
Of sepulchers and mighty emperors bones;
That's thought for me.

Vind. So one may see by this
How foreign markets go;
Courtiers have feet o'th' nines, and tongues o'th' twelves;
They flatter dukes, and dukes flatter themselves.

Nob. My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.

Luf. Alas! I shine in tears, like the sun in April.

Nob. You're now my lord's grace.

Luf. My lord's grace! I perceive you'll have it so.

Nob. 'Tis but your own.

Luf. Then heav'ns give me grace to be so!

Vind. He prays well for himself.

[*Aside.*

Nob. Madam, all sorrows

Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.

Vin. He were an afs then, i'faith.

[*Asides.*

Nob. In the mean season,

Let us bethink the latest funeral honours,
Due to the duke's cold body.—And withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness
Spread in his royal son.—Lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.

Vin. Revels!

Nob. Time hath several falls;

Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.

Luf. Come, then, my lords, my favour's to you all.
The dutchefs is suspected foully bent;
I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.

[*Exeunt Duke, Nobles, and Dutcheffs.*

Hip. Revels!

Vin. Ay, that's the word: we are firm yet;

Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit.

[*Exeunt Broth.*

Spu. Well, have at the fairest mark—(so said the duke
when he begot me,)

And if I miss his heart, or near about,
Then have at any, a bastard scorns to be out.

Super. Not'st thou that Spurio, brother?

Ant. Yes, I note him to our shame.

Super. He shall not live, his hair shall not grow much
longer. In this time of revels tricks may be set a-foot.
See'st thou yon new moon? it shall out-live the new
duke by much: this hand shall dispossess him; then
we're mighty.

A mask is treason's licence, that build upon:

'Tis murder's best face, when a vizard's on.

[*Exit.*

Amb. Is't so? 'tis very good!

And do you think to be duke then, kind brother?

I'll see fair play; drop one, and there lies t'other. [*Exit.*

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.

Vin. My lords, be all of musick, strike old griefs into
other countries

That

That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents.

Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous dukedom, vex'd with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.

Piero. How?

1. Which way?

3. Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot justly be reveng'd too much.

Vin. You shall have all enough:—Revels are toward,
And those few nobles that have long suppress'd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a mask,

And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't:
The masking suits are fashioning: now comes in
That which must glad us all.—We to take pattern
Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguish'd hair almost:

Then ent'ring first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
To steal our swords out handsomely;
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys, they shall sigh blood.

Piero. Weightily, effectually!

3. Before the t'other maskers come—

Vin. We're gone, all done and past.

Pie. But how for the duke's guard?

Vin. Let that alone,

By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.

Hip. There are five hundred gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

Pie. Oh! let us hug your bosoms.

Vin. Come, my lords,

Prepare for deeds, let other times have words. [*Exeunt.*

*In a dumb show, the procession of the young duke, with
all his nobles; then sounding musick. A furnish'd
table is brought forth: then enters the duke and his
nobles to the banquet. A blazing star appeareth.*

1. *Nob.* Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal number of your years.

Lus. My lords, we're pleas'd to thank you, tho' we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

1. *Nob.*

1. *Nob.* That shine makes us all happy.

3. *Nob.* His grace frowns.

2. *Nob.* Yet we must say he smiles.

1. *Nob.* I think we must.

Luf. That foul incontinent dutchefs we have banish'd;
The bastard shall not live. After these revels
I'll begin strange ones: he and the step-sons
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies;
We must not frown so soon, else 'thad been now.

1. *Nob.* My gracious lord, please you prepare for
pleasure,

The mask is not far off.

Luf. We are for pleasure.

Beshrew thee, what art thou? mad'st me start?
Thou hast committed treason.—A blazing star!

1. *Nob.* A blazing star! O where, my lord?

Luf. Spy out.

2. *Nob.* See, see, my lords, a wond'rous dreadful one!

Luf. I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing flaring star.—Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appear'd
Before, I might then have justly fear'd.

But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks, they threaten great mens heads:
Is it so? you are read, my lords.

1. *Nob.* May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.

Luf. That does not please our grace.

2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort, my lord, many times,
When it seems most near, it threatens farthest off.

Luf. Faith, and I think so too.

1. *Nob.* Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully establish'd, with the loves
Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a coming.

Luf. True, no more but threescore years?

1. *Nob.* Fourscore I hope, my lord.

2. *Nob.* And fivescore, I.

3. *Nob.* But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.

Luf. Give me thy hand; these others I rebuke:
He that hopes so, is fittest for a duke:

Thou

Thou shalt sit next me : take your places, lords ;
 We're ready now for sports ; let 'em set on :
 You thing ! we shall forget you quite anon !

3. *Nob.* I hear 'em coming, my lord.

Enter the mask of revengers, the two brothers, and two lords more.

The revengers dance : At the end steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at the table, in their chairs. It thunders.

Vin. Mark, thunder !

Do'st know thy cue, thou big-voic'ft cryer ?
 Dukes groans are thunder's watch-words.

Hip. So, my lords, you have enough.

Vin. Come, let's away, no ling'ring. [*Exeunt.*]

Hip. Follow ! go !

Vin. No power is angry when the lustful die,
 When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy.

Luf. Oh, oh ! [*Exit Vind.*]

Enter the other mask of intended murderers, step-sons, bastard, and a fourth man, coming in dancing : The duke recovers a little in voice, and groans, calls—A guard ! treason !

At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards the table, they find them all to be murder'd.

Spu. Whose groan was that ?

Luf. Treason ! a guard !

Amb. How now ? all murder'd !

Super. Murder'd ! 4. And those his nobles ?

Amb. Here's a labour sav'd ;

I thought to have sped him :—'sblood, how came this ?

Spu. Then I proclaim myself ; now I am duke.

Amb. Thou duke ! brother, thou liest.

Spu. Slave, so do'st thou.

4. Base villain, hast thou slain my lord and master ?

Enter the first men.

Vin. Pistols, treason, murder !—help, guard my lord the duke.

Hip. Lay hold upon these traitors. *Luf.* Oh !

Vin. Alas ! the duke is murder'd.

Hip. And the nobles.

Vin.

Vin. Surgeons ! surgeons !—Heart, does he breathe so long ? [Aside.

Ant. A piteous tragedy ! able to wake
An old man's eyes blood-shot. *Luf.* Oh !

Vin. Look to my lord the duke—A vengeance throt-
tle him ! [Aside.

Confess, thou murd'rous and unhallow'd man,
Didst thou kill all these ? 4. None but the bastard, I.

Vin. How came the duke slain, then ?

4. We found him so. *Luf.* O villain ! *Vin.* Hark !

Luf. Those in the mask did murder us.

Vin. Law you now, fir—

O marble impudence ! will you confess now ?

4. 'Sblood, 'tis all false.

Ant. Away with that foul monster,
Dipt in a prince's blood. 4. Heart, 'tis a lie !

Ant. Let him have bitter execution.

Vin. New marrow ! no, it cannot be express'd. [Aside.
How fares my lord the duke ?

Luf. Farewell to all ;

He that climbs highest, has the greatest fall.

My tongue is out of office. *Vin.* Air, gentlemen, air.

Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vindici murder'd thee.

Luf. Oh ! *Vin.* Murder'd thy father. *Luf.* Oh !

Vin. And I he : tell nobody--so, so, the duke's departed ;

Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him :

The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway

After his death, were so made all away.

Vin. My lord was unlikely— *Hip.* Now the hope
Of Italy lies in your reverend years.

Vin. Your hair will make the silver age again,
When there were fewer, but more honest men.

Ant. The burthen's weighty, and will press age down ;
May I so rule, that heaven may keep the crown.

Vin. The rape of your good lady has been quitted
With death on death. *Ant.* Just is the law above.

But, of all things, it puts me most to wonder

How the old duke came murder'd !

Vin. Oh, my lord !

Ant. It was the strangely 'st carried—I've not heard of
the like. *Hip.*

Hip. 'Twas all done for the best, my lord.

Vin. All for your grace's good. We may be bold to speak it now,

'Twas somewhat witty carried, tho' we say it:

'Twas we two murder'd him. *Ant.* You two?

Vin. None else, i'faith, my lord. Nay, 'twas well manag'd.

Ant. Lay hands upon those villains.

Vin. How! on us?

Ant. Bear 'em to speedy execution.

Vin. Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?

Ant. My good! Away with 'em: such an old man as he!
You that would murder him, would murder me.

Vin. Is't come about?

Hip. 'Sfoot, brother, you begun.

Vin. May not we set as well as the duke's son?

Thou hast no conscience, are we not reveng'd?

Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?

'Tis time to die when we are ourselves our foes.

When murderers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em;

If none disclose 'em, they themselves reveal 'em!

This murder might have slept in tongueless bras,

But for ourselves, and the world died an ass.

Now I remember too, here was Piato

Brought forth a knavish sentence once; no doubt (said he) but time

Will make the murderer bring forth himself.

'Tis well he died; he was a witch.

And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,

This work was ours, which else might have been slipt,

And, if we list, we could have nobles clipt,

And go for less than beggars; but we hate

To bleed so cowardly: we have enough,

I'faith, we're well, our mother turn'd, our sister true,

We die after a nest of dukes.—Adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Ant. How subtly was that murder clos'd! Bear up

Those tragick bodies: 'tis a heavy season;

Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason! [*Exit.*]







